

Modern Screen

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A DELL MAGAZINE
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A DELL MAGAZINE

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Does Hollywood Hate
FRANK SINATRA?

DURBIN

You'll win Softer, Smoother Skin with just One Cake of Camay!

**Yes! Complexion tests prove
Camay is really mild!**

Fresher! Softer! Sweeter! That's how your skin can be—with just *one cake* of Camay—when you change from improper care to regular mild cleansing—to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Skin specialists tested this care on over 100 complexions. And most complexions simply bloomed—noticeably softer, fresher, clearer—with the *first* cake of Camay!



... it cleanses without irritation!

These tests proved Camay's *mildness*... proved it can benefit skin! "Camay is *really mild*," said the specialists, "*it cleansed skin without irritation.*" Remember this—and change to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet... to bring new, softer charm to your skin.



Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Night and morning, cream Camay over face—nose, chin. How *mild* it feels! Now—rinse warm.

Touch *dry skins* with cream. Give *oily skins* a lively C-O-L-D splash! Simple, isn't it?—and your very *first* cake of Camay means lovelier skin!



CHERISH CAMAY

Precious materials go into Camay, so make your cake last—2 or 3 weeks

1. Use just enough Camay for good lather.
2. Don't let Camay stand in water when not in use.
3. Wet soap dishes waste soap. Keep a cloth handy to wipe yours dry.
4. Put Camay slivers in a bathmit—get grand lather!



Mrs. Alexander Carver Jr.,

OF FOREST HILLS, N. Y.

"I was so happy—to discover how much lovelier my complexion looked with my first cake of Camay," says this lovely bride. "Camay's *mild* care seemed to soften my skin... leave it more velvety."



After Hours—

hearts surrender to a radiant, sparkling smile!



Smiles are brighter when gums are firmer. Guard against "pink tooth brush"—use Ipana and massage.

YOU'RE helping to end this war sooner and you're proud and glad to be doing it. But *after hours*—comes fun—comes laughter—comes romance!

So put on your best bib and tucker. Take a last peek in the mirror and—smile. Hold on—was that a bright smile? Sparkling? The kind of smile that warms hearts?

If you can smile like *THAT*—you don't need great beauty! Just look at the popular girls you know. Many aren't beauties at all! But we'll bet they've got a dazzling

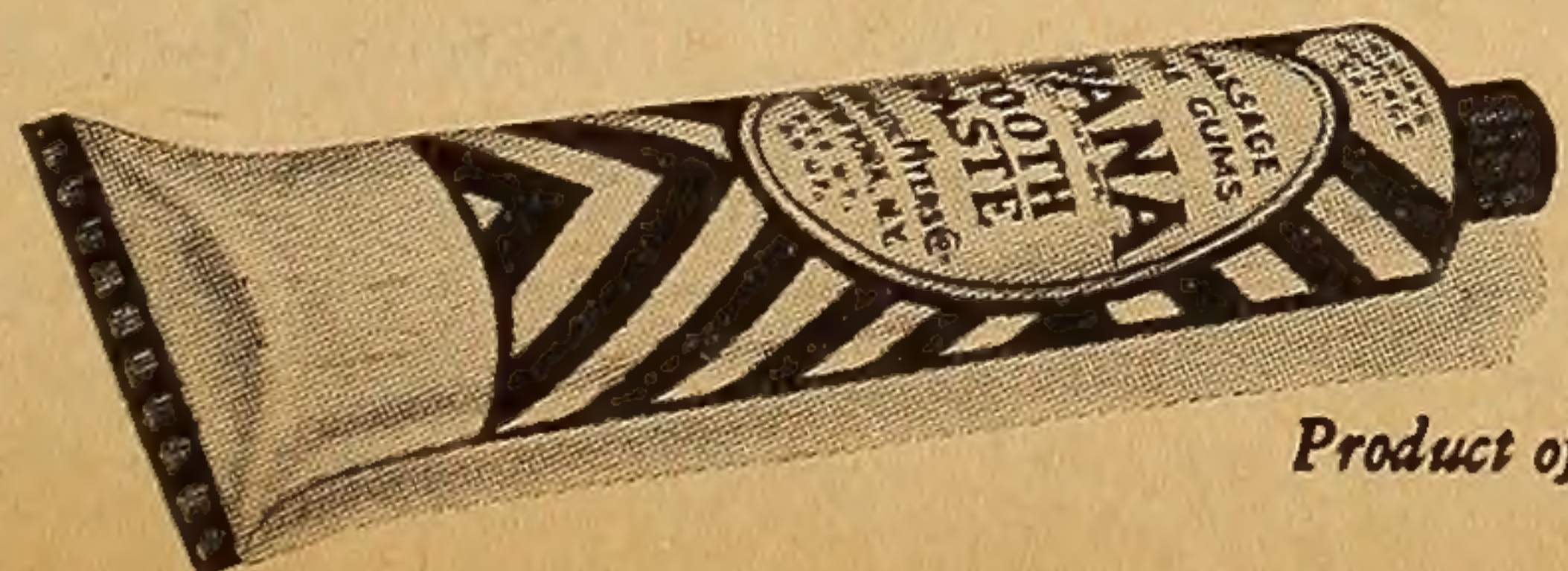
smile! So let *your* smile be that kind of smile—gleaming, alive! Just remember sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "pink tooth brush"!

If your tooth brush "shows pink", see *your dentist*! He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by today's creamy foods. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage.

For Ipana is designed not only to clean

teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. Let Ipana and massage help you to firmer gums, brighter teeth, a winning smile.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with Ipana AND massage

Your Country needs you in a vital job!

A million women are needed to serve on the home front—to carry on the tasks of men gone to war—to release more men for wartime duties.

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools—as well as in defense plants—are *war jobs* now. What can you do? *More than you think!*

If your finger can press a button, you can run an elevator or a packaging machine! If you can keep house, you've got ability that hotels and restaurants are looking for!

Check the Help Wanted ads. Or see your local U. S. Employment Service.

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

"Gaslight" is no gentle flicker.

★ ★ ★ ★

An almost unholy light blazes about this drama of emotional conflict which comes to the screen by way of MGM.

★ ★ ★ ★

Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman and Joseph Cotten are the incandescent threesome. ★ ★ ★ ★

And theirs is a most unusual love story, set against a dark design for living.



For Ingrid Bergman—those bells will toll again—with a clamour of applause.

★ ★ ★ ★

Charles Boyer, whose gleaming eye has held many a feminine heart in mid-beat, adds to his strong fascination, a strangely compelling quality.

★ ★ ★ ★

Credit MGM for bringing out the sinister facet and adding to the Boyer drawing power. ★ ★ ★ ★

And put another halo around the brilliant head of George Cukor for his splendid interpretation of "Gaslight".

★ ★ ★ ★

It's the kind of direction you'd expect from the man who guided "Philadelphia Story", and many other MGM triumphs.

★ ★ ★ ★

Something else to look forward to: Dame May Whitty's performance and that of newcomer Angela Lansbury (she's luscious but *not* angelic).

★ ★ ★ ★

While we're laurel-tossing, we present one to Arthur Hornblow, Jr., producer, and another to John Van Druten, who adapted the screen play from the stage hit.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Gaslight" holds the mysterious, threatening quality of a dark thought on a black night.

★ ★ ★ ★

The under-currents will sweep you along excitedly to the stirring end, says...

—Lea



STORIES

DOES HOLLYWOOD HATE FRANK SINATRA?

First day they were skeptical; second day they started warming up. And by the end of the third, they were salaaming all over the set! 30

THE LITTLEST LADD

It was killing, the icy stares Alana handed her pop at first. But where's the girl that Alan couldn't melt? 34

TERRIFIC TRIO!

The Army's given Lon new worlds to conquer. But always there'll be the old world of Hildegard records, sailboats and "Barnaby" 36

HALF-PINT, JR.

They're a pair to make you chuckle . . . Elaine, "hammy" as a Barrymore, wily as a diplomat . . . Veronica, stern and prudent as a mamma's got to be 38

SEE HERE, MR. WALKER . . .

This could be a love story, if it had a different ending. It could also be the story of a guy growing up . . . the hard way 40

IT COMES UP MARRIAGE!

It could only happen to a Donald O'Connor. With love, induction and the rush of events, Small Fry got himself mixed up like a chef's salad 42

"IT HAPPENED TOMORROW"

Believe in swamis, globe-gazers, dealers in the future? You don't? Well, just see what happened to Dick Powell and Linda Darnell 44

BING ON THE BEAM

Wanna know what he means to guys in uniform . . . to a pilot of "Crosby's Curse" in New Guinea . . . to the lonely G.I.'s in the Arizona desert? 46

THE MAN IN DEANNA'S LIFE

It's love all right! And it started practically the minute chunky little Dickie was born! 50

MEET BELITA!

And meet a few skeletons in her closet. Awfully nice when you get to know them. 63

Marguerite Chapman in Col.'s new Kay Kyser musical. 48

Tyrone Power, 1st Lieutenant, U. S. M. C. 49

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COVER: Deanna Durbin in Universal's "Christmas Holiday"

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M-G-M presents
CHARLES BOYER • INGRID BERGMAN • JOSEPH COTTEN

in
Gaslight



A melodrama of
**A STRANGE
LOVE !**

with

DAME MAY WHITTY • ANGELA LANSBURY • BARBARA EVEREST

Screen Play by John Van Druten, Walter Reisch and John L. Balderston • Based upon the Play by Patrick Hamilton
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture • Directed by GEORGE CUKOR • Produced by ARTHUR HORNBLow, JR.

By Virginia Wilson



For Huckleberry Finn, Tom Sawyer and Sam Clemens, tiny, quiet town of Hannibal, Missouri, and Mississippi rolling beside it is fraught with imaginary danger, wild adventure.

MOVIE REVIEWS

ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN

ON a grassy levee by the Mississippi, a small boy lies day dreaming. His dreams are of the river—the lazy, powerful river that drifts by his home town of Hannibal, Missouri. The small boy is Samuel Clemens, and those young dreams are later to become known to readers all over the world as “The Adventures of Tom Sawyer” and “Huckleberry Finn.”

Warner Brothers have built an exciting picture around Sam Clemens' life, and Fredric March makes a down payment on this year's Oscar with his portrayal of the title role. He never gets out of character for an instant, and he makes “Mark Twain” as humorous and gallant and real a figure as you have ever seen on the screen. Alexis Smith, who is coming right along as an actress, plays his sweet, inspiring wife, Livvy. (Continued on page 8)

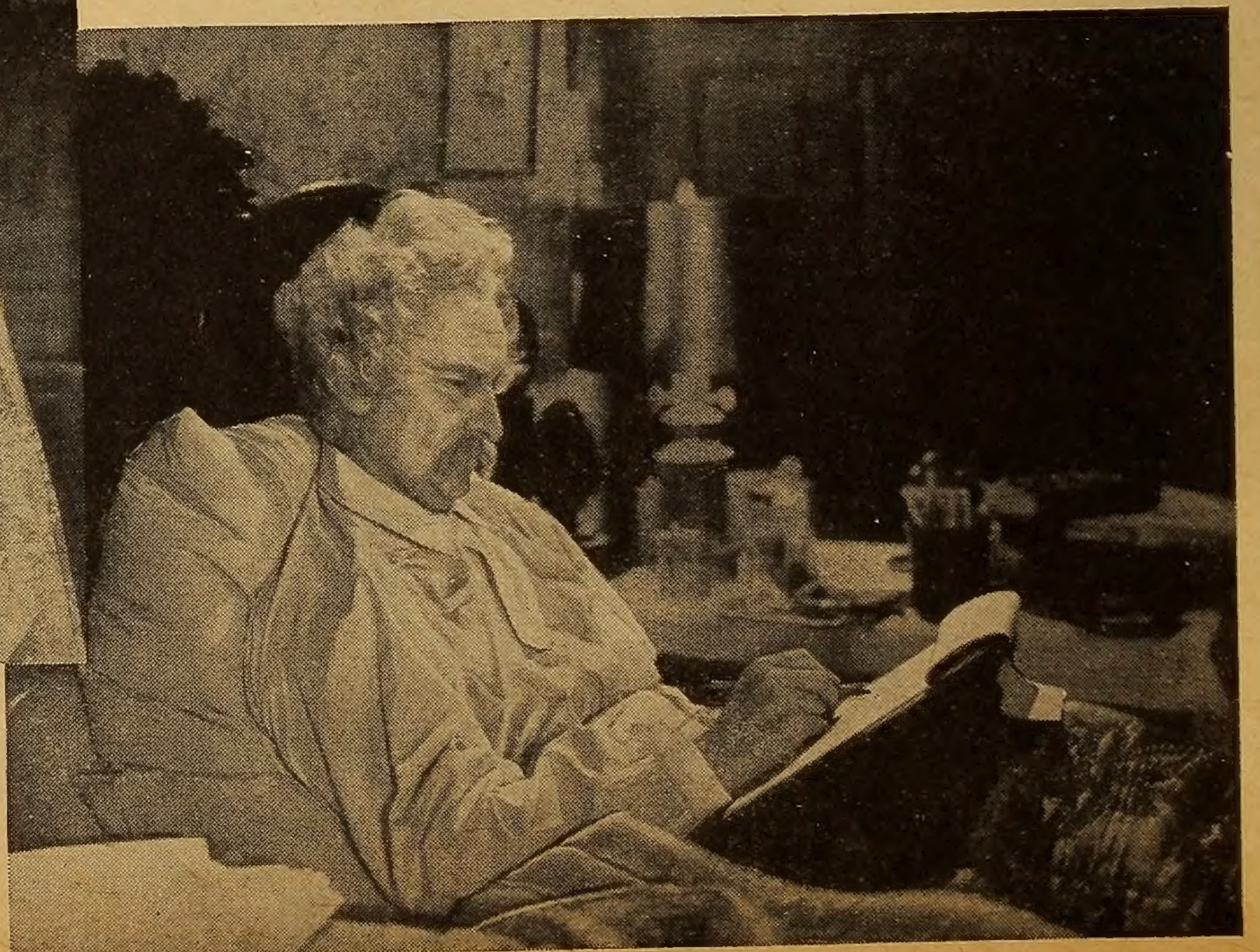


River lures Sam (Fredric March) from brother's print shop. Later, with Steve Gillis (Alan Hale), he goes west to find gold. When that fails, he becomes newspaper reporter.



Sam's first story is reprinted throughout country. Beautiful wife Livvy (Alexis Smith) prods him to recall his childhood, write “Tom Sawyer.”

Financial failures, debts press him into tireless globe-trotting lecture tour. Before Livvy's death, there's swift, tender idyll in Italy.



20th

THE GREATEST FIGURE
IN MOTION PICTURES
BRINGS YOU *3 great*
ENTERTAINMENTS!

The Best of the West!



JOEL MAUREEN LINDA
McCREA · O'HARA · DARNELL
in
BUFFALO BILL
IN
TECHNICOLOR



with Thomas Mitchell · Edgar Buchanan · Anthony Quinn

Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN · Produced by
HARRY A. SHERMAN · Screen Play by Aeneas MacKenzie, Clements Ripley and Cecile Kramer

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S PRODUCTION OF

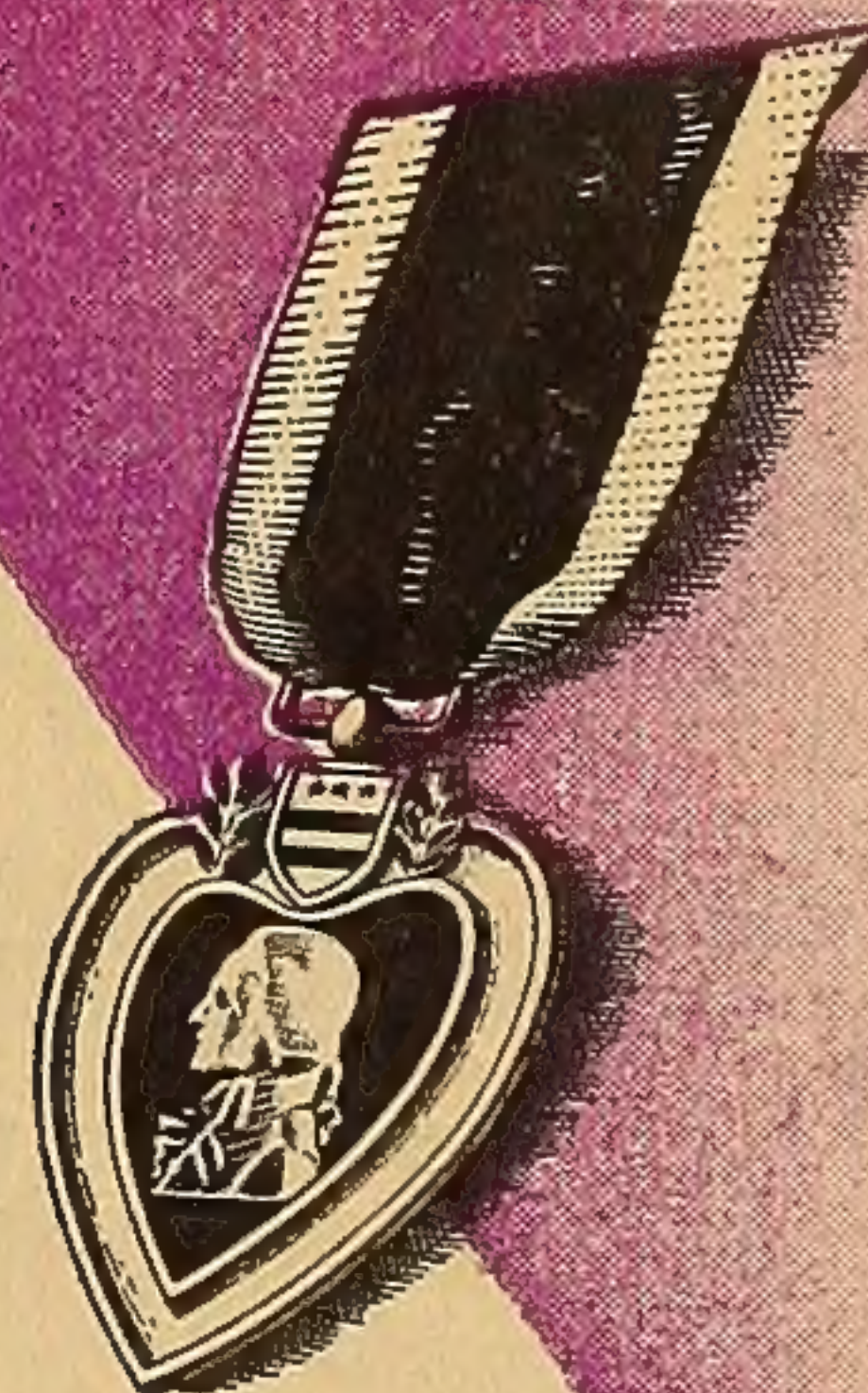
THE PURPLE HEART



Directed by LEWIS MILESTONE

with
DANA ANDREWS · RICHARD CONTE · FARLEY GRANGER · KEVIN
O'SHEA · DONALD BARRY · TRUDY MARSHALL · SAM LEVENE
Written for the Screen by Jerome Cady · Technical Adviser Otto Tolischus

Yanks Bomb Tokyo!



*Hollywood goes
"Over There!"*



FOUR JILLS IN A JEEP

Featuring

Kay Francis · Carole Landis · Martha Raye
Mitzi Mayfair with Jimmy Dorsey and His Orchestra
John Harvey · Phil Silvers · DICK HAYMES

and the
Guest Stars

ALICE FAYE · BETTY GRABLE
CARMEN MIRANDA · GEORGE JESSEL



WATCH FOR THESE AND OTHER BIG HITS FROM **20th** CENTURY-FOX

Unbelievable



The mysteries of life and love—bared for a fleeting instant in the eyes of a beautiful woman! A truly unusual drama!

VERA HRUBA RALSTON

RICHARD ARLEN

ERICH VON STROHEIM

in **THE Lady AND THE Monster**

with
HELEN VINSON
SIDNEY BLACKMER
GEORGE SHERMAN Director

Based on the novel
"DONOVAN'S BRAIN" by CURT SIODMAK

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

The rest of the cast is spangled with names like Donald Crisp, Alan Hale, Walter Hampden and C. Aubrey Smith.

Did you ever wonder why Samuel Clemens chose the name of "Mark Twain" to write under? The answer goes back, like so much in his life, to his days on the Mississippi. Young Sam runs away from his brother's printing shop to answer the siren call of the river. He becomes a dashing, handsome, afraid-of-nothing pilot on a river steamer. In one of the most beautiful and stirring scenes in the picture, he pilots his boat through a reef-filled channel on a foggy night, into the safe water beyond. And safe water, to every river pilot, is known as "Mark Twain"—the words the negro boatmen call out as they take the depth soundings over the side of the boat.

Sam Clemens remembers those words later, when he is a newspaperman in Virginia City during the gold rush. He uses them as a "pen name" on a piece of humorous writing he is sending to an Eastern magazine. The sketch is called "The Jumping Frog" and is founded on a financially disastrous, but very funny, experience which Sam and his gold hunting partner, Steve (Alan Hale), had with Bret Harte (John Carradine).

Sam is ready to try anything these days to make money—even writing. He has left his beloved river and come West in the gold rush for just one reason. He has seen a picture carried by a young Easterner, Charles Langdon, of his sister Olivia. "That," says Sam firmly, "is the girl I'm going to marry." On the surface it looks impossible for a wild, penniless Westerner ever to win beautiful Olivia Langdon. But nothing is impossible to Sam Clemens—he is to prove that time and again in later life. The Civil War comes along now to interfere with his search for a fortune, and Sam joins a Southern regiment. When the war is over, he discovers to his utter astonishment that he is known throughout the country as "Mark Twain," the author of "The Jumping Frog."

He is asked to lecture in New York, and there luck steps in. For Olivia Langdon is in the audience, and Sam succeeds in meeting her after the lecture. He not only meets her, he goes right back to Buffalo with her and invites himself to stay at her home. Her stern, conservative father (Walter Hampden) promptly "uninvites" him, but Sam gets around that, too. By now Livvy has fallen in love with this dashing young man with the unexpected sense of humor, and they marry in spite of her father's disapproval. Eventually they have a son whom Sam adores. When the boy dies, he is inconsolable. Livvy, to distract his mind from his grief, persuades him to write the story of his adventures as a boy on the Mississippi. The result is "Tom Sawyer" and fame.

Sam turns out books thick and fast after that. Not the kind he would like to write—he'd love to do a serious novel that would be "worthy of Livvy." But his public wants humor, and Sam gives it to them. He has to. His investments are always disastrous, and he does absurdly altruistic things which keep him broke. Some of his most delightful books are written with bankruptcy staring over his shoulder. And in the end he realizes that the gift of laughter is worth all the "serious" books in the world!

You'll find that "The Adventures of Mark Twain" is a living, glowing picture completely dominated by the gallant, laughing figure of the man himself.—War.

P. S.

Title is result of Gallup poll. Majority of the people questioned said they would prefer to see the adventurous highlights of the Samuel Clemens career to some fiction-laced version of his life. . . . So Producer Jesse Lasky decided to call his film, simply, "The Adventures of Mark Twain." . . . Privileged visitors to the set were invited by Fredric March to inspect his built-on nose, most intricate part of a fabulous make-up that took sometimes as long as two hours to apply. Experts Perc Westmore and Gordon Bau had to make March look like Twain from his early 20's through to his death at 75. They worked from hundreds of available photographs plus 100 feet of film taken of Twain a few years before his death. March studied this film carefully, says it helped him perfect his characterization. . . . Warner Bros. research department had a stiff work-out on this one, compiled a 72-page Mark Twain bibliography listing its source material. 1750 books were used, 2345 photographs collected—originals or copies of every available portrait of Twain. Thousands of authentic props had to be gathered before production began, ranging from Mississippi River steamboats to jumping frogs. . . . Alexis Smith announced her engagement to Craig Stevens the day before she became "engaged" to Freddy March in the picture. . . . Importance of character, not length of space in the script, governed the choice of the other roles. . . . John Carradine was engaged to portray Bret Harte. C. Aubrey

(Continued on page 10)

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

It's awfully easy and more fun than a barrel of monkeys. But do keep score accurately if you want an idea of your Star Intelligence Quotient. The quiz offers three sets of clues, the first on this page, the second on page 24 and the third on page 74. If you can guess, on the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you get it on the second clue, give yourself 4. And if you must turn to the third clue before guessing the name, score yourself 3. For your total score add up all 20 individual scores. 70 or thereabouts is average, this month. For the answers, turn to page 113, but don't look before you're finished. Peeking spoils the fun.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. Tyrone County ancestry
2. Oona's only
3. Battled with Bette
4. Bela Blasko: Born Lugos, Hungary
5. Snagged a guy named Joe
6. Picked Pickford
7. 20th Century Gabriel
8. Dithery dame
9. Mickey Mouse's mastiff
10. James H. Meador
11. Leslie Howard's Juliet
12. Ball of fire
13. Coogie
14. Dates Payne
15. Singing Sam
16. Miss Bishop
17. Strictly from Hungary
18. Rangy and raucous
19. Tugboat Annie
20. Lord Cavendish's brother-in-law

(Continued on page 24)

HERE'S WARNERS' DANDY STORY OF BROADWAY'S YANKEE DOODLE GAL!



ANN
SHERIDAN

DENNIS
MORGAN

JACK
CARSON

IRENE
MANNING



SHERIDANDY!!
singing, dancing
as wonderful
NORA BAYES!

SHINE ON HARVEST MOON

A NEW HIGH IN THE ENTERTAINMENT SKY!



ALL THESE
ALL-TIME FAVORITES!

'LOOKS LIKE A BIG NIGHT TONIGHT'
'APPLE BLOSSOM TIME IN NORMANDY'
'TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME'
'BREEZIN' ALONG WITH THE BREEZE'
'OH! YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL'



with S. Z. SAKALL • Directed by David Butler

Screen Play by Sam Hellman, Richard Weil, Francis Swann and James Kern • Based on Original Story by Richard Weil

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer

Produced by WILLIAM JACOBS

They're all
playing now—
don't dare miss a
single wonderful one!

HUMPHREY BOGART in 'PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE'
IDA LUPINO and PAUL HENREID in 'IN OUR TIME'
'THE DESERT SONG' in TECHNICOLOR
CARY GRANT and
JOHN GARFIELD in 'DESTINATION TOKYO'

3 ways to tell a Fib

(FROM ANY OTHER TAMPON)

Only FIBS[★]
of all tampons
give you all 3



1. Fibs are quilted

... for more comfort, greater safety in *internal* protection—that's why, with Fibs, there's no danger of cotton particles clinging to any delicate membranes. And quilting *controls* expansion ... so Fibs don't stretch out to an uncomfortable size which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.



2. Fibs have rounded ends

... smooth, gently tapered ends ... for *easy insertion*! Unlike any leading tampon you've ever tried. Your eyes tell you that Fibs *must* be easier to use! You'll like the just-right size of Fibs ... not too large, not too tiny.



3. Fibs — the Kotex Tampon

... a name you know, a tampon you can trust. No other brand is made of Cellucotton,* the soft, *fast* absorbent used in Kotex* and demanded by many hospitals! In Fibs, as in Kotex, there's no compromise with quality.



(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

The Kotex Tampon for Internal Protection

Smith has just one scene—but an outstandingly important one—as Lord Curzon, chancellor of Oxford University. . . . Alan Hale, who plays Twain's mining partner, had a part in "Pudd'n Head Wilson," first Mark Twain story to be produced as a picture. Jesse Lasky made it in 1916. Hale made "The Covered Wagon" for Lasky in 1925, was told he did a good job and would be used again soon in a Lasky picture. This is it. . . . Because Twain loved cats, the sound recorder went mildly mad trying to keep the purrrrs of 21 assorted pussies out of the way of the dialogue. As often as possible during scenes the cats' little faces were pushed gently into saucers of milk to keep them silent. . . . Studio technicians had to create an authentic duplicate for picture purposes of Halley's Comet. Solved the problem by using a photograph published in 1910 as a model.

THE IMPOSTOR

Hollywood has finally done right by Jean Gabin. In "The Impostor" he has a role that suits him as well as those in his old French pictures. Jean is not a conventional hero type, but he is an actor of ability and charm. Both qualities are displayed to advantage in this part.

Fate plays crazy tricks sometimes. It plays one in Tours, France, in 1940. A man named Clement (Jean Gabin) is being led to the guillotine. He is to die for the murder of a policeman in a street brawl. But the Nazis pick that moment to bomb Tours, and it is the jailers and executioner

who die, not Clement. He escapes and hitches a ride on a truck with some soldiers. Again fate plays a trick, for the truck is strafed by an airplane, and the soldiers are killed while Clement is untouched. This time he acquires a valuable possession—the identification papers of one of the soldiers.

So now Clement, the murderer, no longer exists. In his place is Sergeant LaFarge. The sergeant joins some soldiers bound for Africa on a freighter. One of them is an odd shy little farmer from Normandie, named Monge (John Qualen). He attaches himself to the sergeant like a stray puppy. LaFarge is at first annoyed, then curiously touched. He has never had a friend before, and he finds that it does unexpected things to his tough cynicism. Things like making him join the Fighting French in Africa, instead of stealing off into the interior as he had planned. They are assigned to building an airport in the jungle, and when the lieutenant in charge falls ill, LaFarge takes over responsibility. He does an outstanding job. By now he is a changed man. Friendship and a realization of what France means to them all have given him something to fight for. He is no longer an outcast. From now on he distinguishes himself in battle and becomes widely known as a hero. Too widely known, for two people turn up who have known the real LaFarge. One is a man who fought with him in France. The other is his fiancée—

It's a tense situation, and the denouement is excitingly handled. Richard
(Continued on page 12)

FREE OFFER!

We've still got a big fat stack of SCREEN ROMANCES—Dell's fascinating movie fictionization magazine! Want one? Just fill out the questionnaire below carefully, and mail it to us. First 500 early birds will get a free SCREEN ROMANCES. Get your coupon in by April 20th!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our May issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

<i>The Man in Deanna's Life</i> (Durbin)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>It Comes Up Marriage!</i> (Donald O'Connor)	<input type="checkbox"/>
<i>Half Pint, Jr. (Veronica Lake)</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>Terrific Trio! (Lon McCallister)</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<i>Bing on the Beam (Crosby)</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>Does Hollywood Hate Frank Sinatra?</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<i>"It Happened Tomorrow"</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>The Littlest Ladd (Alan Ladd)</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<i>See Here, Mr. Walker</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>Good News</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<i>(Bob Walker)</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>Meet Belita!</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Which of the above did you like LEAST?

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference

.

My name is

My address City State

I am years old.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

The Author of
"Of Human
Bondage" and
"The Letter"
Paints His Most
Savage Portrait
of a Dangerous
Woman!

She used his love to wreck his
life... this dangerous, ruthless
woman whose relentless will
would stop at nothing! See
VERONICA LAKE in a role that
tops even her performance
in "So Proudly We Hail"!

Paramounts

"The Hour Before the Dawn"

From the famous best-seller and Redbook sensation by
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

starring

VERONICA LAKE • FRANCHOT TONE

with

JOHN SUTTON • BINNIE BARNES
Henry Stephenson • Philip Merivale • Nils Asther

Directed by Frank Tuttle • Screen Play by Michael Hogan • Adaptation by Lesser Samuels • A Paramount Picture

Whorf and Allan Joslyn are particularly effective as LaFarge's comrades at arms, and John Qualen plays the Normandie farmer with something approaching genius.—Univ.

P. S.

This story of the Free French was written from an original idea of Julien Duvivier's, director of the picture. The first draft was written entirely in French by Mr. Duvivier and translated into English by studio writers. . . . Script had been ready for three years, but producers refused to film it until Jean Gabin was available for the lead. . . . Jean left immediately after this role to join the Free French Navy as a Lieutenant in the Quartermaster Corps. This was his third enlistment in the French armed forces. He was in the Army during the German invasion of France in both wars. When France signed an Armistice with Germany in this war, Mr. Gabin managed to get out of France and come to America to help fight for his country with the Allies. When General DeGaulle formed the new French Army and Navy he was one of the first to apply for enlistment. . . . Camp DeGaulle, the original Free French headquarters in the Congo Jungle, was duplicated at Sherwood Forest, California, and the cast and crew spent three weeks on location at this spot. Desert fighting scenes took place near Palm Springs. . . . First picture for Ellen Drew in eight months. She's been in England entertaining troops and selling British bonds. . . . Peter Van Eyck plays his first sympathetic role, that of a Frenchman fighting for his native land. A German, Mr. Van Eyck left Germany in 1933 because he didn't like Schickelgruber—and has played only Nazi parts in movies. . . . Jean Gabin, originally a song and dance man in Paris, France,

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A friend of mine in the Army Air Corps recently visited the Hollywood Canteen and danced with a delightful, dark-haired girl whom he suspected was an actress. Still, he wasn't sure.

The soldier was a confirmed jitterbug. So when the music got hotter, he offered to show his lovely young partner the newest steps. She watched him intently and conscientiously followed his lead. Considerably later he was chagrined to learn that she was one of the screen's finest dancers—Ann Miller.

June Streibig,
Cincinnati, Ohio

sings for the first time in an American movie. He does an American version of an old French folk song, "In Sweet Cherry Time." . . . The Gabins have been vaudeville performers clear back to great, great grandfather Gabin who was the Barrymore of his day.

SHOW BUSINESS

There isn't a better loved figure in show business than Eddie Cantor. Eddie started back in vaudeville, went on to the fabulous musicals of Ziegfeld and then to movies and radio. "Show Business" may not be exactly a biography of Eddie, but the resemblance is certainly more than coincidental. You'll see what I mean when I tell you the plot of the picture.

Eddie (Eddie Cantor) appears on amateur night at a burlesque show. The star of the show, a song and dance man named

George (George Murphy), likes the little guy with the banjo eyes and gives him a helping hand. After the show they go out for a beer together and run into a sister act, Constance (Constance Moore) and Joan (Joan Davis). George falls in love with Connie, but he can't make anyone believe it's really love. He's been a wolf too long. Besides, there's the little matter of Georgia (Nancy Kelly), the burlesque queen, who considers that she took out an option on George some time ago.

Eventually, however, George, Eddie, Connie and Joan get together in a vaudeville act. The act does pretty well. In fact, the foursome manages to save up \$5,000. So what happens? Georgia gets in an auto accident, needs five grand for plastic surgery, and George sends her their savings.

Connie takes that like a good sport. She even marries George right afterward. But a year later, on the night her baby is born dead, George is out with Georgia. Connie won't listen to any explanation. She leaves the act and goes off on her own. The first World War is in progress, and George enlists. Eddie, too, goes overseas as an entertainer. When they come back, the great Ziegfeld hires them for his new show. He includes Connie and Joan in the deal, too. But Georgia interferes again, and it takes a second World War to get the right people back together.

There's lots of nostalgia in "Show Business." Old songs like "It Had to Be You" and "Whoopee" brings the memories flocking. For the kids who are just making their memories now, there are a couple of shiny new hits—"You May Not Remember" and "All for The Love of You."—RKO.

P. S.

Producer Eddie Cantor kept Actor Eddie

IRRESISTIBLE *as always!*

We dedicate to the
WAR WORKER

IRRESISTIBLE *air whipt* **FACE POWDER**

Achieve that fresh, alive, out-of-the-clouds look with the softer, lighter texture of Irresistible's new AIR-WHIPT Face Powder. Whipped into a delicate mist by mighty whirlwinds of pure, filtered air, Irresistible is non-drying, color-true. Clings longer too, giving your skin that mat-smooth, wonderfully clear finish that is today's badge of beauty. Try Skintone, the new Air-Whipt powder shade.

10c-25c SIZES

IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

STAYS ON LONGER. . . S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

That "Irresistible something"
is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



Cantor's nose to the grindstone all during production, made him learn to dance, kept him working until nine o'clock some nights, excused him on Wednesdays so he could work on his radio show. . . . To those folks who seem to recall seeing Eddie dance, he explains, "I never really danced— You can't do everything so I concentrated on singing and comedy—all the dancing I've ever done has been kind of a shuffle." . . . Eddie was so thrilled about making this picture, he isn't back to normal yet. Did everything but record the sound—wrote, acted, produced, sang, sparked gags. Director Eddie Marin acted as a cool foil to Banjo-eye's excitability, was often pointed out to selected visitors as he sat toward the back of the theater set muttering, "It's a wonder they even let me in!" On stage, Cantor put the cast through its paces—Joan Davis and George Murphy and Connie Moore—rehearsed new breaks with dance director Nick Castle. . . . Because the picture is a glorified Cantor biography, five of the musical numbers are nostalgic—"Dinah," "I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl, etc.," "Whoopee"). Three of the songs are brand new. . . . Halfway through production, the time of year rolled around for the annual March of Dimes. Cantor flew to San Francisco, did a 24-hour marathon broadcast, sold \$37,000,000 worth of War Bonds, returned the next day and went right to work again. Day included a long, impromptu speech delivered ad lib at luncheon given him in RKO commissary. . . . Joan Davis was voted the nation's "Queen of Comedy" last year, rates tops as radio comedienne in every survey and poll yet taken. . . . Eddie's own choice for "the two best men I ever knew in show business" are Will Rogers and George M. Cohan, considers "Cohan" a synonym for "dynamo." Says there is no truth to the rumor that vitamins take him.

GREENWICH VILLAGE

Don't think for a minute that the battle between the "long hairs" and the "hep cats" began in the Benny Goodman era. It was going strong back in the Twenties, and for the purpose of this picture the battleground is Don Ameche—in Technicolor. Don plays a young composer from Kansas, Kenneth Harvey, who has written a Concerto. Don is strictly the Philharmonic type, but he wanders into a Greenwich Village speakeasy one night, and the groove boys catch up with him.

He has his fortune told by Querida (Carmen Miranda), who sees several hundred dollar bills in his wallet. She promptly introduces him to Danny (William Bendix) the proprietor of the place. "A millionaire sucker," thinks Danny, and tries to interest Ken in backing a show to be called the Greenwich Village Gaeties. Ken meanwhile has gotten a look at Danny's featured attraction, a young singer named Bonnie (Vivian Blaine). From then on he doesn't hear a word Danny's saying.

Bonnie persuades Ken to play his Concerto at a party that night. "The gang" are bored silly, but just the same the next day they find themselves humming passages from it. "We might use some of that in the Greenwich Gaeties," Danny suggests. Hofer (Felix Bressart), a former symphony violinist, pretends to be shocked by this. He "cons" Ken into thinking he can get the Concerto played at Carnegie Hall for the trifling sum of 4,000 smackers. That, by an odd coincidence, being all that Ken has.

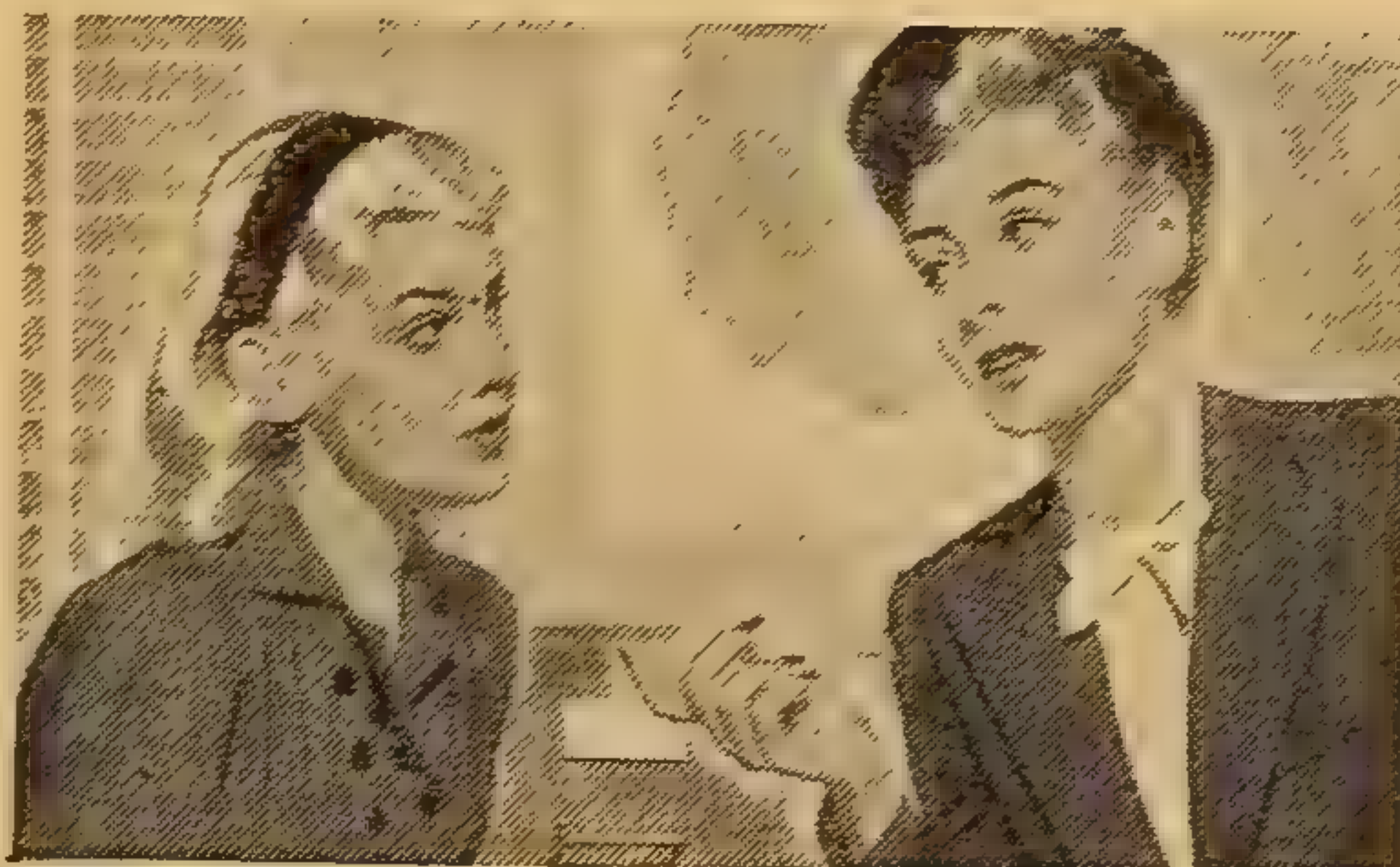
Meanwhile, Bonnie is writing lyrics for those tuneful passages, hoping Ken will let them use the music in the show. Danny raises money for the Greenwich Gaeties by giving a huge costume ball. You'll

"I quit, Miss Jones—those girls burn me up!"



Amy: Of course I like the job, Miss Jones—but no matter how hard I try to be friendly, those girls snub me. I just can't take it any more!

Miss Jones: Amy, dear, we want you to be happy here. You're pretty and capable—you can be popular, too! And perhaps I can be of help to you...



Amy: Me—guilty of underarm odor? Why, I bathe every day!

Miss Jones: But a bath doesn't always last, Amy. Be smart—after baths, use MUM!



Amy: Jonesy was a darling to tip me off about Mum! After this, it's a bath for past perspiration, and Mum to prevent risk of future underarm odor.



KNITTING FOR THE BOYS IS FUN—WITH YOU TO HELP US, AMY!

(TO HERSELF)
WE'RE REAL FRIENDS NOW—AND I CAN THANK MUM!

Mum has the advantages so many popular girls want in a deodorant!

It's quick—Half a minute with Mum prevents underarm odor all day or evening.

It's safe—Mum won't irritate skin—even after underarm shaving. Safe for clothes, says American Institute of Laundering.

It's sure—Mum works instantly! Keeps you bath-fresh for hours. Get Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentle, safe, dependable Mum is an ideal deodorant for this important purpose, too.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers

love that—it's the whole spirit of the 1920's in one colorful scene.

You'll have to go and see the picture to find out who wins the battle for Don's music. But I'll give you a hint—you'll come out whistling "Whispering." "Greenwich Village" is a gay, sparkling show that dates back to the speakeasy era—and you don't have to "know Joe" to get in!—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Carmen Miranda was a sick chick when production began. She was still recuperating from a critical operation that had her just this side of death's door for many long weeks. . . . Bill Bendix managed somehow to squeeze this particular film into his frantically busy schedule because he felt he should make one frivolous picture to counterbalance the grim roles he's been playing. Sings "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody" and gets mixed up in a burlesqued adagio routine. . . . Femme singing star Vivian Blaine is the cream skimmed from the top of a list of 40 promising gals, all of whom were definitely candidates for the role. Vivian won only after she came out ahead of four other finalists in exhaustive and exacting Technicolor tests that lasted for hours. Each girl had to sing the same song, act out precisely the same scene. Their tests were voted on by a board of studio executives. . . . Alice Faye was originally scheduled to play the star role, had to withdraw when the stork was sighted winging over the horizon. . . . Newcomer to the comedian division is B. S. Pully. To those who don't know him, he's best described as having a voice that's a cross between Andy Devine's and Donald Duck's. And he looks just like he sounds. . . . Some of the sassier caricatures lining the walls of the sets are the

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was invited to tag along with some newspapermen a while ago to a reception given in honor of Ernst Lubitsch. When the introductions were over, my friends parked me in a chair and went their rounds of picture-snapping, etc., while I, usually so at ease, sat there, conspicuously alone. A lovely-looking girl came into the room, waded through the mob to a vacant chair beside mine. "Are you saving this chair for someone?" she asked. "Nope," I said. "That's a serviceman's ring, isn't it," she asked, pointing to the Air Force ring on my finger. Warmed by her friendliness, I blurted out, "Yes, my fiancé. I was just sitting here thinking of these people cocktailting while he's on his way overseas." My new friend was completely sympathetic. "My husband's been overseas for months," she confided. "May I show you his picture?"

Later, when my friends returned, I asked, "Who is that girl. She was charming to me." "Oh, her . . ." they laughed. "She's nice to everyone. That's Carole Landis."

Jessyca Russell,
New York, N. Y.

work of Director Walter Lang, who studied art for years here in this country and abroad. . . . Lang whipped them up between scenes. . . . Dance scenes had to capture the spirit of the '20s, so the rug-cutters had to be watched to see that no jitterbugging slipped in. . . . Leo Robin and Nacio Herb Brown wrote ten new songs for this one, but the theme number is an oldie, "Whispering."

JAM SESSION

When Columbia named this one "Jam Session," they weren't kidding. The 'gators will be hanging from the chandeliers when they dig the bands in it—Charlie Barnet, Louis Armstrong, Alvino Rey, Jan Garber, Glen Gray and Teddy Powell. Plus the Pied Pipers and Nan Wynn. It's solid jaboo and plenty of it.

Somewhere along in the picture a writer in search of a plot says triumphantly, "The Cinderella angle! It's been done a million times, but it's still good!" It must be good, because it's the basis for "Jam Session." It's what they hang the music onto. Little girl comes to Hollywood, gets kicked around, finally succeeds. Doesn't sound like much when you put it that way, does it? Let's dress it up a little . . .

A pretty tap dancer from Waterfall, Kansas (does anyone ever stay in Kansas?), comes to Hollywood to get in the movies. It ought to be easy—she has a letter from the movie critic of the "Waterfall Tribune" to Mr. Stuart head of Superba studios. The tap dancer's name is Terry, and she is played by Ann Miller. (See, it's getting better already!) Terry finds that she can't get within even carrier pigeon distance of Mr. Stuart—who doesn't see anybody. Every time she makes a try at getting into his office, she lands on some set and ruins the "take." She is soon the most unpopular girl in Hollywood. Only a kind old gentleman she meets in the park will have anything to do with her.

Then she gets a job as secretary to a writer, George Haven (Jess Barker). George has been hired by Superba to write a picture, but all he has so far is the title "Jam Session." He can't think of any plot—which is just as well from

"GOODBYE DANDRUFF"

YOU'LL WHISTLE too when you see how quickly the rich, abundant Fitch lather carries off the dandruff, dust and dirt. You'll be amazed at the way Fitch Shampoo brings out the sparkle and luster of immaculately clean hair. Remember—Fitch Shampoo is the only shampoo made whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the *first application* bears the backing of one of the world's largest insurance firms. Use Fitch Shampoo regularly each week for lovelier hair. . . . Available in 10c, 25c and 59c sizes.

After and between Fitch Shampoos you can keep your hair shining and manageable by using a few drops of Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic every day.

FITCH'S FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY



Everyone in the family should have a regular weekly Fitch Shampoo—yes, everyone from tiny baby up. Gentle, economical Fitch Shampoo gives hair that well-groomed look . . . makes the dulllest, drabbest hair sparkle. Ask for Fitch Shampoo, the largest selling shampoo in the United States and Canada!

The Truth About Soap Shampoos



1. Soap Shampoo—Bacteria and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.

2. Fitch Shampoo—All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.



Fitch's

Dandruff Remover SHAMPOO

REMOVES DANDRUFF
WITH
FIRST APPLICATION

GOOD FOR BLONDES, RED
HEADS AND BRUNETTES

EFFECTIVE IN THE
HARDEST WATER

NEEDS NO SPECIAL
AFTER RINSE

RECONDITIONS
HAIR AND SCALP

FITCH IS
ANTISEPTIC



Terry's point of view, since she can't even type. But eventually she weakens and suggests he write a story about a little dancer who tries to crash the movies. The story turns out fine. "Type it and send it to Mr. Stuart," George says proudly and goes out. Not knowing that Terry can't take dictation either, and that not a word he's given her has landed on paper. George gets fired by Superba, Terry lands in jail. But the old gentleman in the park intervenes at the right time, and the little girl from Waterfall gets not only a job, but a husband. No wonder nobody stays in Kansas!—Col.

P. S.

Jess Barker sets some new kind of record in films by doing a double double-take in one scene. As "George Carter Haven," he passes a motion picture theater that has a large 3-sheet featuring "Jess Barker in his Greatest Picture, coming to this theater soon." "Must be somebody I know," says Barker. "Must be," replies his picture in the lobby. Then both Barkers do double takes. . . . Some of the scenes for the picture were shot just outside the studio. Director Charles Barton tried to persuade "Cap," Taylor Duncan, to play himself as man-in-charge-of-admitting-people, but "Cap" refused, asked only that he be allowed to choose the actor who would impersonate him. "Cap" explained he liked his job too well, had been at it a long time and didn't want to change now at this late date. . . . Poor Director Barton had an accident that resulted in an eye infection, result being he had to work with one eye completely swathed in bandages, and the other aching sympathetically. . . . Ann Miller sent jigsaw puzzles of a picture of herself to the boys in service who wrote to her, now carries on a hilarious correspondence with some of them who complain they didn't get enough parts to make a complete picture. . . . For the band fans, "Jam Session" assembled Charlie Barnet, Louis Armstrong, Alvino Rey, Jan Garber, Glen Gray, Teddy Powell with their respective aggregations, worked them into the story and devoted 40 minutes of the entire film's running time to musical numbers. . . . Niftiest dance routine by Ann is called "The Victory Polka," shows the Miller gal at her fastest—which is faster than machine gun fire according to latest tap-versus-gun tests.

THE COWBOY AND THE SENORITA

You know what I'd like to hear? Roy Rogers serenading Trigger with a rendition of "Mairzy Doats." But Roy is not one to be serenading horses when there are lovely ladies around to sing to. In this case, the object of his songs is a fair señorita named Ysobel Martinez (Dale Evans). Ysobel owns the big Martinez ranch. She has a ward, a cute but troublesome youngster known as Chip (Mary Lee). As the picture opens, the whole countryside is engaged in a search for Chip, who has disappeared. Roy and his friend Teddy Bear (Guinn Williams) are returning from an unsuccessful gold hunting expedition, and they join in the search. Teddy Bear grabs a big roast chicken from the ranch house kitchen as they start out, and this acts as "bait" for Chip. She has run away, planning to search an old mine her father left her for buried treasure. But when she gets a whiff of the roast chicken, she walks right up to Roy and Teddy Bear and asks for white meat, please.

Chip has an idea that her new friends are trustworthy, so she confides that she is sure there is something valuable hidden in that mine. Ysobel thinks that's ridiculous, and tomorrow on Chip's sixteenth

Housework's the Only Job I Know

— what could I do in a war job?

"The More Women at War —The Sooner We'll Win!"

Harness that housework energy and skill to *any* home-front service! Every day, more and more women *must* help keep production moving! If your town needs workers, each day you delay means more men must die—Victory must be postponed. Below, see how many domestic duties can be applied to a war job!



Ever cook—serve meals? . . . a restaurant or hotel needs you! A real war job, if ever there was one—*vital* to civilian life! Full time, part time, there's a place for you, with pay. Read the classified ads in your home paper—for openings available *now*. Or get free advice from your Employment Service Office.



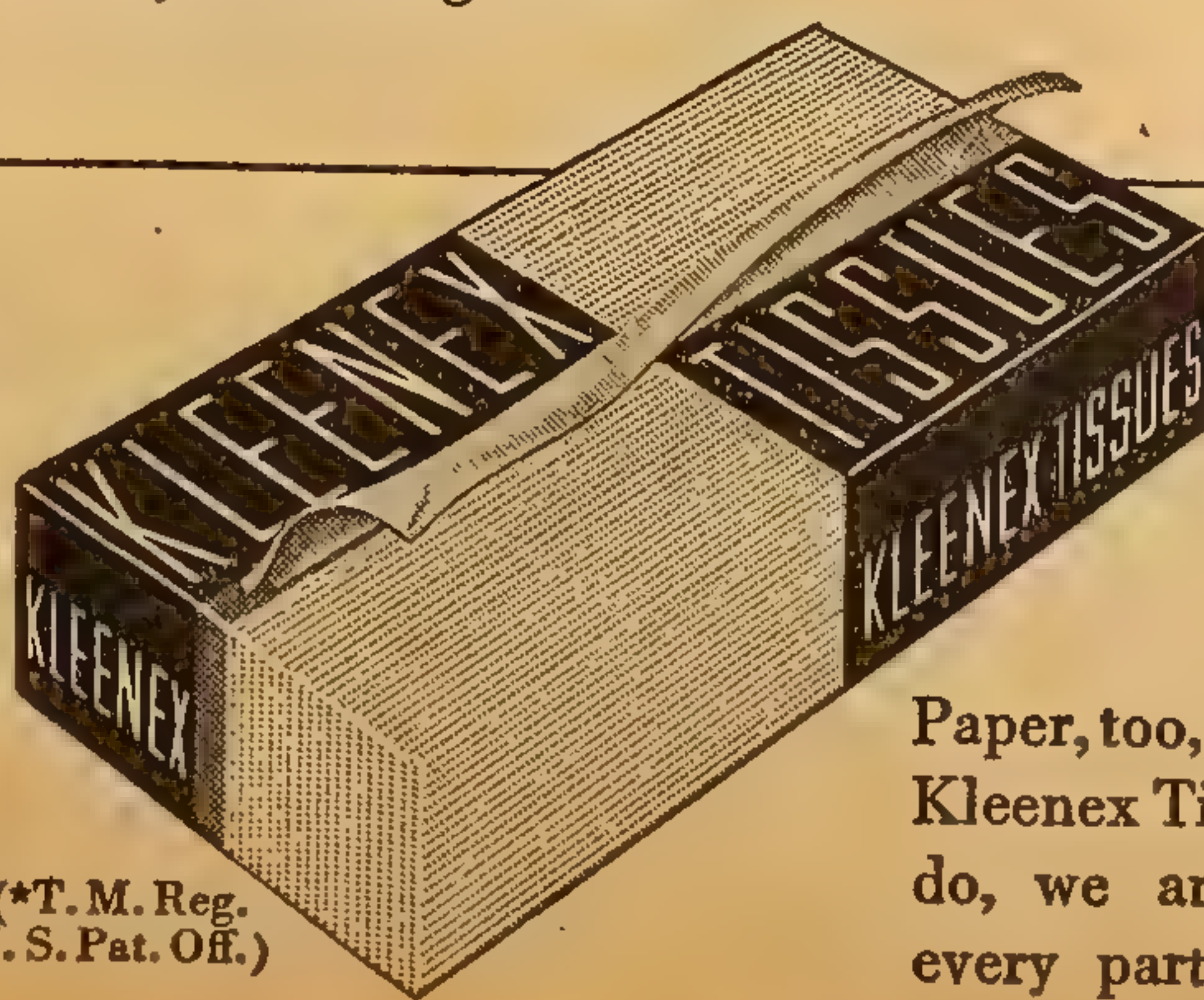
Ever wash and iron? . . . laundries need you! If you can run a washing machine, or do *anything* in the laundering line, here's a war job that will relieve your country of a serious problem! See the want ads. Also, your U. S. Employment Service Office will gladly give you free information.



Ever keep accounts? . . . manage household bills, budgets? The WACS, WAVES, SPARS and MARINES need women for many types of work. Jobs computing pay rolls, keeping records, etc. Serve in uniform—release a man to fight! Inquire at your nearest Army or Navy recruiting station.



Ever go marketing? . . . try selling! It's like shopping—in *reverse*. Drug store clerks are urgently needed to sell cosmetics and other items, to serve at fountains or as cashiers. A job in *any* store is *essential*! Inquire in your neighborhood—read those want ads! Start working *today*!



(*T. M. Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.)

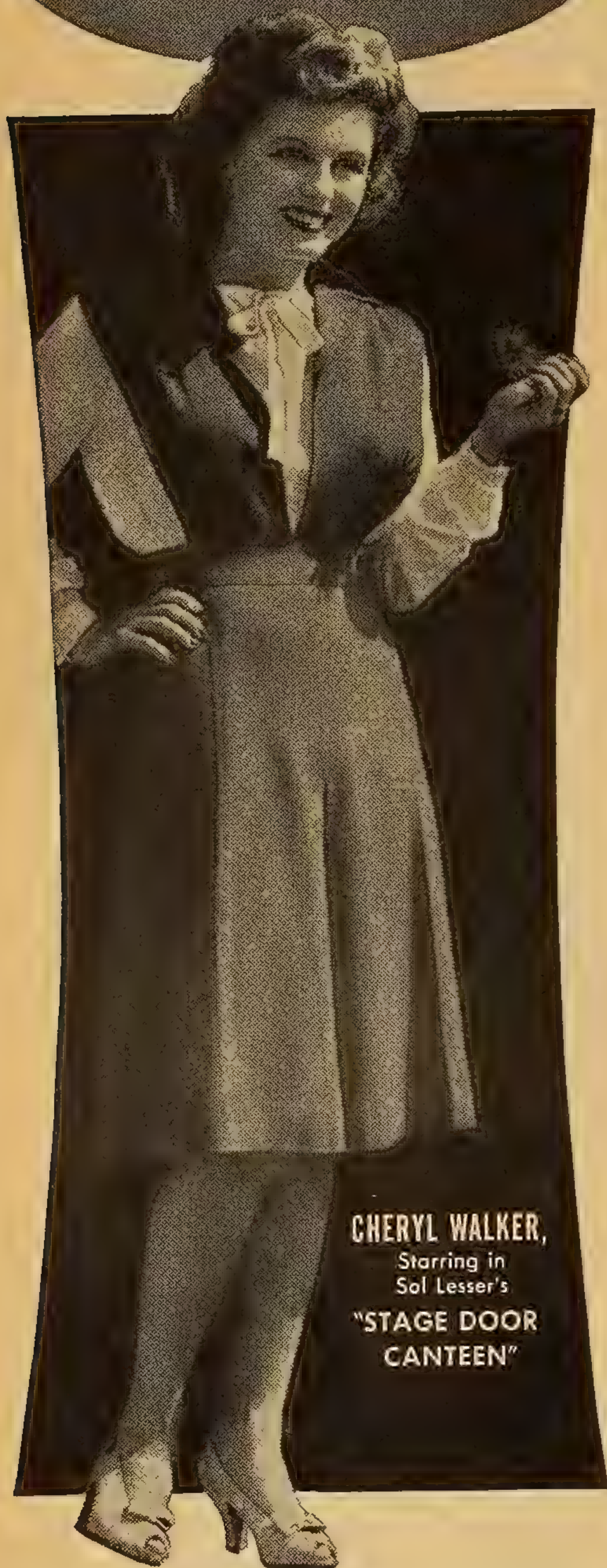
Published in the interest
of the war effort
by Kleenex* Tissues



Paper, too, has a war-time job . . . that's why there's not enough Kleenex Tissues to go around. But regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain *Kleenex quality* in every particular, consistent with government regulations.

Hollywood's Answer to a Maiden's Prayer!

"Lady Chesterfield" Jumper



CHERYL WALKER,
Starring in
Sol Lesser's
"STAGE DOOR
CANTEEN"

Buy with confidence from Hollywood's pioneer mail order fashion house!

JUMPER—Trim, gorgeously tailored! Darling Velveteen collar in the beloved "Chesterfield" manner! Smart narrow revers—inverted pleat for skirt freedom. Fitted waistband really slenderizes! Beautiful, crush-resistant rayon **"BETTE"**. Sizes 10 to 20. **\$7.98** plus postage.

"BOW BLOUSE"—Flattering high neck—coquette bow! Long, full sleeves! A rich rayon fabric. White only. Sizes 32 to 38. **\$3.98**, plus postage.

Send no money. We mail C. O. D.

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IF YOU ARE NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED, WE WILL
GLADLY REFUND YOUR MONEY.

PROMPT DELIVERY!

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Please send "Lady Chesterfield Jumper", at \$7.98, plus postage.

Navy ☐ Red ☐ Grey ☐ Green ☐ Brown ☐
(Mark 1st and 2nd choice)

Size: 10 12 14 16 18 20 (Circle size)

"Bow Blouse", at \$3.98, plus postage Size: 32 34 36 38

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birthday the mine is to be sold to a man named Allen. Roy has met Allen and doesn't think much of him. He agrees to help Chip in her search. Before they can begin, Allen and a posse ride up and accuse Roy and Teddy Bear of having kidnaped Chip.

Eventually they get that straightened out and go back to the Martinez ranch, where Ysobel gives them a job. Chip persuades them to go to the old mine with her, and there she finds a letter hidden in a box in the ground. The letter is from her dead father and says, "To be opened on your sixteenth birthday." So Chip decides to wait till next day.

But there are a lot of other people interested in getting that letter. And in getting Roy and Teddy Bear out of the way. The result is a false charge of robbery and a lot of highly suspicious activity around the old mine, culminating in a hell-for-leather ride to the county judge's office. Chip does all right, as a result, and when last seen, Roy was still singing songs to Ysobel.—Rep.

P. S.

First picture co-starring Roy with Dale Evans. They work so well together, studio hopes to do a series of movies with them. . . . Radio listeners know Dale from her work as vocalist on Edgar Bergen's weekly Java show. Gave up air-lane work temporarily to concentrate on a picture career. To servicemen, she's well known as a song writer, most popular of the many original songs she warbles for them at camp shows being "Will You Marry Me, Mr. Laramie?" As the señorita in this picture, she adds dancing to her list of entertaining talents, whirls through some fancy Spanish numbers with the greatest of ease. . . . Between scenes, Roy practiced on his gee-tar and read and reread Roy Rogers Comics, a brand new comic magazine featuring adventures of Roy and Trigger. He's mighty proud of the book. . . . Trigger took an instant liking to the new assistant director on the picture, refused to leave his side between scenes. . . . Much of the sound had to be re-done after the picture was finished. Mary Lee had a severe cold during production, and her voice, they discovered later, had changed in tone from one scene to the next as her cold had improved. . . . Roy is trying to figure out a logical way to get his racing pigeons into his next picture. He took 28 more prizes with them during production, puffs up like one of them when he tells other members of the cast how smart they are. . . . After seeing the rushes of the picture, Dale's friends tried to persuade her to dye her honey-blond hair to match the black wig she wears—it's so becoming. . . . Valley residents, used to seeing 'most anything with three motion picture studios in their back yards, still do double takes in Roy's direction when he zooms through town on his motorcycle dressed in those wild cowboy shirts, chaps, ten-gallon hat and, over it all, his raincoat. (Because of heavy dew, not rain!)

HOME IN INDIANA

"By popular demand" is a much abused phrase, but this is one time when it really applies. By popular demand, young Lon McCallister has been given the starring role in a picture, and it's a honey! You know about Lon. You saw him in "Stage Door Canteen," and it was love at first sight. Now you'll see him as a boy who is a natural handler of horses, in an absorbing story of trotting races and a "phantom filly."

The boy is Sparke Thornton, who, at 19, comes to live with his uncle, Thunder Bolt (Walter Brennan). Sparke is a

START PITCHIN', KITTEN!

Paper . . . tons of it . . . is needed as urgently as iron and steel. You can't run a war without it. Our fellows are wearing paper raincoats now across the English Channel. Food and equipment for living is being dropped by paper parachutes to the poor guys marooned in out-of-reach places. Yep, paper's needed all right. And you're needed to save and salvage it. Besides, you'll be paid handsomely for it. So digest the rules below and then hop to it.

1. Save and salvage all paper. Get your family, your friends and club to do the same.

2. Fold newspapers flat and tie them in bundles 12 inches high. Tie magazines in bundles.

3. Flatten corrugated and cardboard boxes and cartons. Tie in 12 inch bundles.

4. Pack wrappers, envelopes, etc. in bags or boxes.

5. When you've accumulated sizeable amount, phone paper dealer, charity organization, local Boy Scouts or Salvage Committee to pick it up. They will pay you for it.

surly, suspicious lad at first, but he is soon disarmed by the casual friendliness of Thunder and his sister, Penny (Charlotte Greenwood). He loves horses better than anything, and when he finds that only a high fence separates him from the luxurious paddocks and blooded trotters of Godaw Boole, he knows he is here to stay.

There is a feud of years' standing between Thunder and Boole (Charles Dingle). So Sparke can't just go calling. Instead he climbs over the high fence and comes down, to his appalled terror, in the stall of Hamilcar Chief, a man-killing stallion. There is a spine-chilling moment, with the stallion screaming and stomping. Then gradually as Sparks stands there, not moving a muscle, the horse relaxes. Sparke has proved he's a horse handler. As a result he gets a job exercising Boole's horses, unknown to Thunder. He meets Boole's daughter, Cri-Cri (June Haver) and the trainer's daughter, Char (Jeanne Craine), who become rivals for Sparke without his realizing it.

Soon he has another secret to keep. Because one dark night, Sparke has led Hamilcar Chief into the stable of Lady, Thunder's blind thoroughbred mare. The foal which is on the way will have one of the best blood lines in the state.

Maudeen IV arrives at last—as sweet a filly as you ever saw. Thunder knows the secret by now, of course, and has forgiven Sparke. He even teaches him, as Maudeen grows older, to drive her with the true science of trotting races. "Some day," says Sparke dreamily, "Maudeen and I will win the Hambletonian." "You've got a long way to go," Thunder tells him gruffly, and Sparke learns that he is right. The trotting races will pull you right out of your seat—don't miss "Home in Indiana."—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Picture marks Lon McCallister's last film before reporting for induction in the United States Army. During production, Lon tried hard to do a good job, so he'd be fixed in the public's mind for the duration. Saved every bit of his salary, outside of incidental expenses, so he could buy a home for his folks before he actually received his draft notice. . . . A

(Continued on page 20)

FROM BURLESQUE TO BIG TIME!

"SHOW BUSINESS"

Here it is from A to Z
... Amateur Night to
Ziegfeld! The romance
of American Entertain-
ment... as sung, danced
and joked to fame by
the folks who built it
from the Bowery to
Broadway Big Time!

Eddie CANTOR George MURPHY Joan DAVIS
Nancy KELLY Constance MOORE

with Don Douglas • Directed by Edwin L. Marin
plus dozens and dozens of gorgeous girls
Screen play by Joseph Quillen & Dorothy Bennett

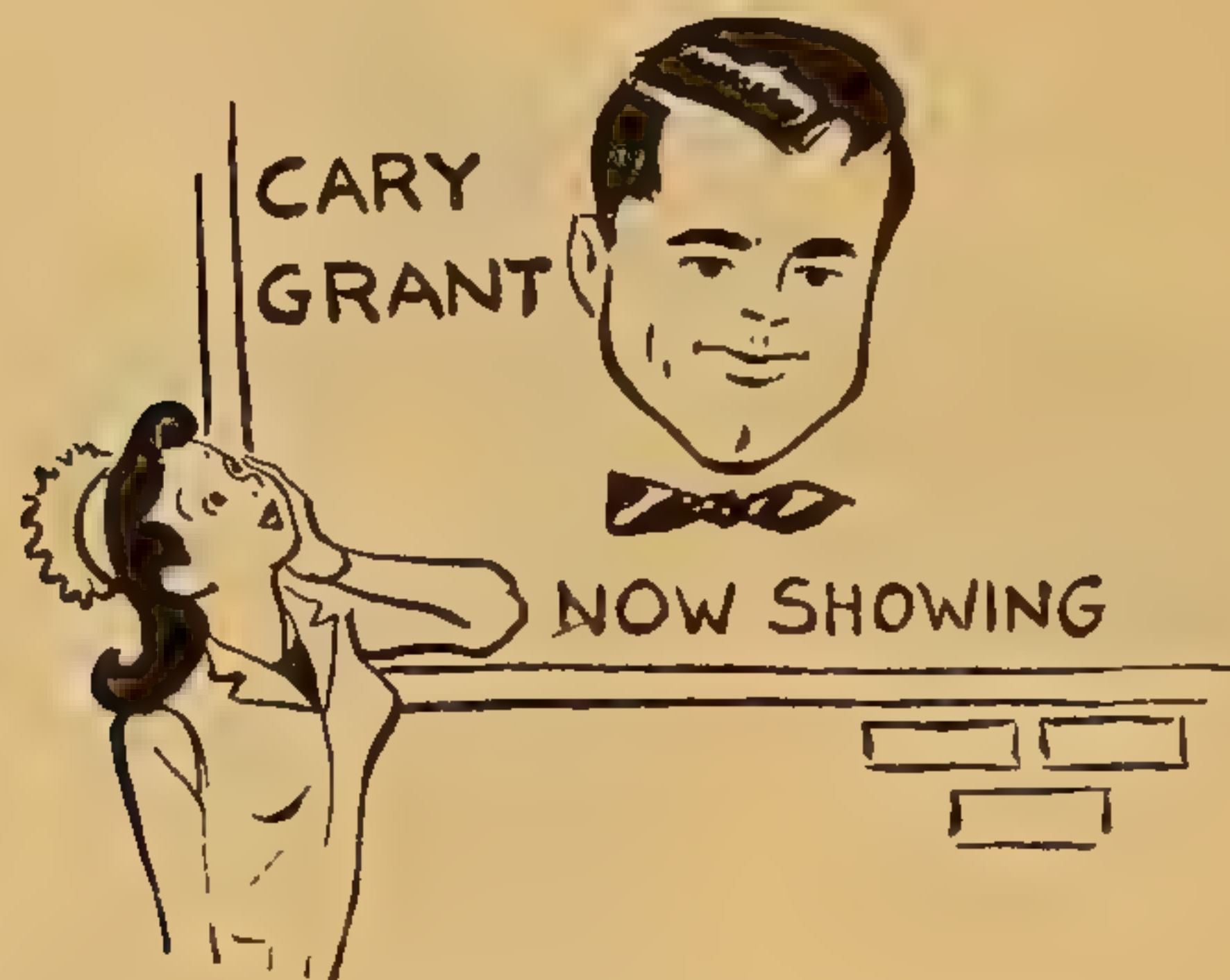
SONGS YOU CAN'T FORGET!
"It Had to Be You,"
"Whoopie," "I Don't Want
to Get Well," "Dinah,"
"I Want a Girl," "Alabama
Bound," "They're Wearing
'Em Higher in Hawaii"
and that new hit!
"You May Not Remember"

Another of
the great
R K O
RADIO
PICTURES

FREE CHARTS • SUPER COUPON

Check the boxes opposite any of the charts you'd like. New charts this month are starred.

FOR FANS



Super Star Information Chart (10c).....☐
32 pages on stars. Last pics, marriages, real names, reams of other data. Send 10c for this chart and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Join or Start a Fan Club.....☐
Activities of 42 fan clubs outlined. How to organize or join one. Free, just send a large, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Information Desk

Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See page 23 for details.

CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.



Handwriting Analysis (10c).....☐
Send a sample of your handwriting or your beau's written in ink (about 25 words). Send 10c for each analysis and enclose a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope. ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, c/o MODERN SCREEN, but only for Handwriting Analysis.

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Now That Baby Is Here.....☐
The ABC's of mama-hood. Authoritative information on what babies from 1 to 12 months require in the way of food, sleep, care, training. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Knit.....☐
Illustrated, easy-to-follow instructions on how to knit, purl, increase. FREE, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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How to make a splash; dinners, teas, showers, entertaining year 'round. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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A primer for you kitchen-sky gals. How to buy, budget, serve lush meals. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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How to save and salvage clothes, shoes, furniture and assorted treasures. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Carmen Miranda's Brazilian Recipes

Modern Hostess will answer all your questions about cooking and how to cope with rationing. Free recipes, too. See page 81 for details.

FOR ROMANCE



How to Write a Love Letter.....☐
How to bolster morale, avoid usual pitfalls, woo via the mails and win! Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Whom Should I Marry?.....☐
Tests that analyze you and your guy—what sort of twosome you'll be. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Tell if You're in Love (5c).....☐
Famed psychiatrist gives you proven tests to tell whether it's really love. Send 5c for this chart and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Co-Ed Personal Advice

All your very own problems answered personally by our expert Jean Kinhead. How to make that PFC ask for a second date or when to let Jr. don long trousers. Every letter answered personally. See page 25 for details.

FOR GLAMOUR



***Spring Fashions**.....☐
Newest in spring styles. What to wear and buy. How to dress up oldies for Easter. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

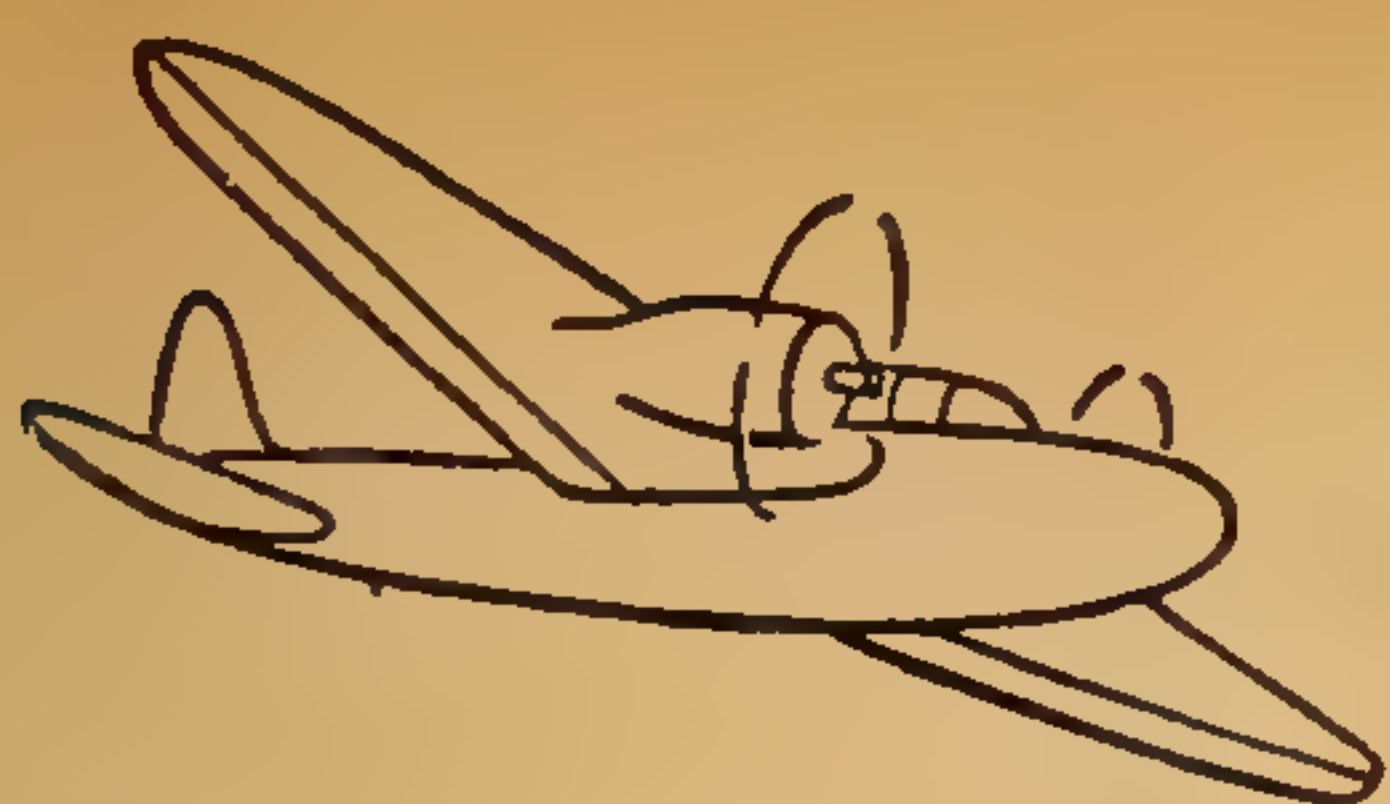
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This is 'specially for gals from 12 to 18. How to really glamour yourself up. Skin care, make-up, hair-dos for your particular beauty problem. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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If you are over 18, this is your ticket. A split-second beauty routine for every kind of skin, make-up styled to your needs. Nail care, too! Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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We think enough of your curls to get up this encyclopedia on hair care. How to make locks gleam. Hair-dos styled for you, with setting instructions. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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Exercises and diets for whittling or building weight. Food for beauty! Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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Charm, poise, etiquette from canteen meeting to wedding on leave. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.



Easy to keep my hair clean and soft with Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil Shampoo

says
Martha Brosnan
Noted Aviatrix

Beauteous Martha Brosnan of Miami Beach, Florida, has been instructing Navy Cadets and is one of America's few women fliers holding an instructor and instrument rating as well as commercial pilot's license.



TODAY American women who are pressed for time because of war activities are finding the new Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil Shampoo the perfect answer to their hair-cleansing problems. They appreciate the quick, lively action of this light oily foam, and they like the way it instantly removes dirt, loose dandruff and waste.

You, too, will find new shampooing pleasure in Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil Shampoo—and you'll be amazed at how easily and completely it rinses out without the use of lemon or vinegar. It will leave your hair sparkling clean, soft, and easy to manage and when you use it the first time you'll understand why it is so popular with women in war work, as well as stage and screen stars. New Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil brings you many of the benefits of an Oil Shampoo with the added pleasure of abundant, billowy foam. Get a bottle today at your favorite beauty counter, or ask your hair-dresser for a professional Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil Shampoo.

★NOTE—If your hair is extremely dry, dull, and oil-starved, use Regular Mar-o-Oil Shampoo—world's largest selling oil shampoo.

Mar-o-Oil

NEW SUPER-FOAMY TYPE

SHAMPOO



**TRY IT
TODAY!**

So Powerful



With all their hidden "tempered steel" strength, HOLD-BOB tapered Bob Pins are flexible. See how smoothly they hold your lovely hair-do! And never fear, once they have it in their firm embrace, they won't let go.

HOLD-BOBS are the *only* bob pins with this patented "flexible-firm" construction. Ask for them by name, as you do other beauty accessories. Say "HOLD-BOB", for *better* Bob Pins. If your dealer is out of them temporarily, he will have some very soon.

FLEXIBLE FIRM

Tapered from tips to powerful round-wire head... with 5 crimps, HOLD-BOB Bob Pins go on easily and stay in! Satin-smooth enamel finish. Smooth round ends for protection.



HOLD-BOB Bob Pins

Are Better Bob Pins

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO. CHICAGO

Actual length, 2 inches

(Continued from page 16)
drama of the peace-time world, the government felt this film really presented an excellent view of the values our men are fighting for and rushed prints of the picture overseas long before it was released in this country. . . . Charlotte Greenwood gets a long-awaited chance to go dramatic. Spent her spare time between scenes teaching younger cast members new jitterbug steps for the ballroom scene. . . . Young Jeanne Crain is getting "the works" in publicity build-ups by 20th Century-Fox as a result of her ability in the drama department. Is set to be starred in her second picture. . . . Jeanne and Lon spent two weeks visiting a Santa Barbara ranch so they could learn the proper manner of driving trotting horses. . . . When the cast went on location—54 days were spent in the Midwest—all non-working days were spent drumming up trade at local War Bond rallies. Visits to Fremont and Marion, Ohio, and Lexington, Kentucky, boosted sales way over the local quota. One manufacturer pledged to buy \$100,000 worth when Ward Bond auctioned off his coat. . . . Entire cast also visited military hospitals and war plants. . . . Nationally known horseman Paul E. MacPherson did a great deal of the technical advising—he's a specialist in every phase of racing. . . . Director Henry Hathaway put up a \$1,000 purse for what he called the "Twentieth Century-Fox Stakes" and asked some of the drivers from the actual Grand Circuit to stay over a day to record a race sequence. The men gladly climbed back onto their "bikes" and gave out with a race that hasn't been equaled for realism since the chariot rush in "Ben Hur." Autumn came too soon to please the Technicolor experts. They had to send back to Hollywood for a couple of barrels of green paint, then spray the surrounding grass and trees back to their spring tones. . . . Maureen Four, leading equine character, is really Miss Sarah Abbey, a 3-year-old trotter owned by Walter J. Michaels. Miss Sarah got a two-months' trip to Hollywood out of the deal, to complete added scenes, and was praised by one and all for her gentleness and fine temper.

THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN

Franchot Tone is turning out to be a very versatile lad these days. It's quite a jump from the wolf he played in "True to Life" to a conscientious objector working on a farm in England. But that's his role in this new picture, and he handles it well. Veronica Lake plays a young German spy ensconced in an English household, with equal effectiveness.

The household is that of General Heatherton (Henry Stephenson) and his two sons, Jim (Franchot Tone) and Roger (John Sutton). The spy is Dora Bruckmann, who poses as a Nazi-hating refugee. She is secretary-companion to Roger's giddy wife, May (Binnie Barnes). May is romantically trying to promote a marriage between Jim and Dora. "They're so sweet together!" she sighs ecstatically. But Dora, for the present, isn't interested in marriage.

Jim has hated any sort of killing ever since, as a boy, he accidentally shot his dog. When war breaks out, he declares himself a conscientious objector to the horror of his military-minded family. He moves to a small cottage nearby and goes to work on a farm. His brother Roger becomes a flight commander in the R.A.F. in charge of a nearby secret airfield.

Dora's job is to tip off the Nazi fliers to the whereabouts of that field. But too soon for her plans, she is told that because

she is classed as an enemy alien, she may be moved out of that district. Immediately, her attitude toward Jim's devotion changes. She becomes much more responsive than usual, and after a few meetings at his tiny cottage, they decide to be married. When the order comes for the evacuation of enemy aliens, Dora is safely Mrs. James Heatherton, British citizen.

But now odd things begin to happen. The headlights of May's car are mysteriously left burning during an air raid. Jim calls on a suspiciously Nazi-sounding "professor" and finds some of Dora's special pastries on the tea tray. So the tension mounts, slowly and tightly, to the violent explosion which forms the picture's climax.—Par.

P. S.

This is Veronica's first attempt at dialect. Speaks with a German accent in every scene. Dialect coach Lester Sharpe had Veronica read newspaper columns to him with a heavy German accent to train her for this. . . . Pay special attention to Veronica's hats—she designed them all herself, including making the wire forms for them. . . . While on location in Mesa, Arizona, she found her first pet: a stray Persian cat with seven toes which she brought home with her. . . . Desert climate was so hard on her delicate skin she had to change from make-up powder to baby talcum. . . . Binnie Barnes' fans will love this one. Binnie, once an English vaudeville singer, croons "The Beer-Barrel Polka." Miss Barnes confesses she was known as "Texas Binnie Barnes," twirled a rope and sang cowboy ballads on the London stage. . . . Little David Leland is introduced to movie-goers in "The Hour Before the Dawn." His English accent is natural although David has never been in England. Born in Italy he moved with his English mother and American father to France while still small. Picked up his accent from the English school children who were his classmates before the German invasion. . . . More than a thousand people had to be transported to and housed in Mesa during the four-week location trip. Transportation department finally got buses for the cast and crew, but it was more difficult to find sleeping accommodations. Problem was solved when the residents of Mesa offered to rent their spare rooms and extra beds to the studio. . . . Some of the Mesans were so interested in the shooting of the outdoor scenes, they brought pillows and blankets and stood watching far into the night while camera crews worked filming explosions and fires in the Arizona fields. . . . Neatest trick on location was making an English farmhouse out of a 'dobe cottage. This was done by making a thatched roof out of hay which was to be used in the fire scenes next day.

EVE OF ST. MARK

You know how soldiers gather on street corners in New York, discussing where to go next. Here are three of them. One, Mulveroy (Michael O'Shea) from Brooklyn, of course wants to see the Dodgers play. The tall Southerner, Marion (Vincent Price), who loves poetry and liquor, wants to head for the nearest bar. And Quizz West (William Eythe) would like to look over Radio City. So they head their separate ways, and when they get together again back at camp, Quizz is in love. "In love as none ever was before," he says and means it.

The girl is from his home town upstate, but he hadn't seen her for years. Ran into her on the tour of Radio City. So now she's in love, too. "Yes, but you'll be shipped overseas soon. What about that?"

Marion asks. "She'll wait." Quizz is sure about that. Just thinking about Janet does things to his breathing apparatus. He writes to her every day.

But you can't sit around camp, thinking and writing letters *every* night. Sometimes you have to go into town with the boys. Marion always heads for the nearest place where they make with the bottles. Mulveroy heads for the nearest babe. Blonde, brunette or redhead, it's all one to Mulveroy. Sometimes Quizz gets to wondering if Janet really loves him as much as he thinks. He momentarily considers trying Marion's system—or Mulveroy's. But he doesn't do it. And when he gets a final furlough before being shipped out, he's glad he hasn't. Because Janet *does* love him—just as deeply and passionately as he loves her.

Later, on that little island in the far Pacific, the memory of Janet seems extraordinarily real, even in the midst of Jap bombs and malaria. When there is at last a final, fatal decision to be made, Janet in some curious reverse fashion, teaches Quizz the way to make it.

Twentieth Century-Fox has given us a deeply moving war picture from the famous Maxwell Anderson drama. The whole cast gives a touchingly real interpretation, with Vincent Price particularly good as Private Marion.—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Story behind the sale of this particular literary property is an interesting glimpse into studio negotiation routines. Author

MAY 12!

Circle it on your calendar. It's the day you'll find the June issue of MODERN SCREEN on your newsstand. Better get your copy the day the magazine is out; otherwise, with paper shortages and such, you may have to do without it entirely.

Maxwell Anderson wrote his play two years ago, sent it to 20th Century-Fox to see if they wanted to buy it for a movie. Darryl F. Zanuck offered to finance the play (if Anderson would take it to Broadway), paying \$50,000 down and \$3,000 for every week the play ran. Anderson thought carefully, reasoned the play must be better than he had realized, decided to finance it himself. When it proved to be a smash hit, Anderson was offered \$300,000 for the movie rights by four different studios. Fox was one of them, and he sold it to 20th because they had been interested in it originally. . . . Producer William Perlberg assigned George Seaton (who scripted "Song of Bernadette") to do the writing of their screen version and then cast the picture with an eye to actors' ability rather than their box-office pull. . . . Heroine Anne Baxter passes along her recipe for adding inches to her height. Originally 5 feet 3 inches, she reaches for the molding above her bedroom door and hangs on daily from one to three minutes, now comes up to the 64 inch mark on the scale in the studio gym. . . . Bill Eythe has been turned down by every branch of service because of broken ear drums, originally shattered in a childhood accident and later aggravated by nightly beatings in the stage version of "The Moon Is Down." He was Lt. Tonder. . . . Vincent Price, now in service himself, found out all he could about things military during production, because he had a hunch he'd be called quite soon.



TRUSHAY* . . . THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION

Smooth it on before you tackle daily soap-and-water jobs! Helps keep busy hands soft!

A marvelously *different* idea in lotions! Trushay, used *before* you wash undies—*before* you do dishes—guards smooth, white hands. Helps *prevent* soap-and-water damage, instead of trying to correct it after it's done. This rich, creamy lotion's grand for all-over body rubs, too—soft and soothing for chapped elbows and knees. Trushay's economical, so you can use it *all* these ways. Ask for it today—at your favorite drug counter.

*Trushay was formerly called Toushay. A different spelling—but the same wonderful "beforehand" lotion.



PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS



Co-ed

What's your problem? How to be smooth as a kitten's ear? How to land HIM? Army wife blues? V-mail complications? We've got the answer!

Gosh, it's a beautiful feeling to get lots and lots of mail, and don't think we aren't happy about all those letters you've written us. The cute, jivey scrawls from you school gals; the sweet, serious notes from service wives; the neatly-typed jobs from careerists . . . We love 'em all, so keep them coming and we'll keep answering.

Funny how many of you have the same problems. Men, babies, stuff. Some questions popped up in our mail so persistently that we decided to turn this "Co-Ed" into a question and answer session. Okay?

"I'm madly in love with a boy in my class, but he doesn't know I'm alive. I'm not beautiful, but I'm not bad. How can I get him to ask me out?"
A. R., Pelham, N. Y.

It may be a long hard pull, but if you'll just polish up your perseverance, we'll bet you'll get that date. First of all stop whispering about him to the other girls. Let everyone forget you have a crush on him. Once *he* knows you're on his trail, you've practically struck out. Now let's take

stock of yourself. Are you the cutest gal in the class? You can be if you work at it. How is your hair—clean and bright? So attractively arranged that the guys turn around and look and then look again? And your skin—is it petally? If you wear make-up, are you an artist at it? Then how's the figure? Too much in the wrong places? Uh uh. You'll never sell him a bill of goods if you're chubby. Exercise, chum. Then work on your clothes. Be sure they're spotless and well-fitting. Neither too short nor too long, too young nor too old. So far so swell. Now that you look smooth as a kitten's ear, turn on the charm. We know it's awfully hard to be casual with someone you like a lot, but you can do it with practice. Instead of flying past him in the hall, dropping books in your excitement, toss him a big grin and a "Hi, Bob." Have something interesting to say when you're asked to recite in classes you have with him. If he says anything the least bit praiseworthy in said classes, smile at him and tell him afterwards he was really mellow. If he's in the Dramatic Club, join it. If he's an athlete, go see him play. Ask him to your parties, but not as your date. Pursue him, but subtly, and not with a pack of equally smitten women at your heels. Above all, forget the gal you used to be. The tongue-tied one with the blah hair-do. Don't ever let that character cramp your style. You're the cutest gal in the class, remember? Now go get your man. P.S.—Send for our charts (see page 18) if you want some good substantial ammunition for the campaign. Then watch out. Lady, you'll be

"this One Complete Cream is all you need"



Marjorie Reynolds

featured in

"MINISTRY OF FEAR"

a Paramount Picture

INFORMATION DESK

(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Theresa Doherty, New York: **WHAT WAS THE NAME OF THE PIANO CONCERTO PLAYED IN "PHANTOM OF THE OPERA"? THE AUTHOR? CAN I BUY IT IN EITHER SHEET MUSIC OR A RECORDING?** The title is "Piano Concerto," based on "Lullaby of the Bells," which was sung by Miss Foster. The authors are Edward Ward and George Wagner, and neither sheet music nor a recording is available.

Pvt. Carlos Morales, Kentucky: **WHO PLAYED THE BABY MARINE IN "GUADALCANAL DIARY"? SOME STATISTICS, PLEASE.** Richard Hanley Jaeckel, born Oct. 10, 1926, in Long Beach, L. I. was "Johnny." He's 5' 8½", 145 lbs., has blond hair, blue eyes, is a fine all-around athlete from skiing on down. Was discovered while serving as messenger boy for Fox. Next pic, "Wing and a Prayer" and "Chips, the Dog Hero."

Robert Camp, Georgia: **WHY HAS THERESA WRIGHT DISAPPEARED SO COMPLETELY FROM THE SCREEN?** Theresa has been seriously ill these last few months. However, she is now completely recovered and will next be seen in "Casanova Brown" . . .

Wondering how to secure photographs of stars, how to address fan mail, who took the part of whom in the last picture you saw? Well, gosh, instead of racking your brain and probably coming up with the wrong answer, why don't you scribble your questions down on paper and let me answer them for you? You know my address: Miss Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

SO LITTLE TIME! So much to do! No wonder more and more Hollywood stars turn to Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. It does *everything* for skin beauty.

See it make your skin lovelier, lovable! Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream gives complete care: *Cleanses. Softens. Smooths. Gives a velvet finish for powder. Acts as a night cream. Helps smooth away dryness and tiny dry-skin lines.*

Four special softening, smoothing ingredients make this cream extra-beautifying. An exclusive ingredient, *Stericin*, works constantly in the jar to purify the cream, helping guard against blemish-causing germs. Get a jar *today*. 10¢ to \$1.25.

EVERY NIGHT take the 3-minute Beauty Night Cap: Cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. Pat on more. Leave some on all night. Use it for daytime clean-ups.



Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream

FORMERLY CALLED COLD CREAM. CLEANSES AS THOROUGHLY—DOES SO MUCH MORE BESIDES!

HE likes LOVELY HAIR



Marie McDonald
One of Hollywood's Most
Promising New Stars

keep it lovely for Him!

When your "Johnny" comes marching home, look your prettiest for his sake! And remember, your favorite hair-do can now have the added loveliness this old American beauty secret gives to any coiffure—hair so gorgeously soft and radiant that he will gasp with delight the next time he sees you!

Just try Glover's modern 3-Way Medicinal Treatment and see how it can keep your hair lovelier for Victory Day. Use any ONE of these famous Glover's preparations separately, or ALL THREE in one complete treatment! Learn the secret of Marie McDonald and many other glamorous Hollywood stars—use Glover's Mange Medicine—Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo—and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress. Ask for all three at your neighborhood Drug store—or mail the coupon today!

You will receive the Complete Trial Application pictured below. Each product in a hermetically-sealed bottle, packed in special carton, with complete instructions and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

GLOVER'S

with massage for Dandruff,
Annoying SCALP and
Excessive FALLING HAIR.



REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

TAKE THESE 3 EASY STEPS

TO LOVELY HAIR



1—Apply Glover's Mange Medicine, with massage, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp, and Excessive Falling Hair. Feel the exhilarating effect, instantly!

2—Wash hair with Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo in hard or soft water. Leaves hair soft, lustrous, manageable—and the delicate scent lingers!

3—Try Glover's Imperial Hair Dress for scalp and hair. Non-alcoholic and Antiseptic! For "Finger-tip" application at home.

Send for COMPLETE TRIAL APPLICATION

GLOVER'S, 101 West 31st St., Dept. 855, New York 1, N.Y.
Send "Complete Trial Application" package containing Glover's Mange Medicine, Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative booklet. I enclose 25c.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

☐ Sent FREE to members of the Armed Forces on receipt of 10c to cover postage and packing.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 2

(Continued from page 8)

1. Power and glory
2. Ladies' man
3. Was Georgia belle
4. "Night Monster"
5. Married 1929: never divorced
6. Out of pics
7. Poppa-to-be
8. Pandemonium in pantomime
9. In the dog house
10. In "Human Comedy"
11. Mrs. Irving Thalberg
12. Night-clubby
13. Cartoonist and cook
14. Cried Havoc
15. And Time Went By
16. Schoolmarmish
17. Name rhymes with gory
18. Rudy's protégée
19. Deceased 1934
20. Makes with the feet

(Continued on page 74)

fighting them off—we positively guarantee it!

* * *

"How does one cope with mothers? Mine still considers me an infant, although I'm fifteen. She won't let me have dates, wear make-up or choose my own clothes. I'm slowly going mad. What do you suggest?"
—Molly J., Ridgewood, N. J.

How about a conference between you and Mom at which you both air your views? Be sure you have yours all neatly arranged in your head so that when you sound off you make sense. Listen patiently to her side, then have her listen to yours. If, when you've finished, she's still unconvinced, at least get her to compromise a bit and tackle her again in a month or so. Some points for your side of the debate are these. Eventually you hope to get married, and even at this early age you should be gathering experience to help you know what sort of man you want. Settle for house dates or double dates or anything she'll agree to along these lines. About make-up. Her unfavorable reaction to it dates way back to an era when only the most tarnished ladies wielded a lipstick. In those days, you were terribly conspicuous if you even put a dab of rice powder on the old schnoz. Now quite the reverse is true. Subtle skillful make-up is as socially acceptable as a Mayflower descendant, and really, by the time you're in your middle teens, you're a bit conspicuous without it. Lipstick is the most important item, so get her to agree to a rosy pomade at first. Later, wheedle her into approving a good true-red lipstick. Now about selecting your own clothes. Let her see how smooth your taste is, first making sure it is. Show her clothes that you like in magazines and newspapers. Discuss the new spring things you'd like to have with her, and if your taste is as good as we think it is, we think she'll let you do your own selecting. If you want to please Mom—and incidentally, the rest of your public—steer clear of frills for school. Stick to good-looking sweaters and skirts and blouses, with an occasional tailored dress. For dates, avoid too-tight numbers, too-low ones and over-fussy jobs. In the coat line, go for the classics every time.

* * *

"For once, I'm completely stumped. My husband is in an Army camp, and I have a furnished room in the nearest town. Can you possibly suggest any arrangement at all whereby we can read or chat in the evening without disturbing our six-months-old baby?"—Jane, Trenton, N. J.

Your problem's a pretty universal one, Jane, and here's the way a lot of girls are working it out. Push the crib against the wall farthest from where you plan to sit. Then get two folding screens from a second hand store or by advertising for them in the local paper. Arrange them around the crib so that it is walled off completely. If the light that shines over the screens is disturbing, drape a large sheet over them, roof-wise. If you have time and inspiration, the screens can be made awfully attractive by pasting baby pictures all over them and shellacking them with colorless shellac. Naturally, you'll talk softly, and as an extra precaution you can put cotton in your baby's ears, if your doctor says okay.

* * *

"I've gone with a boy for ages, but he just never seems to get around to proposing. I imagine he considers us engaged, for he sees no other girls and I date no other boys, but the word marriage is never mentioned. He has a good job and no ties. How can I make him propose?"—J. B., Waterloo, Iowa.

Sounds like your little man is in a nice comfortable rut, and he needs a good jolt. Next time you see him, pepper your conversation with the name of an imaginary man your sister or crony has introduced you to. Discuss him sort of dreamily, laugh a little over funny things he said or did. Scare your Butch but good. It may take a week or two of this routine, but if his intentions are serious, by gad he'll make them known pretty soon. This is surefire stuff, and if it doesn't get a rise out of him, resign yourself to the knowledge that marriage isn't on his mind.

* * *

"I just got a letter from my favorite corporal, now in Italy, and it's kind of worried me. He says, 'A pal of mine who was practically engaged to a gal back home just married a WAC. The jilted dame, a cute bit of fluff according to her pictures, had been writing him silly, spineless letters for weeks, and he got fed and married this hard-boiled little sergeant. Says he's outgrown the ex-heart-throb. Gosh, darling, that couldn't happen to us, 'cause I'm so sure you're growing up as much as I am.' Oh, golly. I want to, but I'm not very sure what he means."—Betty W., Madison, Wis.

He's grown up, he says, and naturally you wonder how. Having talked to a number of World War II veterans, maybe we can shed some light. That corporal of yours cares less about superficialities, more

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Last summer when Sammy Kaye was in New York, he devoted part of his program to a contest called, "So You Want to Lead a Band!" I was chosen with three others to conduct the orchestra and, probably with the help of my Navy uniform, snagged first prize consisting of five dollars, an autographed baton and a pass to the theater. Well, this winter my ship was torpedoed during the North African campaign, and I lost the autographed baton. Afterwards, when I returned home on leave, Sammy Kaye was playing at the Essex House. I visited him one evening and told him how disappointed I was in losing the baton. He promptly gave me another and, later in the evening, came over to our table to chat with my friends and me. He sure is one swell guy!

William F. Vesely,
Phm 3/c, U.S.N.R.

We're Upping the Ante from \$1.00 to \$5.00

Frankly we love gossip. With greatest relish we dive into the mail each day, pore over your intimate little stories of stars and finally settle on the best four or five to be printed in MODERN SCREEN each month. We think these true experiences with Hollywood people are bright spots in the magazine. And, too, we think that perhaps you ought to be rewarded a little more generously for them. So, instead of sending you \$1 for your letter if we use it, we're mailing you \$5, beginning with this issue. (Unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed we cannot return your letter.) Do write us. It's such a heck of a lot of fun hearing about the stars on Bond tours and vacation jaunts and other off-screen moments.

Below is one of this month's prize-winners.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

This scene, starring Mickey Rooney, took place in New York at 6th Ave. and 57th St. I saw a large mob of boys and girls running after a small but very agile figure as fast as their legs could carry them.

They were almost upon him when he made a sudden dash into a drugstore, sat down at the fountain and pretended he was one of the customers, but his trick was quickly discovered. He then ducked behind the counter and, on his hands and knees, crawled around to the back exit and made a leap for a taxi parked there. The fans saw him . . . screamed "Hey, Mickey Rooney . . . wait!" . . . and the chase continued.

Mrs. M. Rubenstein,
Oakland, Cal.

about essentials, and that goes for everything from women to a way of life. Sheer beauty of puss with nothing behind it, no longer cuts any ice with him. Give him a bright-eyed, shining-haired little riveter in a pair of overalls, or a freckle-faced lady Marine with a smudge of jeep grease on her nose. He wants, in words of one syllable, his girl to have helped him win the war. Take your cue from that. He also wants one who can talk to him about it when he gets back. Oh, maybe not right away. But some day when the pair of you are relaxed and close—sitting on the beach maybe or walking home from the movies—he'll begin to talk, and if you can answer him intelligently, really interestingly, he'll be so grateful. Get an atlas. Read the papers. Have a daily date with your favorite news commentator. Know what cooks and where and why. He wants a girl who is tender and sincere and capable. Courageous and unselfish. He wants a paragon, and boy he deserves one. Don't forget, he's seen gals cook and give transfusions and grin 200 yards back of the front lines. He's seen 'em putting on lipstick by the light of shell fire. He doesn't want to come back to a girl who can't boil an egg or darn a sock. That's your answer, Betty, now get busy and grow.

* * *

And the rest of you co-eds, get busy and write. No problems too big for us or too tiny. Want to know how not to get stuck at dances? How to write a love letter? When to let a boy kiss you good night. How to get a war job? We know the answers on account of we're so smart. Fire away to Jean Kinhead, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Are You in the Know?



Could be they're doing—

- ☐ A Square Dance
- ☐ The Conga
- ☐ A Rhumba

Maybe you're remembering your first Conga Line. Drums and maraccas! Sizzling rhythm! It was out of this world! But it's something some girls still haven't known—because they're out of the fun. Girls who haven't learned how to sidestep calendar cares—haven't discovered how confidence follows the comfort of Kotex sanitary napkins!



What is it?

- ☐ A Sniper's Suit
- ☐ A Paratrooper's Uniform
- ☐ A Commando Outfit

Meet the little man who isn't there! His safety depends on concealment. So this soldier blends with desert sands and shrubs in his burlap Sniper's Suit. It's an art—camouflage. Useful at home, too. For it's sharp strategy to hide your feelings at times . . . "certain" times, especially. Then, be gay! "Dress to kill" in your fetchingest frock! And let Kotex help to hoodwink your public—with those concealing, flat pressed ends that show no outlines, tell no tales.

You hear it on which radio program?

- ☐ Beat the Band
- ☐ Red Skelton
- ☐ Fibber McGee and Molly

You ought to "det a whippin'" if you don't guess this! Yes, it's the Red Skelton program. And for you, perhaps the fun takes on a special glow, tonight. Because the crowd's at your house and the party's been swell. Games, gags, "eats" and all. You're thankful you didn't call things off . . . on account of the time of the month. You found you needn't, for Kotex stays soft while wearing . . . and that special Kotex safety center never betrays a girl's confidence!



Girls in the know choose KOTEX

Yes, more girls choose KOTEX* than all other brands of pads put together.



IT'S A WISE GIRL who knows that a powder deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest* Powder, the Kotex deodorant, was created expressly for this use. See how completely Quest destroys odors. It's unscented, safe, sure protection.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



☐ Check here if you're teen age and want free the newly-edited booklet "As One Girl To Another." Discusses do's and don'ts for difficult days . . . grooming, sports, social contacts.

☐ Check here if you're a war worker and want free the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again." Facts on diet, cramps, exercise, lifting—how to stay on the job, even on "problem days."

ADDRESS: Post Office Box 3434, Chicago 54, Ill.

"IT HAPPENED TOMORROW"

WIN A FUR COAT!

1ST PRIZE.....I. J. FOX FUR COAT

2ND PRIZE.....\$200 IN WAR BONDS*

Try and try again prizes**

1,350 Prizes of \$1.00 in War Stamps

*All Bonds and Stamps donated by Arnold Pressburger Productions.

**If you win one of these prizes, you are still eligible to compete in future contests.



1ST PRIZE: This silver-tipped, let-out raccoon coat with flattering tuxedo front.

HERE'S HOW: Here's a game everyone can play. All you have to do is think up words, phrases or exclamations that have something to do with Linda Darnell—words that in some way remind you of Linda or describe her; one for each letter in her name.
Here's what we mean. We're going to play the same game using Dick Powell. But you play it with Linda Darnell's name.

- D is for Dashing
- I is for "It Happened Tomorrow"
- C is for Cockeyed reporter
- K is for Knowing the future
- P is for Personality plus
- O is for "Out of this world"
- W is for Wow! What a Voice
- E is for Eye-catching fellow
- L is for Luscious smile
- L is for Looney grandpa

Be sure to read the story of "It Happened Tomorrow" on page 44. It'll help like anything in thinking up words for Linda Darnell.

RULES:

1. Select words, phrases or exclamations that seem to fit Linda Darnell—a word or phrase for each letter in her name. Fill in your selections on the coupon.
2. Fill in your FULL NAME and address on the coupon. State whether Mr., Miss, or Mrs. (If Mrs. give your own first name, not your husband's.) If your coupon is not complete, your entry will not be valid.
3. Submit only one entry. More than one will disqualify you.
4. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Company and members of their families and those who have already won big prizes in MODERN SCREEN'S 1944 contest series.
5. Entries to be eligible must be postmarked not later than June 10, 1944.
6. Neatness will count, but *do not* send in elaborate entries as they will receive no preference.
7. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
8. The contest will be judged by the editorial staff of MODERN SCREEN. Decision of the judges will be final.

MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST SERIES
No. 15—"IT HAPPENED TOMORROW"

Please Print or Type

Full Name.....
Street..... City..... State.....
Coat Size.....

L is for.....
I is for.....
N is for.....
D is for.....
A is for.....

D is for.....
A is for.....
R is for.....
N is for.....
E is for.....
L is for.....
L is for.....

Mail this coupon to Contest Editor, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.



Clipper Ship bedspread with ready-to-hang matching draperies shown in blue. Other choice colors are rose, green or gray backgrounds.

Notes on Boats by Paulette Goddard

Whether you prefer Flying boats or ocean going boats you will be able to see the world tomorrow with the money you invest in War Bonds today, says **PAULETTE GODDARD**, star of "STANDING ROOM ONLY", a Paramount Picture. Those who want a touch of tomorrow in their homes are selecting Bates bedspreads designed to provide warmth and beauty...they see in Bates spreads with matching draperies tomorrow's answer to decoration.

Bates

BEDSPREADS WITH MATCHING DRAPERIES

“Betcha my Socks it was my secret made Peg prettier!”



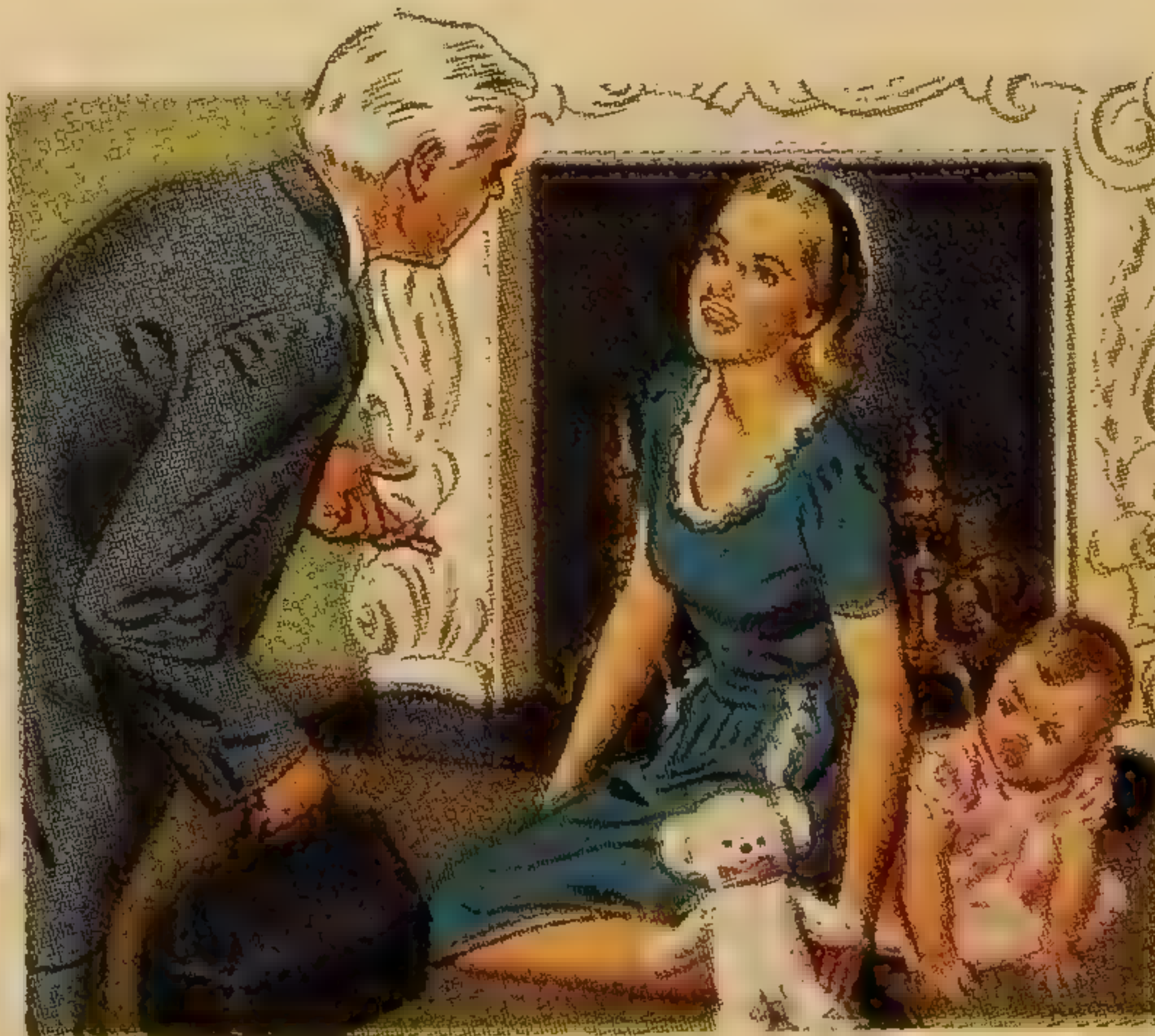
1

PEG IS MOMMY'S BEST FRIEND. Mine, too, I guess—she always brings me nice squashy animal toys. So one day I gave *her* a present—I plopped my pretty white cake of Ivory Soap smack into her hand. Mommy chuckled: “Maybe baby’s trying to tip you off that her pure, mild Ivory is best for *big* girls’ complexions, too!”



2

SO-O-O, PEG MET ANOTHER FRIEND OF MINE. My doctor. And what do you know! . . . He said: “Change to regular, *gentle* cleansings with pure, mild Ivory.” ‘Cause he knows you can’t beat Ivory for purity! No wonder more doctors—like mine—advise Ivory Soap than all other brands together! . . .



3

THEN PEG GOT ANOTHER FRIEND! He’s *all hers*! Just can’t keep his eyes off her radiant new “Ivory Look.” Golly, how he *went* for her soon after she switched to pure, mild Ivory cleansings. She’s going to be Mrs. Lieutenant *soon*! Happy-making stuff, Ivory. For *all* us gals—from the romper to the rhumba set!

99⁴⁴/100 % pure . . . It floats.



Look lovelier with *Ivory* ...the soap more
Doctors advise than all other brands together!



SAVE SOAPS! THEY USE VITAL WAR MATERIALS!

1. DON'T LEAVE SOAP IN WATER when you're through lathering yourself. Put the bar in a soap-dish when not in use.

2. BE SURE YOUR SOAP-DISH IS DRY before you put your bar back. Keep a cloth handy to keep your soap-dish dry.

3. USE UP SOAP SCRAPS in wire shaker or tied in cloth. Or make soap jelly by dissolving scraps in boiling water.



Sylvia Katz catches a flying salami fragment in her eye, and Ann (Service Department) Ward operates right on the scene. Sylvia regained partial use of the eye after brief rest.

To the stately strains of Glenn Miller's lovely "It Must Be Jelly," Sylvia Katz and Bill Weinberger prepare to beat hell out of the rug!



Awful moment in an editor's life. Al Delacorte with the weight of the world (Bill) on his shoulders and plenty of trouble (Henry Malmgreen) on his hands.

To our Readers...

**The gang at Modern Screen has
itself a party . . . and quietly proceeds
to tear the editor's house down.**



At the height of the fracas, Al Jr., sits up in bed with a pistol-packin' look and says "Murder" he says!



Bill's old lady dropped him on his head when he was an itty bitty boy. Good old Bill. He hasn't changed a bit, has he?



Annette tells Bev (Information Desk) Linet's fortune. Handsome man in her life turns out to be merely a postman with flat feet from carrying all her mail.



By Ida Zeitlin

Does



Knocked chip off H'wood's shoulder by ready ability to laugh at their pranks on him. Thinks Willie Howard's impersonations are screaming. Roars at Hope's cracks!



Parcel from Nancy on fifth anniversary held record of Frank, Jr.'s howl. Commented Pop, "I don't know what it would do to the bobby sox, but it sure sends me!"



Boys at Canteen couldn't get enough of him. Soon after Swoonatra tever swept Coast, a phony Sinatra appeared in town, enjoyed gay whirl with lesser film actresses. Hoax wasn't unearthed until Barbara Hale, who had played opposite genuine article in "Higher and Higher," discovered his identity!

Hollywood Hate FRANK SINATRA?

Yep, they hate the guy the way you hate

Porterhouse steaks, 2 inches thick, nylon stock-

ings and a 10-day furlough for your private!



■ Want to go along to a broadcast of Frankie's, kids? Okay, don't knock me down. MODERN SCREEN has room for a million or so. All this and Frankie, too—for 15 cents.

That's CBS over there—with Bobby-sockers stretching from the door halfway round the block. They've had a long wait, some of 'em—camping since morning with their lunches and radios. But boy! what a claim they've staked out—seats in the first couple of rows—so close you can almost touch him—

"I'm so nervous," one sighs.

"What're you nervous about? You'll be the first one in."

"Oh, it isn't that. I'm always nervous Wednesday and Saturday."

The other nods an understanding head. "Who isn't?"

In Hollywood the first Hit Parade broadcast goes on at 6. The doors of Studio B are opened at 5:15. There's a mad scramble, but positively no squabbling. The kids play fair. They try for the best, and if they lose out, settle for what they can get. After all, they're sisters under the skin, and Frankie's the tie that binds them for the next 90 minutes—45 of anticipation, 45 of concentrated bliss. Bits of news comment fly back and forth—

"Last time he sang 'Night and Day' for an extra, and this great huge sigh went up, and he flapped his hand and said, 'Aaaw, shuddup—' He said it so *darling*—"

"You know that scar on his forehead? I read he got it when he was eight and another kid hit him with a milk bottle—"

"Oh, *thank* you. I've been *dying* to know the story behind that scar."

In back (Continued on following page)

On radio show, he shared swoons with Cecil B. DeMille, who mowed 'em down by singing nursery rhyme in boogie woogie! Tie Frank wore in "Higher" brought 50 grand at war bond rally!



Grossing over a million a year, he's setting up half million trust fund for his two kids! Fans range from bobbies to bus driver who points out Frank's street in awed voice to passengers. Happens several times daily as he drives past. Above, on radio broadcast with Judy Garland.

of the gray curtain they're rehearsing. Axel Stordahl leads the band. He's a Norseman and looks it. He's also Frankie's arranger and one of his closest friends.

Frank's at the mike—gray suit, gray sweater, black tie, white handkerchief, a tiny rose in his buttonhole. He looks fine and gay—always *was* a happy guy, even when he didn't have a swooner to his name.

The rehearsal's mostly for timing, so he doesn't give out with the voice. Right there on the stage you can hardly hear him, but all of a sudden there's that squeal from outside. They've caught a whisper. His shoulders hunch to his ears, and he tunes himself down. All through the rehearsal, he's clowning—can't keep his knees from jiggling or his shoulders from swinging to the beat—takes a couple of dance-steps, pops a stick of gum into his mouth (that's to keep his throat moist), wads up the paper and snaps it at Axel's bald spot. Axel's the tranquil type, goes right on conducting . . .

Five of six. The producer's outside, (*Continued on page 112*)



Sensational rumors hint The Voice will kiss his leading lady in "Manhattan Serenade." They also whisper he'll dance. Above, with Geo. Murphy.



Secretary is envy of Brigade. Works with him from 9:30 to 8 daily, and *gets paid for it!* Sinatra, shorter than she, nicknames her "Baby."

Does Hollywood Hate FRANK SINATRA?



Frank was first in line at Connie Haines' opening at Clover Club. They used to sing together with T. Dorsey. Whenever he cooks meals in apt., does own shopping!

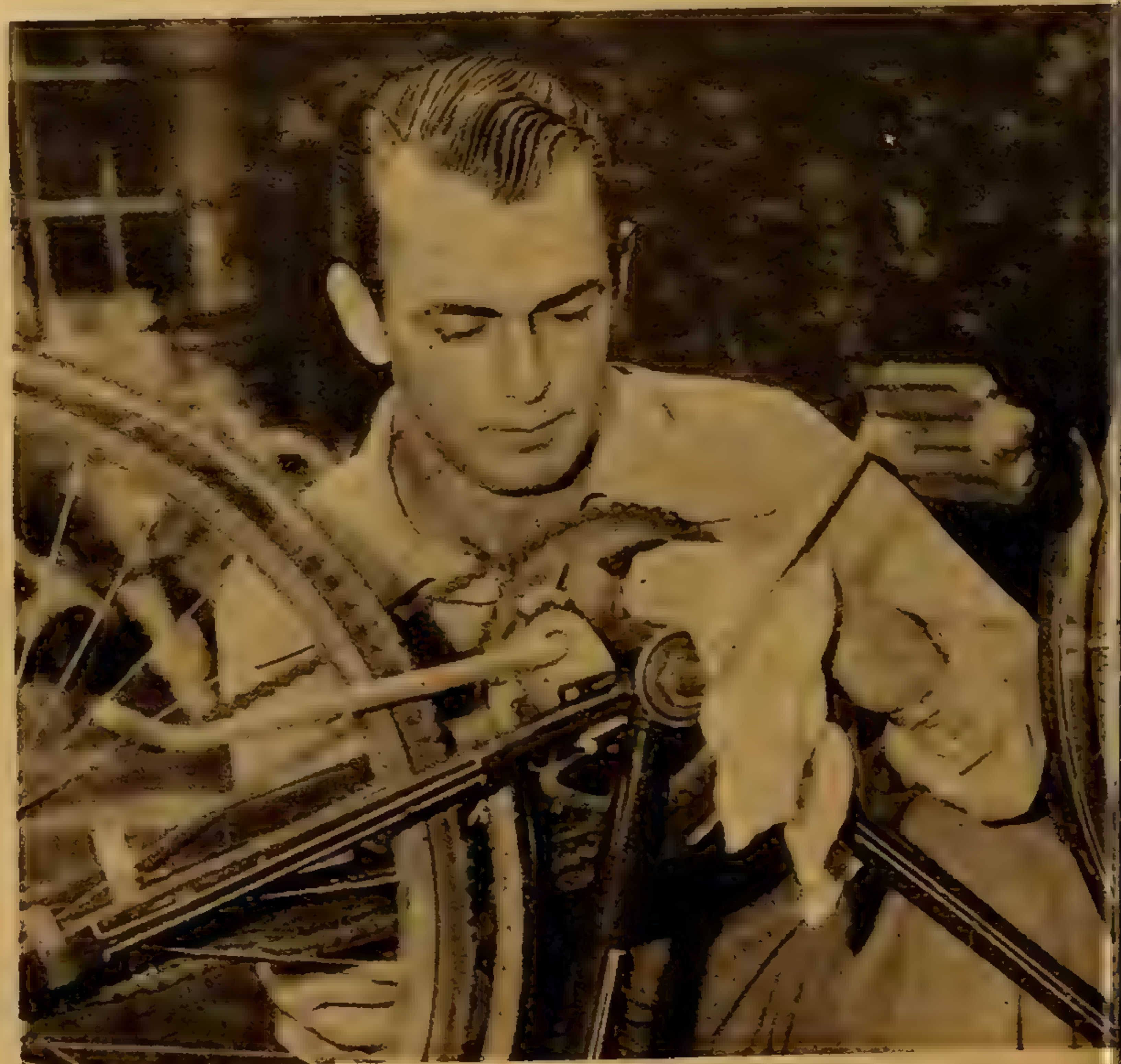
No idle gossip in stories of staunch camaraderie between Crosby and Sinatra. There's not a speck of professional jealousy between them, and they've been practically inseparable ever since Frank's arrival in H'wood!



Alana Ladd, at 6 months, pulled 2500 fan letters a week! Like Pop, has murderous time battling cold germs, recently had severe intestinal flu. Ladds report her down with the sniffles again.



When Laddie blandly announced that cook's tot had mumps, whole Paramount lot was thrown into jitters, afraid Alan might be spreading the germ. Sue and Alana remained unconcerned.



Careful count has Laddie's fan mail at 70,425 letters a month which is absolutely tops in movie history. When old stills of Ladd in "The Black Cat" were found, studio considered reissuing pic.

THE LITTLEST LADD

Sue calls her chubby young 'un Little-Gun-for-Hire, she's so like her Pop; same clear blue eyes, blonde hair, same level stare.

By Rosemary Layng

■ Alana Ladd's no dope. Her pop's the only person she'll kiss.

Her pop and her white felt kitten and herself in the mirror. Nothing and nobody else. She's on friendly terms with men, women and dogs, handing out an amiable, four-toothed grin to all comers. But ask for a kiss, and she'll shake her head. Persist, and you'll find a small hand shoved into your face. Even her well-beloved mum-mah gets the brushoff. On the principle, obviously, that where's the fun in kissing another girl?

But let Alan appear, and the lady's ready and willing. Tight round his neck go the arms—smack to the middle of his cheek goes the soft mouth. Then she draws back her head and crows, as though she'd done something truly remarkable. From the look in his eyes, her dad seems to agree with her.

This love affair started when (Continued on page 107)

Bendix rides pal mercilessly since day Laddie was trailed by bobby-sock crowd à la Sinatra. Bill, a fixture in Ladd pictures, will not appear in next.



Alan says minute he met Sue, work stopped being painful grind, started being fun. "And Now Tomorrow" was rolling smoothly until Laddie's recent illness.



At local radio station, Laddie used to rate \$20 a week for 19 shows. Took all parts, from fish-peddler on down. Threw newscast into bargain. Summers, when radio was slow, Alan would shoulder a pick.

TERRIFIC TRIO!

*They talk the same language, Lon and
his buddies swallowing 3 lemon pies whole,
harmoniously dating same girl, same night!*



First night newly-inducted Lon was permitted to call home, he stood 70 minutes in downpour waiting his turn in phone booth. Mom read his mail over phone, upped his morale for days after.

The conveyance was a rather battered Buick coupe. In the front seat sat a chipper middle-aged man beside a pretty young woman. In the rumble seat sat a small, freckled-faced boy and a pretty bird-like middle-aged woman. The back seat was full of song. All the way across the United States and into Canada, dulcet notes were cast upon the summer air. Perhaps they weren't the hep stuff of the moment, but they had rhythm and melodic passages, and they were rendered with such zest as few songs are accorded. There was "After The Ball Is Over" and "Redwing." There was the Alphabet Song which is used in every nursery to teach future government employees their letters. There was "Frere Jacques" and "I Dreamt That I Dwelt In Marble Halls."

The singers were Lon McCallister and his grandmother, Mrs. Mary Goldia Hocking. The occupants of the front seat were Lon's mother, Mrs. Mary Madaline McCallister, and Lon's grandfather, Mr. Hocking.

That summer instituted a clanship between the four that is as strong and important today as the blood brotherhood between political bosses during an election year. But the purpose of the Hocking-McCallister machine are entirely benevolent . . . and musical.

With such a tuneful beginning, it was only natural that the partnership between Lon and the little woman he calls "Granny" should continue musically. When Lon decided that he wanted to learn to play the piano, Granny volunteered to give him his basic training. She used to be a Sunday School teacher, so she struck out with a fine ecclesiastical repertoire; first she taught Lon to play "Rock of Ages." That mastered, they moved on to "That Old Rugged Cross," then progressed to "Onward, Christian Soldiers." "You'd now be a credit to any Sunday School," complimented Granny. "And now you need greater scope."

So she taught him Chopin's "Minuet" and proceeded to flabbergast the family by topping off this classic with an impressive playing of "Blue Moon." Lon, his hazel eyes (Continued on page 72)



Granny constantly stuffed his pockets with food, trying to get his 5' 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ " frame above the 132-lb. mark. Last pic, "Home in Indiana."

On induction eve, Lon and closest crony Bill Eythe held their own private farewell party, were out till the tiny hours visiting every night spot within a 20-mile radius of Beverly Hills. Above, in smile contest with Eythe, John Harvey.



One of toughest moments of parting was taking leave of Mac. When his bulldog Pat died, Lon and Mac held funeral ceremony, buried him on hillside overlooking the Pacific. Great Dane stood watch over grave of his friend for hours.



HALF PINT, JR.

By Cynthia Miller

**They agree on clothes, men, books! But
no two women see eye to eye on everything—
not even Veronica and her tiny tyke!**

Since divorce, string of suitors trailing Veronica included Arthur Hornblow, Jr., Howard Hughes, super-smooth Jean Negulesco who popped up one day with \$5000 diamond and ruby wristwatch.

■ Miss Elaine Detlie was having her breakfast. She had reached that stage of development in which a junior citizen loiters from one delay to another. Having postponed each spoonful of cereal as long as possible, she suddenly thought of a new dodge—when her small mouth was full, she released the contents into her bowl.

Her mother removed the bowl and considered the situation. Then she telephoned the pediatrician who has cared for Elaine since her birth in August, 1941. "Thank you so much," she said at the end of her conversation, "I'll try that. I want to handle Elaine intelligently."

The next morning the cereal was placed before Elaine. She tried a few bites, then decided to play, so the bowl was removed. At luncheon, the selfsame gruel, warmed, was offered to her again. Somewhat nonplused, she took several bites, then spat it out. Veronica removed the dish, undressed the (Continued on page 85)



Veronica, who nixed piano lessons when she was a kid, is beginning to brush up on scales again. (Above with Carol Ann Beery.) Upped weight to 106, gain of 24 lbs. in yr.



Veronica, currently in "The Hour Before Dawn," says, "John and I parted amicably. He's a fine fellow but we just don't think alike." Freak of the week: Allergy to orris root, which is base of theatrical make-up.

About Veronica, who once sold lock of hair on bond tour for \$186,000, Frank Tuttle says, "She has temperament, a lovely face, and she's lazy—a female Bing Crosby." (Here with Rita Beery, whom she lives with.)



When Lake hair-do swept defense plants, managers feared dangling forelock would get enmeshed in machinery. War Production Board asked her to endorse safer pompadour.



Veronica hopes history won't be just so much castor oil to little Elaine when she's old enough to study it. Thinks maybe her breath-catching collection of historic dolls will bring textbooks alive.



After romancing with Bob in dramatic school's "Barretts of Wimpole Street," Jennifer suffered setback when another gal was cast as Juliet to his Romeo. K.P.'s his interest in "See Here, Pvt. Hargrove"!

See here, Mr. Walker...

Nobody could understand you as a kid, going AWOL from kindergarten, hopping freight cars out of town. But all you needed was a stage, lights, music!

Bob feels right at home in Private Hargrove's shoes. In fact, he was born to 'em. And it's not so long since he outgrew them that he can't still wriggle his toes comfortably within their familiar depths.

When "Bataan" was released, Salt Lake City and Ogden staged a hair-pulling match over whose local boy he was. The marquees read BOB WALKER and BOB TAYLOR in "Bataan." Mom and Dad were overwhelmed with attentions, and Dad had to take bows at the Rotary Club. Behind the glow of pride ran the bewildering vision of a skinny kid whose middle name was Trouble.

Aunt Tenny saw the picture in New York. Bob's Aunt Tenny is Mrs. Hortense Odlum of Bonwit Teller's. What Bette Davis is to pictures, that's what Mrs. Odlum is to department stores. With the strangers around her, she laughed and wept over the gangling sailor, (*Continued on page 98*)

Walkers' home life seemed ideal. Spurned night clubs to stay home with kids, study scripts together and hash over his amateur writing. Had mutual adoration for books, sports, their record collection



As kid, Bob devoured adventure yarns, vowed he'd go to sea and live 'em! But summer aboard freighter in two gales made him glad to be landlubber when ship docked!



Jennifer was smitten first time she saw Bob at Academy of Dramatic Arts. Thought, "He's handsome. He's got Jimmy Stewart's charm and Fonda's comic flair, only more so!"

By Kaaren Pieck

It Comes Up Marriage!

It was like being slapped on a merry-go-round that wouldn't stop.

So many things happened to Don in those three whirly days . . .

■ One recent Monday morning a puzzled gas station greaseball near Ventura, California, shook his head sadly as a skinny, dreamy-eyed young man whirled his car around and roared out of the drive.

"Look at that nutty Los Angeles kid," he confided to a customer. "He says, 'Is Fort MacArthur near here?' and already he's 40 miles out of his way and heading for San Francisco. The dope don't know which way is south!"

Later the same Monday a drill sergeant at Fort MacArthur had approximately the same idea about the same skinny, dreamy-eyed kid. The sarge was marching a bunch of rookies across the post, and when he called "Halt!" one rookie stopped two yards out ahead of the rest. "Right dress!" barked the (Continued on page 89)



Don has three women waiting back home: wife Gwen, grandma Mrs. Wm. Yost, mom Mrs. Effie O'Connor (above). End of first week, superior officers reported he took to Army like a vet, was "just one of the kids."



K.P. was one of his first details in Army. Opening night broke into a Shorty George, was stopped dead in his tracks by buddy gravely pointing to giant sign on wall nixing all dancing.



Wedding ring was \$4 job bought en route to Tia Juana, Mex. Both agree on family of five, three boys, two girls. Kids should be veritable maestros with Don for pop and ork leader Porter Kelsey for a grandpop!



In his first letter to Gwen, he enthusiastically wrote (quoting title of new pic), "This is the life," but she didn't believe a word of it! Sgt. Ross taught O'Connor saluting, first day at Ft. MacArthur.

By Kirtley Baskette

On Larry (Dick Powell) and Sylvia Stevens' (Linda Darnell) golden wedding anniversary, they argue about a story she has made him keep secret for 50 years. It all happened this way—



It's the 1890's, and Larry is feting his cronies in celebration of his promotion to full-fledged "Evening News" reporter. Party winds up at tavern.



Entertainers are clairvoyant Cigolini (Jack Oakie) and his "medium" Sylvia, who are predicting future. Larry falls for Sylvia, interrupts act to wangle date for next afternoon.



Later that night, newspaper veteran Pop Benson (John Philiber) appears in mist, hands Larry newspaper carrying stories of next day's events. He reads of opera house hold-up.

It was incredible; it sounded as if they were arguing. Downstairs, in the large, gracious reception hall, the family looked at one another uncomfortably. They could hear the raised voices. Arguing. Grandma and Grandpa arguing? On their golden anniversary?

They weren't really arguing. After 50 years, they were too much in love for that. But she was saying: "Better not tell them. They won't believe it anyway."

"Won't believe it? But I tell you it happened. You know it happened."

"They won't believe you, Larry. No one believes in miracles any more."

"But it did happen," the old man said vehemently.



Snatching opportunity to cash in on advance news, he and Sylvia make beeline for opera house, arrive just as holdup comes off. He hands already written news item to his bewildered editor (Geo. Cleveland).

"It Happened Tomorrow"

Dick Powell found it tough, keeping up

with tomorrow's headlines today . . . especially

his own murder screamed across the front page!

"Don't you remember? Don't you remember, Sylvia?"

It wasn't hard to remember, not even though it had happened 50 years ago. Of course things were different then; the clothes they wore were different and the streets looked different; there were still horses and cabs clapping down the cobblestoned gutters, and gas lights flared on the street corners. Things were different in the 1890's . . .

They were drinking beer in the city room of "The Evening News," drinking beer and singing. Larry Stevens swung his glass in a high arc and toasted News—Today's, Tomorrow's, Yesterday's. Pop Benson, librarian, keeper of the "morgue," shuffled. (Continued on page 93)

Disappointed bookie grabs wallet. Wild chase ensues, and afternoon papers run story of Larry's murder. Catch: identification papers found on thief's body belonged to Larry!



After reading second phantom edition, Larry leads police to bandits, then rescues Sylvia. When his own murder is headlined, he hurriedly weds Sylvia, piles up fortune at racetrack.



Sylvia claims she's "seer" who told him of robbery. Jumps in river to prove her supernatural powers!



Two minutes later, police inspector (Edgar Kennedy) blusters into office, pinches Larry as accomplice in crime, jails him!



Bing's swinging into 13th year at Par, with new 7-year contract that will rake in about \$3,000,000 for him. In Dakar, his and Harry James' disks sell for \$4 apiece.



Crew of "Crosby's Curse" (bomber) gave Bing copy of plane's log book. Captain who delivered it bunked with Crosbys over Xmas. Bing did recording of 7th Air Force Bomber Command Song but says lyrics are too virile to repeat!

Nobody ever got Bing to knock himself out working—not when he could play golf or clock

bangtails. But, heck, you should see him now . . .

BING ON THE BEAM

● Bing Crosby was singing for the boys at the San Diego Naval Hospital when, out of the corner of his eye, he saw them wheel this wounded sailor out on a balcony.

He looked like a white mummy. He was petrified in a plaster cast from his hips to his eyes, and he was flat on his back all through the show. The sailor could hear Bing's melodies, but he couldn't see anything except the blue sky above. Bing Crosby took all this in, but he never said a thing until his act was over.

Then he picked up the mike and climbed to where the sailor was. "Maybe I don't improve the view," cracked Bing. "But anyway I can keep the sun out of your eyes. What'd you like to hear?" The sailor named a song and Bing sang it. "This one's for Johnny So-and-so"—naming the sailor—he told the crowd. He grinned down at the rigid gob.

"Say," Bing drawled, in that easy way of his and with

those big, blue eyes wide and innocent, "How'd you like to step out and go dancing tonight—hey? Maybe I can line up a couple of babes. What you say we do the clip joints, kick up our heels—hey?"

That was just what the invalid sailor needed. Wrapped up in cold storage, he'd had enough tongue clucking and sympathy. He wanted a good old American good-natured razz, and nobody handed him one. He almost cracked his cast laughing, and Bing climbed down feeling happy as a lark with that laugh ringing for days in his wind-wing ears.

The Old Groaner has had plenty of thrills in his day. He's seen and done just about everything, when you look back. After all, Bing's raised a generation of young Americans on his croons, and he's still, as Dinah Shore states emphatically, "the singer than which there is nothing whither!" Bing's a prize family man with a slew of husky offshoots— (Continued on page 79)



Bing returned from Nevada ranch vacation with month-old chin-tickler for part in "Road to Utopia." Studio switched sequence, started shooting him clean-shaven. Bing grins, says he grew it as dare to Sinatra.

Gypsum and cornflakes (cinema snow) snow-blinded Bing while working in "Utopia." Named nag on his Nevada ranch "Going My Way" after new pic. Hopes both will grab the purse. (Here with Ed Gardner.)



Marguerite Chapman



Tyson Power

The Man in Deanna's

It's strictly a case of leap year, the way she showers tiny Dickie with presents, flies out of the studio each night to steal a moment with him!



Before divorce, there was rumor floating around that Deanna had date with stork. Deanna received friends' queries wide-eyed, said story must have been started by shopping jaunts in baby depts. to pick up small items for nephew Dickie.

The chief man in Deanna Durbin's life at present is a personable gentleman named Dickie. He is three years old, chubby, curly-haired and inclined to refer to the love of his life as Aunty May Pole.

For his birthday, Aunty May Pole gave Dickie an athletic slide and a playhouse large enough for him to play commando in, around and about. It was set up in an unpainted condition. The intention was that Dickie and Deanna were to paint it on Sunday. When Sunday rolled around, however, Dickie had a cold, so had to remain indoors. The following Sunday it rained all day.

"While we're waiting for the weather to improve," Deanna told him, "we should decide what color to paint it."

Dickie is just learning the names of colors. He is fairly sure of red, and he appears to like yellow very well. "Red and yellow," he said, being prodigal with his knowledge.

"My favorite color for playhouses is white," admitted Aunty May Pole, being diplomatic.

"Then we'll paint it white," said her gallant nephew.

In addition to their exterior decorating conspiracy, Dickie and Deanna share an interest in music. When Deanna was working as an adolescent years ago, in a picture with Walter Pidgeon, he taught her a lullaby, a soft and lilting refrain which Deanna has now taught Dickie. He calls it the "Boo" song and demands a duet with Deanna the instant she steps into the house. His voice is true and his sense of rhythm and phrasing so developed that Deanna has already made arrangements with her own vocal teacher to give Dickie instruction as soon as he is old enough to understand written music. Meanwhile, Deanna is teaching him tune- (Continued on page 76)

Life



Riveting scene in "Hers to Hold" was shot at Vega plant on Sunday. Deanna's stand-in came in for klieg-light attention in own right, and D. did her own standing-in during film. During lunch tries to shut camera business out of mind, but Frank Ryan, Universal's writer and director, constantly heckles.

Three days before filing suit for divorce, Deanna denied split with Vaughn. Paul (Lieut., j.g.), assistant director of her first picture, was also her first beau. Gave her their new house in out-of-court agreement.



During "Christmas Holiday," with Gene Kelly, Gale Sondergaard took script too seriously, slapped D. so hard, close-ups that day were taboo.

By Jeanne Karr

Modern Screen's



DANCE DATE Petticoat frill for hemline interest. Arkay.



DINNER DATE Gardenia dress for above-table lure.



MOVIE DATE Doreen Dey's sheer print cinema suit.

■ Of course I know about you and your dates. You see, I thought you and I ought to be acquainted if I'm to give you pointers on clothes. So I asked Al Delacorte what you were like. Hmmm! You know how Al is when he gets going on one of his pet subjects. And it seems you're it. I came out hours later with a whirring in my ears. But now I know. You're the one who's got a certain lad looking so misty-eyed these days. The gal who has him counting minutes 'til his next leave or furlough. So-o-o . . .

With date nights so precious, every one's got to be good. First off, when he comes barging in singing about a "paper doll that he can call his own," don't believe a word of it. Actually, he'd find her pretty flat. He wants someone with a lot more substance. Your cue to look plenty inviting—BUT there's a limit!

Judy Garland has this down pat. The clothes she wears when she entertains at camps are "feminine but *not female*." The difference? There's a future in femininity. The other rates only a two-tone whistle. Perish forbid!

Key your duds to the date, and you'll put yourself over better. F'rinstance, if it's dinner, you'll want to keep most of the lure above the table. There are lots of new ways. With gardenias set in a row across your square neckline 'stead of just being parked on your shoulder (dress sketched). New draped sleeves, scooped-out U necks if this section of you warrants showing off. Otherwise, choose the kind that are filled in with frothy sheers. If your hat sports a veil, don't let it be too much of a one. They've been known to get entangled with the soup spoon.

But maybe you and he won't waste time over food if there's jive in the offing. In this case, switch the interest to your hemline. The dress I like is the print with the petticoat frill. To gain height, take your ruffles in the form of lengthwise cascades like the ones on the gardenia dress, or fishtail-fashion in back.

If it's movies, be sure to remember what a

Fashion Guide

double feature can do to the seat of a dress. Your best bet is the two-piece cinema suit of printed, crush-resistant Bemberg sheer. Mouth-watering in color combinations like pink, gray and white. Very hush-hush about any bulges you might have. Be a *lady* in the dark and wear a close-fitting half-hat.

For an at-home date, don't lay the garb on too thick. Be dewey-fresh 'n' pretty. Wear a sheer printed cotton. Looks new and Shirley Temple-ish when frosted with eyelet embroidery. Learn to read tags when you shop for cottons. The "soap 'n' water" kind won't fade or shrink. Keep their sparkly finish, too.

In between times with *him*, you'll be helping at the canteen (in a purely platonic way, according to Jean Kinhead). Here, you'll want to look kind of crisp and impersonal. The plaid taffeta dirndl does it. Anybody can tell by that innocent round neck that you're not "come-hithering" the wolves. The button parade gives you shoulder width, makes your waistline look Grable-slim in contrast.

Sure, your head's in the clouds. But I know those Cinderella feet are on the ground solid, high heels 'n' all. Maybe you'd like a dress to stick by you for a long time to come. In this case, pin your hopes on the basic crepe with the dagger neckline and money bag drape. The side trick helps conceal any tummy bulge. What next? You slim down your mid-section, take off the money-bags, do a double-take on the sleeve bows and replace the cloisonette buttons with tailored ones. Suddenly you've a new casual shirt frock. This honey-for-your-money comes in "cosmetic" pastels as well as black and navy.

This is fun—but we can't sit around chattering all day. You've got a date coming up. If you want to know where to find these dresses and how very little they cost, or if you've got a special clothes problem bothering you, you know my address now: Marjorie Bailey, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. G'bye 'til next time.

CANTEEN DATE Scotch plaid taffeta dirndl. A Berkeley Jr.

FRONT PORCH 'N' COKE Pond lily print lawn. Nan Scott.

DATE 'N' FUTURE DATE Emily's money-bag dress—has nine lives!

Here are the clothes you'll
slither into when your
warrior lands in town.

Linda Darnell





Cadet Nurse Engaged

DOROTHY M. FORRESTER of the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps to Charles C. Carmichael, an officer in the U.S. Army Air Corps.



ENLISTED IN A PROUD PROFESSION—Her nurse's "white" lends a special glamour to Dorothy's exquisitely smooth skin. "It would be wonderful," she says, "if high school graduates who see this would enlist as Cadet Nurses. We need more nurses so." As a Cadet Nurse you would be given *free training*, a monthly allowance. Write to U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps, Box 88, New York, N. Y.

FROM "HIM"! "Charles is as glad as I am that I'm one of the Cadet Nurse Corps," Dorothy says. Dorothy is wearing the official Cadet Nurse suit of gray wool. It has red epaulets and sleeve insignia. The beret matches the uniform and looks adorable with her soft-smooth Pond's complexion.

She's Lovely!
She uses
Pond's!

CADET DOROTHY FORRESTER

is studying at the California School of Nursing in Los Angeles, not far from her home town in Vista.

Her smooth, capable hands are learning to bring comfort at a touch. Eyes smile gratefully after her trim young figure in its white on-duty uniform—especially becoming with her glorious, dark hair and the soft, fresh-as-a-new-day look of her lovely complexion.

"I'm a Pond's Cold Cream girl—always," Dorothy says, "I think there's nothing half as nice as Pond's for making your skin *feel soft and clean*."

Dorothy believes in a twice-over creaming with Pond's—this way:

1. She *smooths* Pond's fragrant soft-smooth Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats it on briskly but gently to

soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off thoroughly.

2. She *rinses* now with *more* snowy-soft Pond's, working its softening creaminess round her face with little spiral whirls of her finger tips—over forehead, cheeks, nose, mouth. Tissues off again well.

* * *

Give your face this soft-smooth Pond's complexion care that Dorothy loves. You'll see that it's no accident engaged girls like Dorothy, noted society beauties like Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor, Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., and Britain's Lady Morris use Pond's Cold Cream.

Ask for a luxurious *big jar* of Pond's today. Use it every night and every morning—and for in-between beauty clean-ups! You'll *love* Pond's, too!

ASK FOR A BIG LUXURY JAR!
Save glass and man-power!
And it's so quick to dip
finger tips of both hands
into the lovely wide jar!



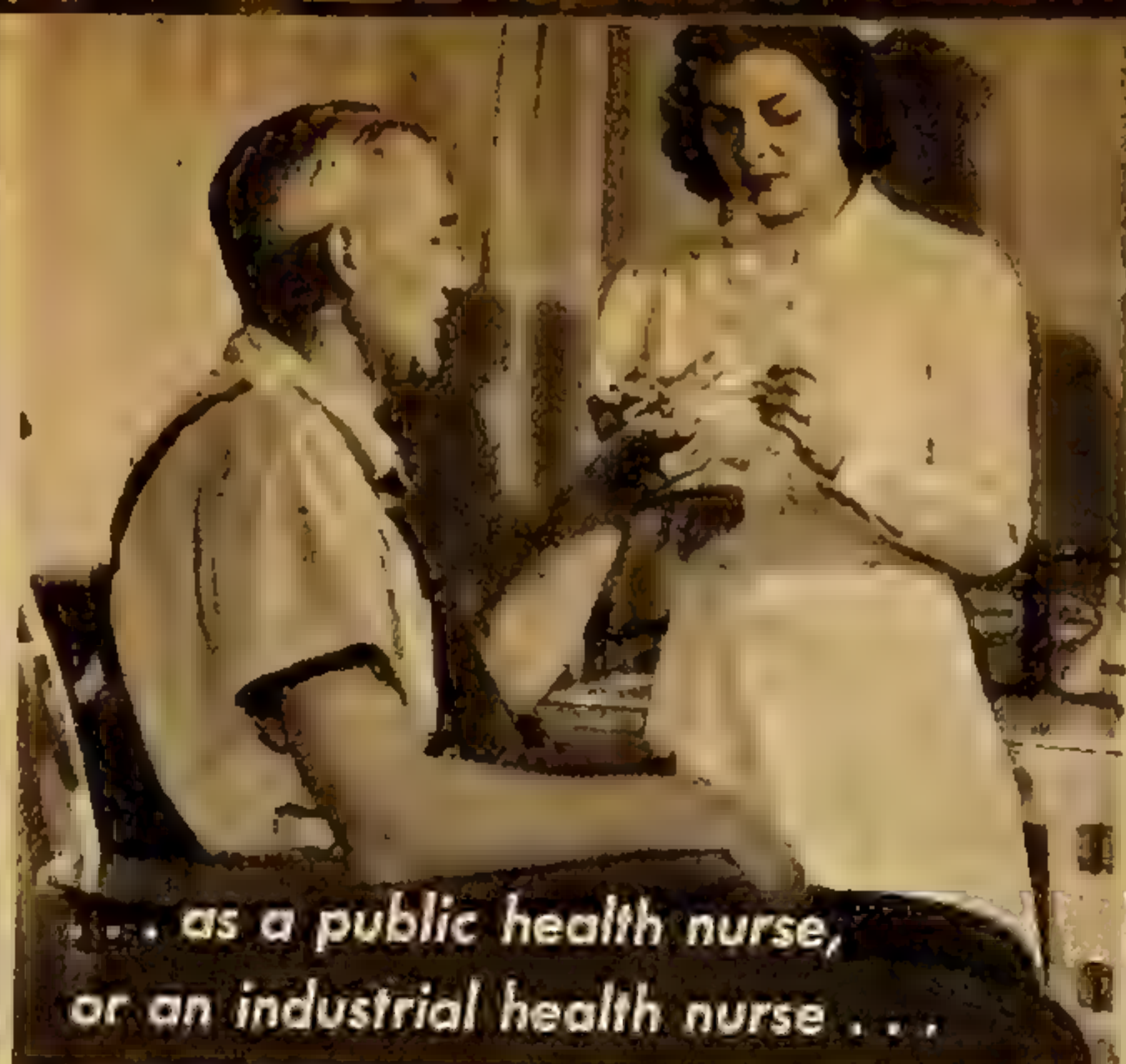
*Today many more women use Pond's
than any other face cream at any price*



Joseph Cotton



As a graduate registered nurse,
you may serve with
the Army or Navy...



... as a public health nurse,
or an industrial health nurse...



... as a director
of nurses...



... as an instructor in
a school of nursing...



... you may become
a private-duty nurse...



... you may specialize
in child health...



... in x-ray, orthopedics,
or many other fields.

**"The free education
and the monthly allowance
are wonderful..."**

**but it's the future
that decided me!"**

IF YOU can qualify as a U. S. Cadet Nurse, you can look forward to a professional life that gives you a wide choice of interesting work.

As a graduate nurse, you may serve in the Army or Navy, or as a public health nurse or an industrial health nurse. You may become an instructor in a school of nursing, a director of hospital nursing service, or director of a nursing school. You may choose to work in vacation camps, or as an airline hostess. You may specialize in child care, in orthopedics, in psychiatric nursing, or in many other fields...

What of Marriage? An increasing number of schools admit and retain married students. Many essential serv-

ices, including the Army Nurse Corps, are open to married nurses. As a matter of fact, the marriage rate among nurses is unusually high.

The Free Education includes tuition and fees, board and room—and you get a monthly allowance of \$15, \$20, or \$30, as training proceeds. Free, too, are the indoor and outdoor uniforms. The wearing of the outdoor uniform is optional; a Cadet Nurse dresses as she likes on her time off.

Can You Qualify? Are you between 17* and 35? Are you a high school graduate or a college student? In good health? Mentally alert? Mail the coupon for copy of U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps booklet... and list of almost 1000 approved schools of nursing

from which you may choose your school.
*Minimum age and academic requirements vary slightly with different schools of nursing.

Mail the coupon for FREE booklet

giving information about the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps... and a list of almost 1000 approved schools of nursing from which you may choose your school.

U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps,
Box 88, Church St. Annex, New York, N. Y.

Please send free booklet and list of approved schools.

Age _____ High school graduate? _____

High school senior? _____ Graduation date _____

Present occupation, if any _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____



Join the **U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps**

By Fredda Dudley



Ronnie Reagan, who's been doing terrific job recruiting women for service, spent last couple of days off scouring golf course for wife's diamond ring. Janie, formerly top amateur woman golfer in H'wood, just started brushing upon game.



The Lodgers (John and Hedy) planned shindig at Hollywood Canteen to mark day they'd met there, just one year before. John had portered that night while Hedy poured Java.

Good News

All stars turn out for MODERN

SCREEN party! Milland on overseas camp

tour. John Payne to go on bond tour of nation!

■ Undoubtedly the most photogenic event to take place during the month was the gala cocktail party given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Delacorte, Jr. Mr. Delacorte is Ye Editor's father (and looks like his slightly older brother) and the publisher of all Dell Publishing Company's magazines.

Mrs. Delacorte is a regal and beautiful woman who becomes instantly popular with the wives of celebrities, because she is genuinely interested in them and their families. Having six children of her own and one lusty grandson (whose picture appears on the editorial page of this issue of MODERN SCREEN), she is by way of being an authority on youngsters. During the party, Mrs. Delacorte had long chats with Ruth Hussey Longnecker, whose first child is due in May; with Mrs. Barry Sullivan, whose second baby is due in June, and with Mrs. Jim Brown, whose second is due late in the summer.

Lana and Steve Crane were there, talking about Cherry and about the fact that Steve had just signed a long-term with Columbia Studios. This department is happy to predict that Steve Crane, at this time next year, will be considered one of the most exciting leading men in Hollywood.

John Harvey, under contract to 20th Century-Fox, was talking enthusiastically about his young daughter who had just come home from the hospital with her mother. John professed himself to be an expert on the problems incident to the well-being of a debutante of 14 days; when John was nine, he became the owner of a baby sister. His mother had been seriously ill, and a nurse had been unobtainable, so John attended to the triangular slacks situation, the sterilizing of bottles and the preparation of formulae. Thus initiated at an early age, he is now a tried-and-true veteran.

Alan and Sue Ladd came with Bill and Tess Bendix and convulsed the group by telling about their telephone troubles. It seems that Sue Ladd's daughter, Carol Lee, was asked—at school—to supply her home address and telephone number. Innocently, she complied. The following night the telephone sounded like an electric alarm clock gone crazy: It rang steadily from six o'clock until midnight. The following night, much the same record was established. In desperation, Alan went to the telephone company and begged them to change his number. The company is very busy these days. It looks upon number changing as frivolous nonsense. Finally, after a company representative had checked the Ladd line, it agreed solemnly that something had to be done. The Ladds have a new listing.

Paul Henreid spent some time in a far corner, talking very seriously about the war, with MODERN SCREEN's Ida Zeitlin, while Ida's artist husband—who is Russian—twinkled happily over Tamara Toumanova's description of her first picture soon to be released by RKO.

June Vincent came to the party with her great friend, Edgar Bergen, all unaware of the fact that less than a week later she would be in Jamaica, Long Island, where she flew to be at the bedside of her fiancé, Ensign William Sterling, who underwent emergency surgery.

Handsome men anywhere have become such premium personalities that it was orchids on the eyelids to stand in the same room to view Walter Pidgeon, John Hodiak with the white-lightning smile, Dane Clark (who is soon to answer those "Greetings"), Jess Barker, Alan Curtis, James Craig, Sonny Tufts (whose wife is as beautifully brunette as Sonny is blond), Neil Hamilton, Robert Paige, who is to be Deanna Durbin's next leading man, and Dana Andrews helping his wife to appetizers.

Roy Rogers was one of the first guests to arrive and supplied an authentic motion picture atmosphere by coming direct from the studio wearing make-up, Stetson, plaid shirt, jumper and levis. Someone asked an observer facetiously if Roy had brought his horse, Trigger. "No," was the deadpan answer, "Trigger is coming later with Lassie from Metro."

Deanna Durbin was wearing a hat that looked like a giant black tulip pulled rakishly over her sleek hair; Laraine Day wore clusters of shocking pink flowers amid her updo, and further glamour was furnished by cute Peggy Ryan (with her palsy-walsy Patty Boniface), Janet Blair, Dale Evans and Ella Raines.

MOMENTS WITH MINIATURES: Captain Ronald Reagan is having a little domestic trouble with a subordinate. When he was at home on a recent leave, his young daughter, snowball-blond Maureen, was trying to get his attention at luncheon. Ronnie was busy talking with a friend and failed to turn around when Maureen tugged at his coat-tail. She tried with a more definite force, then said in a loud, clear treble, "Listen to me or I'm going to give you a poke in the nose." That she had learned in nursery school.

Her mother, in addition to Maureen's deportment problems, has troubles of her own. While she was playing golf recently, she removed her wedding ring, fastened it to her slackbelt and merrily covered the course. Later when she changed clothes, she noticed that the belt clasp had slipped its moorings and had dumped her watch and ring somewhere on the last green. The club employees went over the grass with rakes. They located the watch and several coins, but no ring.

Incidentally, Jane is now working in "Doughgirls" with Ann Sheridan and Alexis Smith. Director James Kern looked over his beautiful cast on the first day of shooting and announced that there was going to be enough mischief afoot to make him a candidate for a by-hourly benzedrine tablet. The girls decided forthwith to employ a maid for the three of them, not only to take care of the ordinary maid chores on the set, but to help them perpetrate the gags dearly beloved by all three.

They couldn't find a maid—not for love, money nor a screen test.

* * *

When Dennis Morgan returned from his recent Bond Tour, he delighted his youngsters (Stan, 10, and Kris, 6,) with a description of

Why Judy Garland wears Woodbury Windsor Rose



JUDY GARLAND, APPEARING IN "MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS"
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

✓ *it gives a dazzling warm tone
...lends such clear, fresh beauty—
and such smoothness!*

Girls! The look in *his* eyes will tell you—*your* Woodbury shade makes you lovelier than ever! . . . Hollywood film directors helped Woodbury create THE perfect shade for each skin-type . . . The Color Control blending process makes Woodbury Powder color-even, color-fresh *always* on your skin . . . gives it smooth, clinging texture that veils tiny blemishes. Choose *now* from the 8 exquisite Woodbury shades!

Woodbury COLOR CONTROLLED Powder

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP! . . . Now with your big \$1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your just-right glamour shades of matching lipstick and rouge—at no extra cost . . . All 3 for only \$1.

ALSO BOXES OF WOODBURY POWDER 50¢, 25¢, 10¢



VIRGINIA GREY
APPEARING IN
20TH CENTURY-FOX
FILM "SWEET
ROSIE O'GRADY"

"HERE'S A
HOLLYWOOD TIP
on DRY SKIN"
says VIRGINIA GREY



"This Rich Cream with Olive Oil
Works Wonders!"

Lander's Cold Cream with Olive
Oil is Exquisitely Fine and Pure
... Accepted for Advertising by
the AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN

"One of the greatest beauty problems that
a star can have is dry skin," says beauti-
ful Virginia Grey.

"And I've found nothing that gives me
such marvelous help as Lander's Cold
Cream with Olive Oil.

"The first touch of this soothing, rich
cream relieves that hateful drawn feeling.
It smooths away tiny dry lines and flaki-
ness so that my skin feels and looks baby-
soft, fresh and radiant."

Why don't you, too, try this olive oil
"wonder"? Lander's Creams are at all
10¢ stores in 10¢, 25¢ and 50¢ sizes. Big
jars give excellent value. Get some today.

LANDER'S COLD CREAM

WITH

Olive Oil
10¢ AND 25¢



To help boost husband's branch of
service, Ginger (with Colman at
NBC airing) will recruit women Ma-
rines for "Ginger Rogers Squadron."

Par. dreams of entire Crosby clan
in epic called "Great American
Family." But Bing hates publiciz-
ing family. Below, with Dale Evans.



Good News

Continued

a snow storm. As all three of the Morgan children were born in California and have
never seen snow except in newsreels and photographs, they were fascinated. He told
them about bob sledding and skiing. He gave them directions for constructing a sizable
snowman and designated icicles as frozen fringe.

Several days later Mrs. Morgan was readying her ingredients for a casserole dish
and noted that a box of soda crackers had disappeared. Seeking to check this mysterious
fact, she went to the back porch in search of Stan and Kris, who had been playing in
the back yard. She found them hilariously pelting each other with handfuls of flaked
crackers. "Look, Mommy," explained Stan, "it's snowing like crazy."

BIRTHDAY BUSINESS: Dizzying fame hasn't turned her lovely head. It simply didn't
occur to Lana Turner that anyone except the members of her immediate family would
remember her birthday. Yet, in her characteristic way, she wanted to celebrate. Her
notion of a proper celebration was to order a gigantic cake to be brought on the set of
"Marriage Is a Private Affair," and be served to the cast and crew with Lana's greetings!

It was the first time Lana's birthday has ever occurred when she was working on a
picture, yet her personal crew (hairdresser, wardrobe mistress, make-up man, maid and
secretary) knew the date. Their idea of a pleasant way to commemorate the event was
to order a huge cake and have it delivered to the set.

James Craig, Lana's leading man in the picture, wanted in some way to wish the little
lady well. He thought it over carefully and decided that a birthday cake, complete with
candles and enough servings to stuff everyone, would be just the ticket.

Director Robert Z. Leonard, happy over the progress of his picture, decided that a few
hours off—plus a colossal cake—would be a splendid way to felicitate his star.

So now everyone connected with the picture is calling everyone else "Marie Antoinette,"
the original perpetrator of that celebrated line, "Let them eat cake."

In addition to the pastry, Lana received a beautiful frame for the picture of herself and
Cherry which has been stuck in the mirror of her dressing room. Second gift was a gag
package containing chewing gum, cleaning tissues and soap flakes . . . and don't write
in, asking this department where same were obtained. This department would regard such
information as a prime military secret.

* * *

When Ann Sheridan left New York City, Steve Hannagan gave her a birthday package
with the stern admonition that she wasn't to open it (1) until the proper date, and (2)
at any rate until she reached Hollywood.

Annie managed to control herself until she reached Kansas City, but there feminine
endurance melted. She snatched open the jeweler's velvet box to stagger her eyesight
with the dazzle of a pair of emerald-cut ruby earrings, nestled beside three matching clips.
Kinda pretty (gulp).

* * *

For two years the school teacher at Warner Brothers has cultivated Dolores Moran's
history, mathematics, English grammar and general philosophy. She has worked with

Dolores on the set and has spent luncheon hours with her in the commissary. As you know, studio teachers are benevolent watch dogs, charged with maintaining a select finishing school atmosphere despite the exotic aspects of studio life.

Yet even these serious-minded and responsible women relent with a sigh when a charge reaches the age of 18. Dolores' teacher gave her, in celebration of her newly adult status when she celebrated her 18th birthday, a tucked and beruffled black chiffon nightgown.

Dolores, in turn, gave Jerry Asher—local wit and Warner publicist—a glamour portrait of herself clad in a diaphanous black harem outfit, doubtless dreamed up by the wardrobe department after a dinner of lobster thermidor, warm beer and a basket of chocolate eclairs. Across the lower edge of the portrait Dolores wrote, "To Jerry from Whistler's 'new' mother."

* * *

On the day Bonita Granville became 21, her attorney arrived with a bulging briefcase and began to spread acres of legal documents before that startled citizen. In answer to Bonita's puzzled question, he explained that Bonita's mother had now ceased to be her guardian, and that Bonita was to take over the management of her own affairs. Then he settled down to a description of this trust fund and that; of income taxes under this bracket, and deductions allowed under that category. Next he launched into an analysis of her insurance program, and from that decimated his way through the purchase of Bonds throughout their various series.

Bonita moistened her lips. "Isn't there some simpler way for me to handle this?" she asked weakly. The attorney said certainly, that Bonita could simply give her mother Power of Attorney, and she could continue to handle Bonita's business affairs.



No finer
fit at
any price

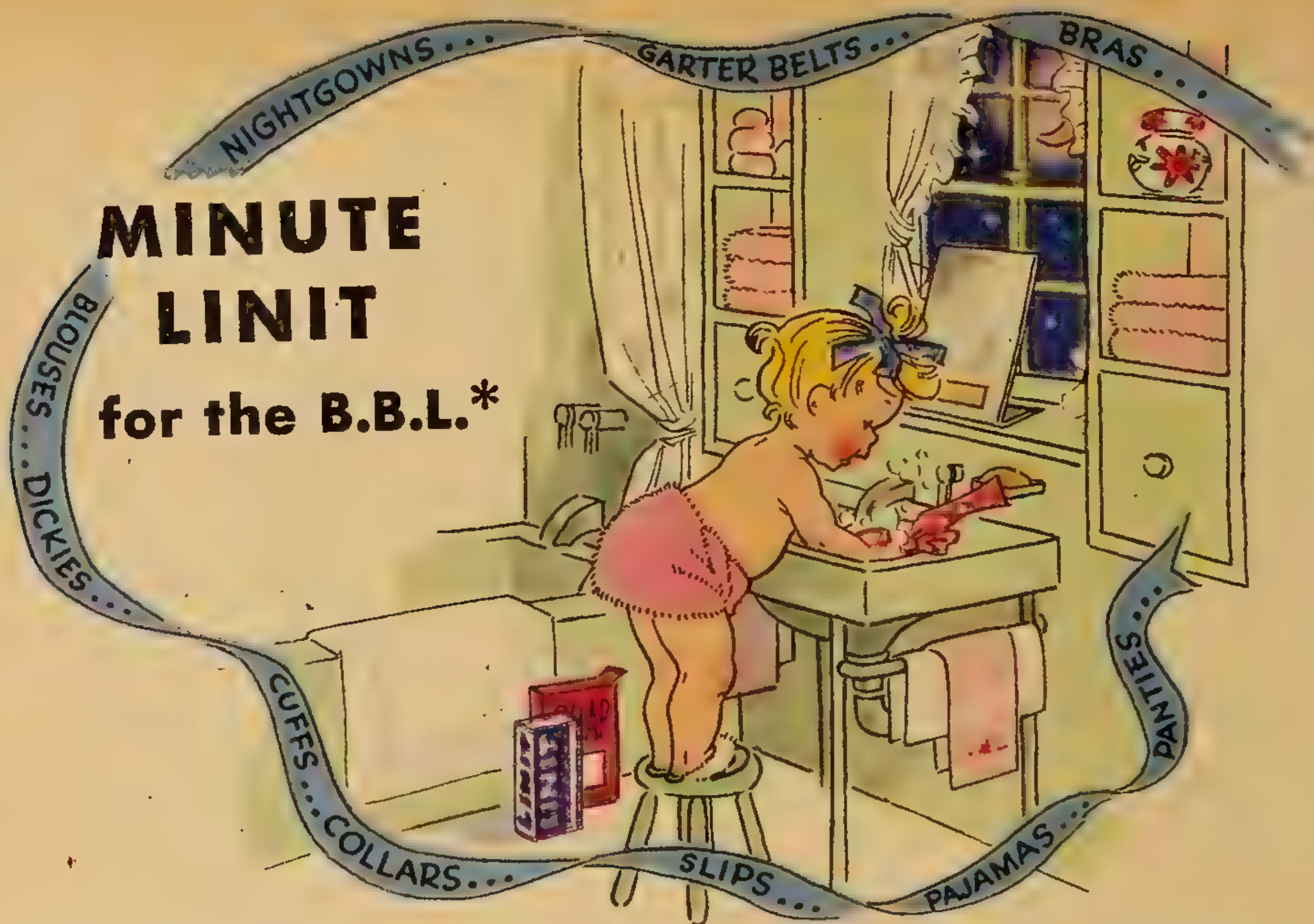
BESTFORM BRASSIERES
79¢
BESTFORM FOUNDATIONS
\$2.50 to \$6.50

BESTFORM
means "best form"



Brief confab with Sgt. Dave Rose resulted in Judy's decision to file divorce suit. Bobby Stack's currently topping date list. (Here, Mocamboing with D. Loper.)

Neatest trick of the month: Cornering, for one shot, such H'wood royalty as Lt. Com. Bob Montgomery, Capt. Clark Gable, Spence Tracy, Lt. j/g Bob Taylor.

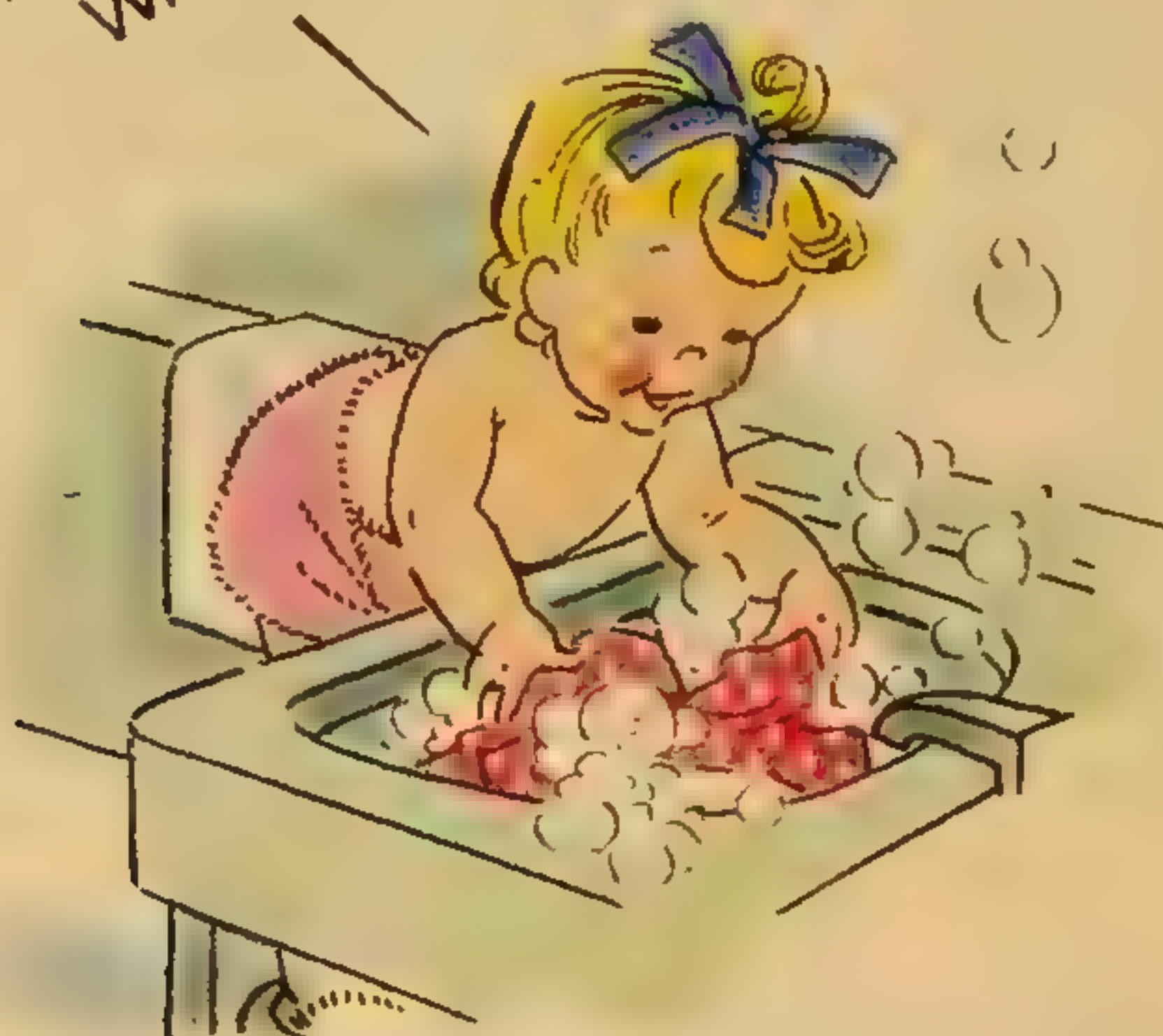


MINUTE LINIT for the B.B.L.*

OFFICE GIRLS and war workers (busy housewives, too) know **LINIT** helps them look attractive. Lingerie and fine accessories are easily "refinished" with a quick **LINIT** rinse. **LINIT** keeps dainty underthings smooth and lovely—helps them wear longer because **LINIT** penetrates and protects the fabrics.

* Busy Bathroom Laundress

DUNK IN THE BATHROOM
WASHBOWL



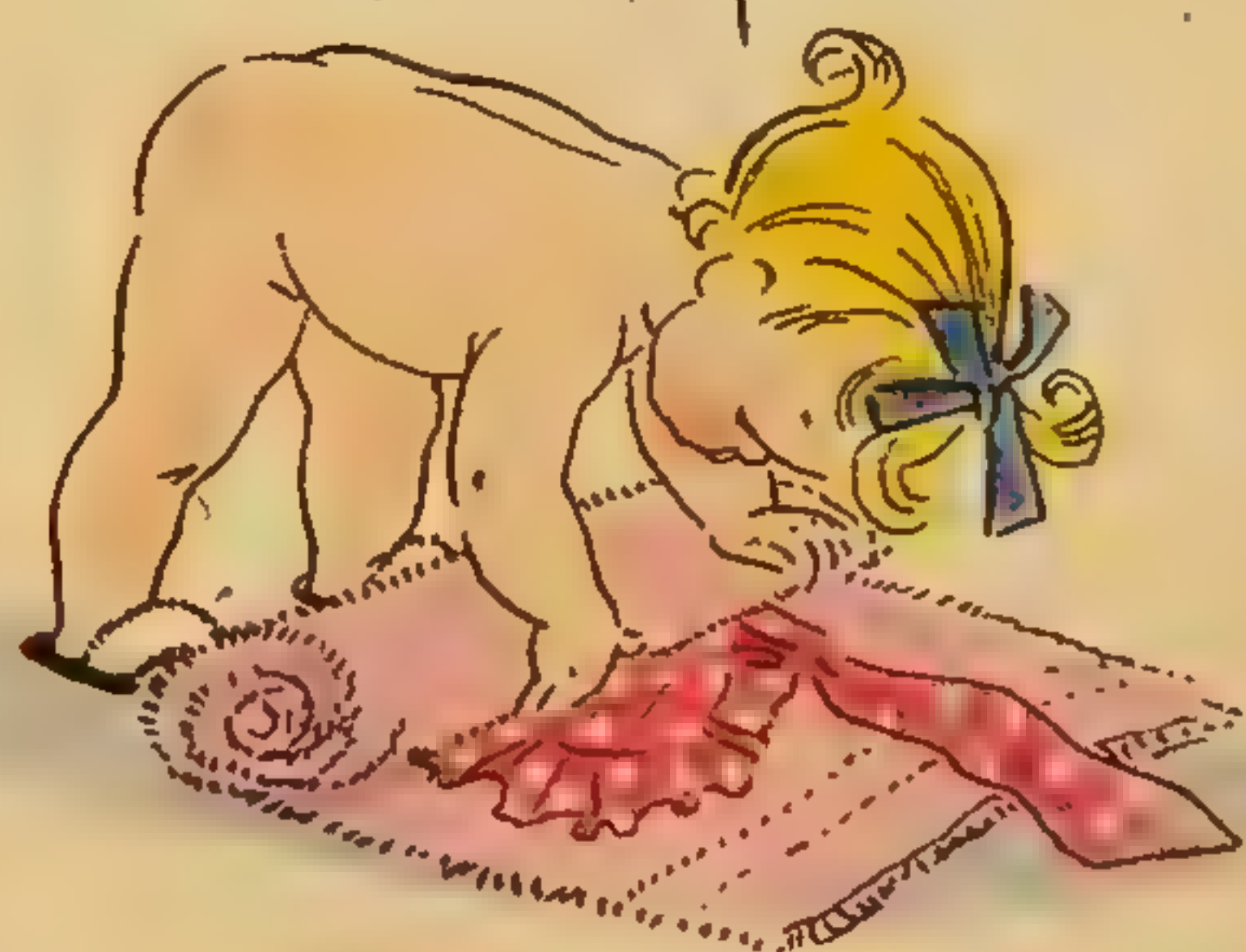
WASH as usual in mild soap and luke warm water. Don't rub—just squeeze suds gently through the fabric.

RINSE AND RINSE AND LINIT RINSE



RINSE very thoroughly. Be sure to remove every bit of soap. Add light **LINIT** solution to final rinse. (Directions on every **LINIT** box.)

ROLL IN A TOWEL... NOT TOO TIGHTLY



ROLL up in soft dry towel until ready to iron. You'll find **LINIT** makes your lingerie look crisp as celery, feel cool as a cucumber.

AND IRON

IRON at low heat. Iron satin on wrong side. Iron double thicknesses on both sides. **LINIT**-starched lingerie takes on new life and luxury.



Good News

Continued

So Bonita signed one small, delightful paper and recovered her pleasure in being grown-up.

Later that week, when she was packing preparatory to making a personal appearance tour through the Northwest, she noticed that her mother hadn't even dragged out her travel-worn cases. Upon inquiry, Mrs. Granville explained that a 21-year-old daughter was certainly able to travel alone. She was a woman now.

But from a small town only 200 miles away, Mrs. Granville received a wistful telegram after Bonita had been gone two days. "Tired of being twenty-one," it read. "Please meet me in Portland."

THAT LIQUID SUNSHINE: As you may have heard over your radio or read in your daily paper, Hollywood occasionally suffers from an attack of moisture. Natives are likely to toss this off with a glub and a pair of water wings; only saboteurs admit that they have had to comb fallen palm trees out of their attics, or have had to strain their victory gardens out of Los Angeles harbor.

Tenny rate, during the recent dampness, falling trees interfered with power lines in the valley to the extent that Ann Sheridan's electric eye motor gates were totally incapacitated. She couldn't get out, nor could guests, nor delivery trucks get in. She had no lights, no heat and no cooking facilities, so she boiled up a bit of soup over the fireplace.

Deanna Durbin's sister was in the same dilemma, but she had the added problem of a hungry four months' old baby, Lois Elaine, whose bottles had to be sterilized and whose formula had to be warmed, rain or no rain. So Mrs. Heckman, with Lois Elaine (the baby) and three-year-old Dickie, moved into Universal Studios where they occupied Deanna's permanent dressing room.

Hedy Lamarr reported to Warner Brothers, where she was working in "The Conspirators" in a drenched condition. Popping into the publicity department, she closed up her stolid black Chamberlain-type umbrella (someone asked her why she was carrying such an unglamorous article, and she answered, "Don't believe all the fancy things you read about me")—and proceeded to take off her dripping shoes and stockings. A messenger boy, seeing this ingratiating sight, spread the tidings and abruptly half the studio had urgent business in the office in which Hedy was twiddling her toes. Yes, they have Davis, Sheridan, de Havilland, Wyman, Alexis Smith, Dolores Moran and Joan Crawford around all the time. But this was Hedy—without shoes and stockings.

And down in Texas, which caught all the storm California couldn't absorb, Lieutenant Tyrone Power was roundly cursing the weather, too. It was making it very difficult for him to get his qualifying flying hours in.

NEWCOMERS YOU SHOULD KNOW:

When you saw "What a Woman" starring Rosalind Russell, you probably began to feel spring in the air when Willard Parker leapt across the silver screen. To bolster this seasonal surge and to prove that Mr. Parker is not only intriguing but a regular guy as well, we offer this anecdote.

Willard Parker knocked around Hollywood for a long time, working in quickies and Westerns. He had one genuine friend, a chap named Max Arno, who was working at Warner Brothers. "Get out of this town," Mr. Arno counseled the blond viking, "and go to New York. If you can secure a good stage part, Hollywood (Continued on page 103)

Meet Belita!

A guy just doesn't kiss his girl in a theater lobby with a million people milling around . . . and the lights of the marquee shining in their eyes. Guys just don't act that way at all. And if they did, they'd get slapped. Even if the guy's 14 years old and his girl is 10. All the worse. When you're 10, you can blush harder than when you're 20. And getting kissed is no fun anyway. So Belita slapped him. But the incident left its scar.

If she'd been smart, she'd have forgotten about men right then, because the next thing that happened was really a fiasco. You know how you feel about your first real date. The long gloves and the tulle way down to your heels and the smidgin of perfume behind the ear . . . just to make things authentic. Well, it was like that . . . only worse because the date was for a ballet, not just a movie around the corner. Only thing was, Johnny (we'll call him that) was the kind of a fellow you'd ask for dinner at 7, and he'd pop in at 9:30 because things were always turning up. Unexpected things . . . and, "Gosh, I'm sorry I'm late but you see . . ." Always. You could count on it. Johnny'd given Belita her ticket and said to meet him at the Covent Garden Opera House. Knowing Johnny, it sounded risky.

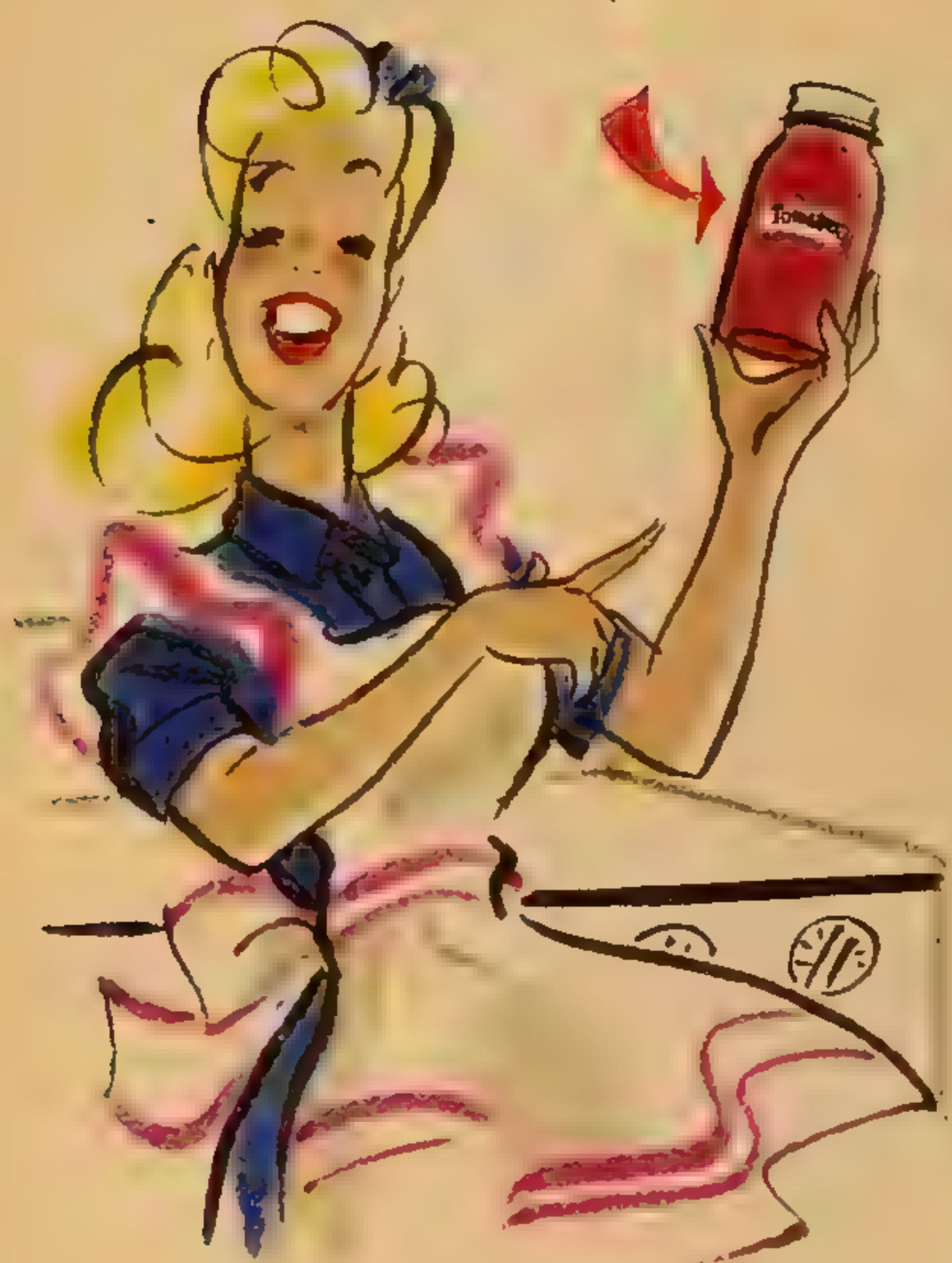
Risky, nothing. It was brutal! Belita had done enough dancing and skating in London so that almost everybody knew her on sight. If she could just have stood quietly behind a door of the lobby and waited, it mightn't have been so bad. But here was everybody she knew stopping to ask did she get stood up, or didn't she think she was a little young to be getting around to places stag? As the curtain went up, she squeezed her way through the crowd thinking that if she slid deep down in her seat nobody would notice. But try being inconspicuous in the front seat of the very front box, when everybody in the (Continued on following page)

Belita's always wanted role in horror film; thinks they're most fun to do. Meanwhile is doing, "Lady, Let's Dance."



A Household Necessity

Continued



To keep the labels on preserves
Securely and in shape
Just write them out and stick them on
With handy Texcel Tape.

And though the sweeper handle breaks
The work goes on as planned;
It gets a temporary mend
When Texcel Tape's at hand.



For pages torn in cooking books,
For packages and such,
No fuss or fuming—Texcel Tape
Goes on with just a touch.

For Texcel is an improved tape
Whose "stick-um's" bonded on.
It won't come off, it won't dry out
Before the judgment dawn.



Since all the Texcel Tape that's made
Is being used for war,
Buy Bonds and Stamps till Victory
Returns it to your store.

Texcel Tape

CELLOPHANE TAPE — STICKS WITH A TOUCH

Made by Industrial Tape Corporation

A Division of Johnson & Johnson

New Brunswick, N.J.

whole darn theater is peering up to count the diamond tiaras. Or nudging each other—"That's Lady Twickington up there, you know. Of the Twickingtons-on-the-Bias."

You could either sit quietly staring at your shoes or get up and leave. It was easier to just sit. Through the first act . . . and intermission . . . and the second act . . . and another intermission . . . and finally, during the third act, in bounces Johnny. "Gosh, I'm sorry I'm late but—" You couldn't stand up right in the middle of the third act and tell him to go jump in the lake. But you could breeze out in a huff and never talk to him again as long as you lived. And never accept another date for months and months and months.

The trouble was, men were so different from Laurence Olivier. Remember "Romeo and Juliet"? He was absolutely as wonderful as Noel Coward, and handsomer. Though you didn't have to be handsome when you said things like Mr. Coward did. Once, when she'd danced for some people at a party, Mr. Coward had accompanied her, and when it was over, he'd said, "I thought I was to play for a little girl. If I realized I was to play for an artist, I'd have practiced." Just like that he said it . . . and she'll never forget it. Absolutely never.

People don't say things like that every day. Even when you've danced in Paris and London and Washington and skated

IN THE V-MAIL BAG

Hiyah Gang:

Thanks for your long, thin envelope postmarked Dec. 14, which arrived along with a bunch of belated Christmas cards that had apparently missed the boat.

The Overseas Edition of MODERN SCREEN, you'll no doubt be delighted to hear, is the only movie mag which reaches us regularly via Special Service. The G.I. joes over here are all-out for your pin-up girls, since so many of them are practically all-out for us. You should see the mad scramble when a new Overseas Edition arrives. It soon looks like something you could play on a player piano, with wide open spaces where the pix were!

The films which Special Service gets for us have included "Hello, Frisco," "Coney Island," and more recently, "This Is the Army" and "So Proudly We Hail."

By the way, I think the producers should be told that scenes showing luscious banquets with steaks and such are unpopular with G.I.'s who have become hardened to the "C"-ration—pork sausage—canned meat routine. You asked how last Thanksgiving was—believe it or Ripley, but we had real turkey with all the fix-in's!

Best wishes from some censored place in North Africa.

Buell R. Snyder (Tech. Sgt.)

NO ROOM FOR TROUBLES IN THE NEW KIT BAG . . .

But plenty of room for magazines and note paper, cigarettes, sewing kits, razor blades . . . shall we go on? Or is it enough to say that all the small essentials servicemen keep writing home for are being packed in Red Cross kits and sent overseas. Trouble is, somebody's got to do the packing. Somebody's also got to make the thousands of surgical dressings . . . and the layettes for servicemen's babies . . . and sweaters and endless other items. Does a finger seem to point to you? Well, swell. Stop by at your local Red Cross and get the dope on their Production Corps. You know, if you're too tied up to come downtown, there's work you can do at home . . . with patterns, material and instruction furnished by the Red Cross. And if your club just happens to be casting around for a project, what nobler one than this? There've been lots of surgical dressing contests in high schools through the Junior Red Cross. And, boy, you should have seen that white gauze fly.

your way half around the world, really sincere compliments are rare. Like the time a fellow in Wichita wrote, "You're no Lamarr. Your smile's luke-warmish, and you could do more with your hair. Also, your figure's nothing to start a G.I. moaning low. But, *holy cow*, can you skate! How do you do it? Where'd you learn? And what do you have to have, to begin with?"

Well, for one thing, you've got to get the feel of things early. You've got to start ballet lessons practically before you can walk. And ice skating lessons shortly after. Then, what you try to do is not fall on your face more often than you have to. Of course, sometimes there's nothing you can do about it. When you're a year old, and you can hardly toddle a straight line let alone point your toe, you're bound to fall on your face. And when you're two and they dress you up like a crumby old doll or something and tie you to a branch of a Christmas tree, what can you expect? Bad habit, though. Sort of sticks with you.

Belita was opening an ice show in Washington when it happened again. The place was jammed to the seams. The spotlight flooded the crystal rink. Belita glided out swiftly, lightly, hardly touching the ice at all; cutting smoothly into the center of the rink; stopping sharply, so lithe and cool and poised that, watching her, you had to marvel. It was her night! You could tell it by the stillness of the place . . . and then by the terrific applause. Belita arched her body for another long, slow sweep. And then it happened! The scraping of skates in the ice . . . the thud . . . and suddenly, her fanny where her head should have been and her face where her feet should have been . . . and, Lord in heaven, where *were* her feet?

That's how you get to be a skater and probably an actress, too. And, *holy cow*, isn't it awful?



New-type ink protects pens against breakdowns!

Solv-x in Parker Quink safeguards metal and rubber . . . helps keep pens out of the repair shop!

Here is the writing fluid that proves most pen failures can be avoided. For remarkable Parker Quink contains *solv-x* that protects all makes of pens in 4 ways:

1. Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot always caused by high-acid inks.
2. Ends all gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting—even flow.
3. Dissolves and flushes away sediment left by ordinary inks.
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Only Parker Quink contains *solv-x* yet Quink actually costs no more than ordinary, high-acid inks. So empty your pen today and fill it with famous Parker Quink. Brilliant, smooth-flowing, fast-drying . . . you'll find Quink is ideal for steel pens, too. Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

★ ★ ★

"MICRO-FILM BLACK", the all-purpose black ink. Writes black, stays black. Ideal for V-Mail; photographs perfectly. Quink comes in 7 permanent colors: Micro-film Black, Blue-Black, Royal Blue, Green, Violet, Brown, Red. 2 washable colors: Black, Blue. Family size 25¢. Other sizes 15¢ and up.

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MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS NOW!

PARKER Quink the only ink containing *solv-x*

HE NOTICES YOUR HAIR

*Blonde Bonnie Edwards favors a zooming pomp.



Laraine Day wears her hair short and curly.



Pert Ginny Simms wears her hair high and neat.



If you want the man in your life to be pleased with

your coif, follow these Hollywood hints for coif styling!

■ That all-important *he* notices how your tresses look . . . so, ask you, how to design a fetching top-knot? Well, you've come to the right place, 'cause we know. We've been speaking to Nancy Walker, that female Rooney, about the curls and ringlets of Ginny Simms and Bonnie Edwards, her co-stars of "Broadway Rhythm" and, too, we've been chatting with Laraine Day (nice chatting). She has some bright ideas for your ringlets.

■ Here's the sum of all this talk about tresses. We'll assume for the moment that your hair is in condition, that you've been quite fussy about shampoos and that you brush said hair every day . . . you can learn ways and means of hair care by consulting "Curl-Cues from Vera" on p. 68. Still, the way you arrange your locks, leaves something to be desired. Instead of putting up with them as is, check on your hairdressing skill.

■ First, check on your equipment. The kind of comb frequently used in Hollywood studios (half teeth and half handle to grab on'ter) may suit you better than the usual straight comb. The weensy, cheap number you carry in your purse for hasty re-grooming is not sufficient for full-time use. Get an efficient one. Then there are the small combs for holding coifs in place. Get good ones if you want them to stay put. There are those with teeth that poosh apart as you set the comb in, and then spring back together again. They're fine.

■ Try using plastic curlers. Try rolling wool over a curler and then rolling your hair over the two. A girl that Laraine Day knows whose hair is fine as silk and so unmanageable, does her curls up at the back in small strands, very flat and without dampening the hair at all. She secures each flat curl with two bobbie pins and then she sprays the whole thing with a little wave setting lotion which she keeps in an old perfume atomizer. That's a hint for the girl with hair like a baby's to whom the word "curl" is a red flag.

■ Don't overlook the male viewpoint, we repeat. Most men are taller than you, but how much thought do you give to the picture of the top of your head? Not enough, we'll bet! Hair parts are pretty when neat and sharply defined . . . but a menace if crooked and straggly. Be sure that yours travels in a straight line and that it's scrupulously clean (cotton wound on an orange stick and moistened with hair tonic will attend to that). To complete the pleasant scene for your he-man, see that the hair on your crown lies smooth and untangled.

■ Only last week one male, with an air of speaking for his entire sex, asked us, "Why don't you tell girls about the backs of

By Carol Carter

their heads?" Far be it from us to disregard the masculine opinion on beauty, so we're passing this on to you. If you're not sure that every little strand is at its well-groomed best, why not make a spring resolution to use a hand mirror every day? And this habit will suggest brushing and using brilliantine, lacquer, pins and all those other gadgets which make your back locks live up to those that frame your pretty face.

Now that you're all convinced of the need of a new male and male-pleasing hair-do, which will it be? We'll admit right off that we can't tell you in detail (though our Super Coupon chart, "How to Have Beautiful Hair," can). But what Auntie Carter can do right now is give you general rules to follow for your particular type that we filched from Hollywood, city of magic lanterns . . . and smart hair-do's.

Choose your hair style, suggests Ginny Simms, in front of a full-view mirror. If you're tall and slender, don't make yourself into a bean pole with a pompadour set on top of your head. If you're small, don't cut your height by hair flat on top and fluffed out at the sides. Add several inches to your five-feet-or-so by piling your hair high and by holding your head like a swan.

If you have a practically oval face with even features, you can take liberties that less-flawless mortals have no right to consider. You can wear your hair up, down or sidewise and still look like an angel . . . though you're really smartest if you stick to smooth, clear, classical coifs that frame your Lamarr-like face and do not distract attention from it.

On the other hand (or should we say head?) if your face has irregularities—which, by the by, can be made just as endearing as the handsomest features ever molded—then you can have the fun of adapting your coif to tone down your bad (Continued on page 102)



Use **FRESH** *and stay fresher!*

• See how effectively **FRESH** stops perspiration—prevents odor. See how gentle it is. Never gritty, greasy or sticky. Spreads smoothly—vanishes, quickly. Won't rot even delicate fabrics!

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NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR





Pert Vera Hrubá Ralston is in "Lady and the Monster."

CURL-CUES

FROM VERA

By Carol Carter

Vera helps her pomp shine with brilliantine.



A hundred brush strokes a night is a must.

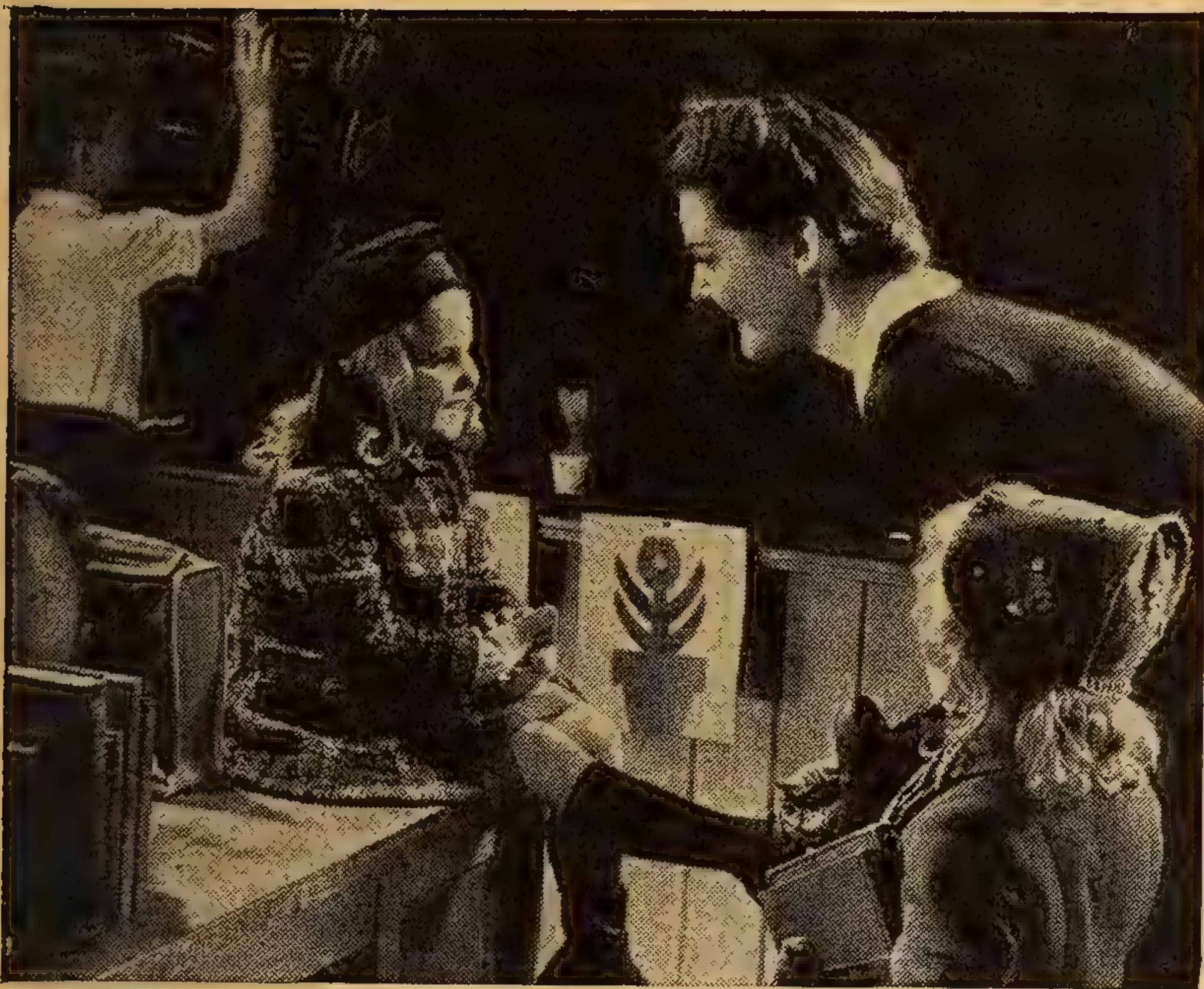


A beauteous blonde with brains! What charm, what loveliness! What an assignment! We stumbled from lunch at the Stork Club muttering pretty compliments all about Vera Hrubá Ralston. At 22, Vera's life has been a series of adventures starting with an escape from Czechoslovakia and culminating in a starring role in Republic's "Lady and the Monster." Why that gal has already received three thousand proposals by mail. Gol-ly!

Vera skated plunk . . . right through the golden door of Hollywood. From the Ice-Capades to stardom in one easy, icy pirouette. A gal on blades, with bright spotlights shining on her, has to learn to outglisten the ice, La Ralston noted. "I learned to shine from my head to the tips of my figure skates. And the shining hair business I learned, I've remembered."

TO THE CLEANERS. "The essence of a beautiful topknot," Vera confided, "can almost be summed up in three words: spanking clean hair." You just can't do justice to any glamorous hair-do unless that hair is immaculate. Vera, like other movie folk, goes through the shampoo routine almost every night when she's emoting under hot camera lights. Her normal, not-working beauty routine includes a shampoo every eighth day. First she brushes her hair, but thoroughly, bending from the waist. This combination brushing and bending loosens dandruff, stimulates the scalp and keeps her waistline down to minute proportions. She dunks her head in warm water; pours over a bit of her favorite shampoo and vigorously rubs it up to a sudsy lather. (Continued on page 111)

"8 out of 10" know a secret—do you?



Keeping at it with a smile—whether it's school work or war work—is a "must" these days. And millions of women have found one sure help—safer Modess! *"Extra protection under the strain of long hours!"* writes Miss M.C., school teacher. The triple, full-length safety shield at the back of every Modess napkin assures *full-way* protection—not just part-way, as in some napkins.



Gardening, extra housework, volunteer jobs—no matter what you're doing, you want to be completely at ease—and Modess is the answer! As Miss N.G.F., points out: *"I wear slacks on my job; and with Modess' famous fit I'm completely protected but never betrayed!"* Gently, unobtrusively, downy-soft Modess moulds itself to fit you. No hard tab ends. No embarrassing outlines.

Discover the Difference! Switch to



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SANITARY NAPKINS

MODESS REGULAR is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky, over-size pads unnecessary. In boxes of 12 sanitary napkins, or Bargain Box of 56. **MODESS JUNIOR** is for those who prefer a slightly narrower, but equally absorbent, napkin. In boxes of 12.

From Maine to California, women write frank, intimate letters—telling why they switched to Modess: "So soft!" "So safe!" or "So comfortable!" say 8 out of 10!

Something's really going on when so many women write—of their own free will—on such a personal matter.

Recently, 10,086 women in virtually every kind of job (school girls and mothers, too) told *why* they're glad they switched to Modess. And when their letters were tabulated, just look . . .

8 out of 10 gave as their reasons Modess' wonderful softness, its comfort, or its dependable protection.

Doesn't that put a bee in *your* bonnet? These women had been users of just about every other type and brand of sanitary napkin—yet they liked Modess better! Doesn't it make you wonder if *you're* getting all the comfort and protection you *could be getting*?

Revel in the difference! Get softer, safer Modess today—it doesn't cost a penny more!



Off-duty hours are scarce, but even when you're having fun you appreciate the extra comfort of softer Modess! You see, Modess is made with a special softspun filler—totally different from close-packed, layer-type pads. Thousands of women echo the opinion of Miss A.I.B. who says: *"I never dreamed a napkin could be so wonderfully soft!"*



FREE Send today for lively, picture-packed booklet—"Growing Up and Liking It!". . . Tells more about the "why" of menstruation than any booklet of this kind ever published. Shows any girl from 11 to 18 how to wear a bigger smile! For mothers, daughters, teachers. Simply mail name and address today to Martha Steele, Box 344, Milltown, New Jersey.

"SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD" FASHIONS

You start with an old dress or a starkly plain one and add a flower cluster to the neckline. Or a cascade of leaves down the bodice. It's terrific . . . and sew-easy. These felt appliques by Ruzak come cut-out and with complete instructions. If you can thread a needle, you can't go far wrong. There are handfals of sprightly ideas in the booklet by Ruzak offered on pg. 72. (Better get that coupon in the mail today.) Ideas like half-hats freighted with daisies, a sudden shower of confetti on a black sweater, a belt of, say, shocking pink encrusted with flowers and a choker to match.



Designers of Freshy Playclothes sailed into problem of playtogs for "Song of the Open Road." Came up with exclusive collection for Bun Granville and starlets. Film stars Bonita, with hi-jinks by Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, W. C. Fields, Sammy Kaye and orchestra.



Between takes of "Song of the Open Road," Bonita Granville tacked leaf appliqué by Ruzak on classic slip-on sweater.

Peggy O'Neil, one of the "Road" kids, planted gigantic sun-flowers by Ruzak on sweater. Also stitched felt braid on gloves to tie in color of pet date dress. More strategy in flowers sewn on bag or capping tiny sleeves of sleek black basic dress. Leading chain and department stores throughout country are spotlighting all of these "Redy-Cut" appliques for Spring.



Goldman Co., makers of Freshy Playclothes, have concentrated on Sanforized cotton, rayon cotton, chintz. Leading department stores throughout country have reported original rickrack print to left a "natural."

Fun filled clothes for your sun-filled hours. Gay, becoming and tailored for figure flattery. Shown here is "Peggy" named for pretty starlet, Peggy O'Neil, who poses in it. Of fine Sanforized cotton in an exclusive Ameritex ric rac print. Red or aviation blue in sizes 10 to 18. About 6.50 at better stores everywhere. All the lovely starlets in "The Song of the Open Road" wear Freshy Playclothes designed and made by the Goldman Co., 1410 Broadway, New York.



Charles R. Rogers presents

"The Song of the Open Road"

released through United Artists

featuring Peggy O'Neil.

TERRIFIC TRIO

(Continued from page 37)

glinting, promptly sat beside Granny and worked out a division of labor to create a wonderful duet.

Currently, Lon has two favorite songs, "Easy To Love" by Cole Porter, and a nostalgic song called "I'll Be Seeing You." He and his two buddies, Bill Eythe and Ray Sperry, devoted several weeks of intensive research to finding a recording of the song. At last they found a band record made by Henry King, a vocal on another disc by Tony Martin and Frances Langford, and a third recording made by the brilliant Hildegard, something about "I'll Be Looking at The Moon but I'll Be Seeing You."

The Terrific Triumvirate memorized the words and melody, tried a little close harmony and found the result good. The instant they set foot in the McCallister house, they played the recordings and commented anew on the perfection of each.

In the midst of this jubilation over a swoony song, Lon received those celebrated "greetings." He was to be inducted, the little draft board said, late in February.

Granny, on hearing the news, went on stirring up a cake. For a long time she made no comment. Finally, as if it summed up all the clutching things having to do with her heart, she said, "I'll be looking at the moon, but I'll be seeing you." And then, after an interval of quiet, she added, "I'll never be able to look at the moon until Lon comes home when the war is over."

Lon's mother, whom he called—as a very small boy—"doll-mother," was even more

terse and to the point. "When you leave," she announced with carefully controlled accents, "I think I'll break that record."

That first day was the bad one. After each of the women in Lon's life had allowed herself one emotional comment, they steadied down to a more humorous view of the situation. But the menus, oddly enough, began to consist entirely of Lon's favorite dishes. There was as much ground round steak as the McCallister points would permit—always with plenty of cat-sup poured over both steak and bun. Night after night the table boasted a big casserole of potatoes au gratin, and there was no sparing of cheese. Granny labored mightily in front of the oven, producing regiments of lemon pies—on one occasion Bill, Lon and Ray finished off three pies at a sitting. And when Granny wasn't making lemon pies, she was whipping up a three-storey chocolate cake veneered with yummy white icing. "You," accused Bill Eythe, poking his buddy's ribs, "are getting positively fat."

weighty problems . . .

"When they remake 'The Invisible Man', they won't exactly scream for you," observed Mr. McCallister.

To compensate for Granny's luscious cooking, The Terrific Triumvirate ambled down to Chinatown one night each week for a Chinese dinner. Whereas chicken chow mein, almond duck, fried shrimps and egg foo young are filling and delicious and crammed with vitality-producing elements, they have a very low caloric value.

One night shortly before Lon was inducted, Ray had a date, so Bill Eythe and Lon went out to dinner in duo instead of the usual triplicate. Offhandedly, Bill produced a small box. "Here's something to remember me by," he said. "Aw, nuts, don't look at me like that—this isn't anything much. It'll turn green in ten days unless you paint it with your mother's fingernail polish."

The box contained a friendship ring—a wide gold, very masculine band. "I'll wish it on," Bill said gruffly as he pushed it into place on Lon's finger. "Don't take it off until you get to your basic training camp. And—er—when you take it off, well then you can read the inscription on the inside."

Lon looked hard at the handsome ring. Then he shook hands with Bill. "Gosh, the things you do find in dime stores," he kidded, but there was no kidding and no superficiality in the long, steady look he exchanged with the man who has been his fellow-dramatic struggler and fellow prankster for many precious years.

Between them it wasn't necessary to talk about the things in both minds: Bill would like to be going off to camp with Lon; he would like to make Lon's try for the Air Corps, but he has two punctured eardrums, so has been classified 4F. On the other hand—and there is no derogatory shading in the comment because it is the habit of American men to give up reluctantly their hard-won toeholds in any business when faced with war, but to give every ounce of determination and devotion to the task at hand when fighting is necessary—Lon

Bonita Granville appearing in **SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD**. A Charles R. Rogers Production. Released thru United Artists.

Redy-Cut Felt Appliques

RATE RAVES FROM MOVIE STARS!

You'll love 'em too — these ready-cut-out, ready-to-sew-on appliques. Of colorful felt in divine designs . . . flowers, fruits, animals.

Such easy fun—to glamorize your pet sweaters with these cute, colorful appliques. See how they "cheer up" your dresses, jumpers, suits, and accessories too!

Get Redy-Cut Appliques at your favorite store—get yourself some glamour . . . at a tiny price.

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Smart ideas for your clothes,
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Peggy O'Neill and
Pat Starling, seen in
"Song of the Open
Road," a Charles R.
Rogers Production,
released thru United
Artists.

has just begun to catch on in pictures. He and Bill had talked about working in a picture together at some time. To give up such dreams and the first small aura of success is not easy, either.

curator of goose flesh . . .

Incidentally, Lon returned from location in Kentucky only a week before he was inducted. He had been East with a company making "Home in Indiana." (Don't be perplexed by a motion picture about Indiana being shot in Kentucky—it's the picture business.) While there, the cast rolled out into the frigid dawn without benefit of hot shower or steaming coffee. And, because the scenes being shot during many of the sequences were presumed to have occurred during summer months, the boys were working in slacks and sneakers, their upper torsos bravely bare. To commemorate this rugged situation, Lon and Hal Roach, Jr., formed "The Brave New World Athletic Club." Lon was made Curator of Goose Flesh, and Hal was Vice President in Charge of Frost Bite. Had there been sufficient snow at Lake Arrowhead or Big Bear, nearby mountain settlements, Lon intended to initiate Ray Sperry and Bill in this quaking organization before he left, but the weather was uncooperative—too warm for shivering ceremonial rites.

Lake Arrowhead has been the scene of a great many McCallister-Sperry-Eythe conclaves. The lake is large and deep enough to allow a great display of seamanship, and the trio are thataway about boats of all kinds. Last summer, Ray Sperry and Lon were maneuvering a dinghy against a stiff breeze; a dinghy, as any sailor will assure you, is a craft as unreliable of balance as a tipsy tightrope walker. Suddenly it tossed its sail like a mettlesome horse, and rolled over; Lon, who is a competent swimmer, fell to one side and Ray, who can't swim at all, dived into the blue on the other. He bobbed to the surface and clung to the bottom of the boat.

There was only one other boat on the lake that day, so Lon yelled at Ray to hang on, and he struck out like mad for the other craft. He is still a little exasperated at this burst of heroics, because he decided on sober second thought—three days later—that it would have been more efficient to have crawled up beside Ray and joined voices in an attracting war whoop.

Although Lon has won no medals for lifesaving, he does cherish three trophies won in school. One season he was the anchor man on their relay race which placed first in the interscholastic track meet. Each member of the team received a ribbon. He also won his basketball letter, and once won third ribbon for exhibition riding. Know how you win ribbons for such equestrianism? Well, you have to know your Dobbin so well that you can induce from him the three conventional gaits (walk, trot and canter) at hand signals. If he happens to be what is described as a High School horse, the rider must also be able to secure a pace and a rack (which is also called a single-foot) on signal. In case Lon had not been interested in the Air Corps, he would have made an excellent cavalry officer.

Aside from his family, his two pals and water jeeps, Lon's chief enthusiasm is his Great Dane dog, McDanois. Mac is a fragile creature of 153 pounds with a bark like the detonation of a 90 millimeter gun, and the soft soul of a Siamese kitten. He is now nearly four years old. His predecessor in Lon's affection was Pat, a Boston Bull whom Lon owned and operated as a pet for 15 years. Lon can't remember a time when Pat wasn't part of his life.

He was on the set of "Home in Indiana" when his mother telephoned Lon to say that Pat had died. "Thanks for calling

CAROLE LANDIS IN "FOUR JILLS IN A JEEP,"
A 20TH CENTURY-FOX
PRODUCTION



A Love Match in Carole Landis' Hands

Such smooth feminine hands easily win a love match. You can prove it for yourself.

Just use Jergens Lotion regularly. And your hands benefit from 2 ingredients that are specially suited to help coarsened skin to the "youth look", the soft-

ness that holds hearts; in fact, many doctors prescribe them.

"Like professional care for my hands", you'll realize using Jergens Lotion. Sticky? Never! Simple and easy. 10¢ to \$1.00 a bottle. Only—be sure and use this famous Jergens Lotion.

The Stars' Favorite Hand Care — they use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1



JERGENS LOTION

FOR SOFT,
ADORABLE HANDS

"SOAPING" DULLS HAIR HALO GLORIFIES IT!



Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo
will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it...leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
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QUIZ CLUES

Set 3

(Continued from page 24)

1. Marine sharpshooter
2. Trademark: cane and derby
3. Old acquaintance
4. Ghoulisn-looking
5. Ladylike and lovely
6. All-around musician
7. Young Man with a Horn
8. Time out for Broadway
9. Droopy-eared
10. Old cowhand
11. Mrs. Marty Arrouge
12. Dear to Desi
13. Rumba king
14. Gypsy's sister
15. Dusky pianist
16. Arrived in "Our Town"
17. Pint-sized bad man
18. Dancing fool
19. High, wide and handsome
20. Partnered Leslie

(Answers on page 113)

me," Lon managed to say. He thought he was going to be able to control himself, but the realization of his loss was too much. Before the rest of the cast and the crew, Lon broke down and cried.

The director patted his shoulder and said he knew how it was, but would Lon mind standing in the scene just long enough to get the lights adjusted? Lon shook his head and took his place. There he stood facing the lights and camera and trying to get hold of himself. He didn't know until several days later that the canny director had taken advantage of the moment by shooting the one scene in the picture which required a great show of emotion on Lon's part. When you see the picture, watch for that sequence and remember that it was genuine sorrow that prompted the tears, not over the picture situation, but over the lost life of a lovable Boston Bull.

On Lon's upper lip are two fine lines no more than pencil mark scars. Both mementos were secured in the same way, although several years apart. When Lon was still a pantywaist he was holding Pat on his lap one day, blowing softly in her face. Abruptly, Pat leaped forward and fastened on Lon's upper lip, inflicting a cut as neatly delicate as a surgeon could have done. Mrs. McCallister phoned for a doctor, crying and insisting that Lon would have a hair lip. The doctor, a competent needleman, inserted a few stitches and said the laceration would leave only a hair line. He was right.

double rip . . .

Time passed and the scion of the McCallisters acquired Mac, the Great Dane. Mac was a humorous puppy who rolled and laughed when teased. One day Lon was holding the playful Mac in his arms and blowing softly upon his nose. Return to the paragraph above and reread.

"Gosh, I should think you would have learned," observed Ray Sperry upon learning these details.

With great dignity Lon responded, "I never make the same mistake *three* times, bub."

As one might expect, Lon's favorite comic strip is "Napoleon and Uncle Elby." Next comes "Barnaby" which is published locally in the "Hollywood Citizen-News"; the McCallisters subscribe to this paper principally because Lon considers that day lost on which he hasn't carefully checked the doings of Barnaby, a precocious kindergarten undergraduate who has a fabulous fairy godfather wearing a derby, topcoat and wings that any aeronautical expert will insist are too short to levitate his

fuselage. However, the fairy godfather does fly. And disappear. And materialize certain animals such as a talking dog. It's all very quaint and wonderful and very, very McCallister.

After having read "Napoleon" and "Barnaby," Lon turns to "Blondie" (he thinks Dagwood one of civilization's great contributors because of the well-known sandwich), then reads "Terry and The Pirates." Then he turns to the front page and studies the world headlines. After that the sports pages and the ads.

Although Lon, in anticipation of a khaki wardrobe, has bought no new clothes for eight months, he would be a handy man with a hundred hangers if the situation warranted. He goes for shaggy tweeds, plaid shirts and argyle sox. Any tie with a design smaller than a goose egg would be considered primly Bostonian in the McCallister press. His favorite basic color for accessories is dubonnet.

Lon's mother busied herself for months, knitting a colorful sox assortment for her Technicolor-footed son; then she had to give up the painter's pallet yarn and convert to khaki. "There's one thing about it, Doll-mother," Lon grinned, returning for the occasion to his junior title for her, "when I make one of those celebrated 25-mile marches without blisters, your sox are going to become famous."

In times past, the Terrific Triumvirate have frequently dated one girl simultaneously. It has been Marjorie Riordan, who had a part in "Song of Bernadette," or Nancy Walker, who is under contract to M-G-M, or Jean Crane, under contract to 20th Century-Fox. The dates have consisted of beach parties or dancing at Lon's or a movie terminated at a drive-in by a Pepsi and a sandwich.

glowing dream girl . . .

Of the current crop of Hollywood dream men (Alan Ladd, Ronald Reagan, Sonny Tufts, Barry Sullivan, Donald O'Connor, James Craig, Jean Pierre Aumont, Glenn Ford, Tyrone Power and Clark Gable), only Captain Gable and Lon McCallister are singletons.

Lon has never been in love, but he has his dream-girl ideal, to wit: She should be petite, between 4' 10" and 5' 2". He doesn't care whether she's blonde, brunette or redhead, as it isn't coloring but personality that seems important to Lon. She should be sincere and natural. She should be a brain but not show-offish about it. She shouldn't be infallible; she shouldn't know it all. Her mistakes and her occasional reliance upon Lon's judgment would only endear her to him. But most of all she should have a certain inner glow, something shining and colorful—as if she had swallowed an Arizona sunset.

If you wonder what kind of a soldier Lon will make, hang on because comes now a chronicle of his first G.I. experience. The day he was sworn in and told to report one week later, he was sent up to the fourth floor of the building and ordered to scrub the floor. He set to work, giving the planks a water massage to restore that forest complexion.

One of the WAC's, around whose feet the scrubbing was being done, recognized Lon. "Weren't you in 'Stage Door Canteen'?" she wanted to know.

Lon said yes.

"What are you going to do in the Army?" she pursued.

"As soon as I'm an initiated G.I.," Lon said firmly, "I'm going to visit the nearest Canteen, either Hollywood or Stage Door, and find out how it really feels to be on the inside looking out, instead of being an outsider trying to get a look in."

On this and other activities of Pvt. McCallister, you may expect exciting reports.



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any size or
shape

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX

Soothing - Cushioning
FOOT PLASTER

THE MAN IN DEANNA'S LIFE

(Continued from page 51)

plugging in her own inimitable way.

Deanna and Dickie share one additional secret: Dickie may be, according to years, a mere youngster, but in mind he is a little old man. He is a little old man because he has a bushy white mustache! This fantastic fact is the result of Deanna's puckish sense of humor. After Dickie has drunk a glass of milk, Deanna always lifts him up to a mirror where he can see the milk-foam line on his upper lip.

The first time he saw a picture of Santa Claus, he shook his head as Deanna does when she disapproves of some action of his. "You've been careless with your milk," he told Santa Claus.

Dickie takes up a great deal of Deanna's leisure time, of course, and his kid sister (born October 20) is another hour-user-upper. Deanna's third hobby is the Hollywood Canteen.

No matter how weary she is, she always manages to appear every Tuesday night. One evening she arrived in an exhausted condition and made her way to the table at which she is hostess. There was a lone sailor seated there. Everyone else was dancing or assaulting the snack bar or kibitzing the orchestra. Deanna looked at him and smiled. Then she tried to think of something constructive to say. She asked where his home was, and whether he had ever been in Hollywood before.

Apparently the seaman sensed her effort because he grinned at her suddenly and said, "You don't have to talk to me, Miss Durbin. I'm happy just to be sitting here looking at you."

So, in comradely silence, they sat together, watching other couples dance and afterward listening to the hour-long show put on by other motion picture celebrities. The next day, in telling friends about it, Deanna said, "Isn't that a reversal for you? I was supposed to be entertaining him, yet the way it worked out, he was really helping me to relax. It was just as cosy and comfortable as sitting in front of the fireplace with someone you know so well that you don't have to say a thing."

mail call . . .

On another occasion she spent a hectic evening giving autographs. Every time she looked up, there were five more notebooks or hats or belts or letter-backs to be signed. She worked and she worked until midnight, then—a fugitive from writer's cramp—she hurried home and went to sleep.

The following morning she was on the set when a telephone call came in from her cousin, a seaman in the Navy. "If you aren't surrounded by G.I.'s" he said, "I certainly would like to see you. I visited the canteen last night, but it was too much for me—I couldn't get through the mob surrounding you. I decided to announce myself when you would have time to look me in the eye instead of the fountain pen."

A good deal of Deanna's mail is now from earnest G.I.'s. She recently received notice from a parachute battalion in Italy that she had been voted the girl with whom they would most like to make a double jump.

In a later mail delivery she had a letter from a chap in a post in the South Pacific. He explained that he and a group of his buddies had been yarning one night about the activities of stars who made Army camp tours. From that topic, the conver-

sation moved on to the general subject of the attitude of famous persons toward the general public or the private soldier. "Most of those dames wouldn't even give a guy a nickel bag of peanuts," summed up one disillusioned pfc.

A second soldier begged to differ. He said he would wager a fancy sum in the coin of the realm that Deanna Durbin WOULD send him a nickel bag of peanuts. He had a flock of takers in less time than it takes a pair of ivory conga cubes to wipe out a pay day.

So he wrote to Deanna, using pencil and paper and a slight flavoring of fox-hole mud. She promptly sent him a five cent bag of peanuts so that the terms of his bet would be fulfilled. Then she had a king-size carton of peanuts forwarded for the benefit of the soldier and the entire enrollment of his platoon.

The long arm of coincidence reached out to bless one of Deanna's canteen friendships recently. Some months ago she had spent an evening dancing with and talking to a personable Marine. He had been interested before induction in little theater groups, and so was able to discuss plays and pictures with wit and understanding. He knew at the time that he was on his way overseas, so—in the months that followed—Deanna thought of him occasionally and wafted a wish heavenward for his well being.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A few weeks ago my buddy and I were strolling gloomily down Hollywood Blvd. . . . feeling pretty lonesome. Everybody but us seemed to be having such a good time. At a red traffic signal a big car pulled up along side of us with Eddie Cantor at the wheel.

Without thinking I waved and said, "Hi, Eddie." He grinned and motioned to us, "Come on, boys, get in." We were driven to a drive-in where the three of us had a coke and a long chat. Eddie was so congenial and interested in us, we forgot we were friendless in a busy town. When he left us, my buddy turned to me and said, "Boy, there goes a white guy!"

Corp. Darrell Roberts,
Arcadia, Cal.

fortunes of war . . .

Recently she received a friendly note from him saying that he had been honorably discharged after his overseas experiences and that he had been signed to a long term contract by RKO. His name is Chris Drake, and Deanna—pondering the intricacy of human affairs—has observed that it would be a neat summing up of things if she and Chris could one day work in a picture together.

In other ways Deanna's life and her work are touched by the war. Recently she received a letter from a girl who had been engaged to be married to an Air Corps pilot. They had set their wedding day, but he received orders which moved him abruptly out of the country before the nuptial arrangements could be completed. His subsequent letters indicated that he was in England and that he was participating in the heavy raids over Germany.

On the very day upon which the girl had planned to be a bride, she received the heartbreaking telegram from the War Department telling her that her fiancé had been killed in action. The shock was so great that the girl went into a mental state describable only as emotional coma. She couldn't cry, she couldn't think, she seemed to be completely cut off from life.

See Bonita Granville in "SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD"

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Really grand!
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stick form.



She had to give up her job. She felt that she had lost all contact with the world forever.

One night she and a friend went to see "Hers To Hold." During the scene in which one of Deanna's fellow workers in an aircraft plant learns of her husband's death overseas, the girl suddenly burst into frenzied tears. She wept so tragically that she had to leave the movie, of course, but afterward she seemed to be able to reason with herself. She went back to work, crushed and wretched of course, but still able somehow to carry on. She had written to thank Deanna for having made the picture.

Deanna's next picture, by the way, is "Christmas Holiday," a film version of the distinguished book by Somerset Maugham. It was a Maugham vehicle, "Of Human Bondage," that launched Bette Davis as a dramatic actress, and the same may be true of Deanna.

Heretofore, Deanna's screen parts have held a close likeness to her own personality development. She has been sweet, wholesome, blossoming. In "Christmas Holiday" she has her first opportunity to portray a difficult role, totally foreign to her own character. The casting of the picture was an aspirin special at the studio. A good deal of thought was given to the change in Deanna's screen career. Would she be able to get her teeth into the part and extract the juice from it? Would the far-flung and highly voluble Durbin fans approve?

Deanna, who is as bright as Babson beneath that sugar-coated exterior, gave the entire problem a good deal of personal skull scrimmage. She read the book carefully, re-reading those passages dealing with the character and behavior of the girl she was to portray. Then, when the shooting script came through, she decided that she was a big girl now, and there was no reason for her to forego the dramatic challenge of "Christmas Holiday."

When she is working, Deanna sets the alarm for 5:45 A.M. She awakens instantly to that clarion voice, shuts it off, closes the window and turns on the heat. Then she snuggles back into the dream sack for another 15 minutes. That means that she has to be a small tornado of speed when she does arise formally and officially, because breakfast is ready at 6:30—too early an hour for anyone to be able to look a bowl of cereal in the face without cringing. She forces herself to eat something because noon is a long way down a corridor of busy hours, and her appetite, unless appeased in the morning, begins to kick up about 10:30.

From breakfast, she makes a beeline for the studio. While she is working in a picture, she has her hair shampooed twice a week, but it has to be set *every* morning. When she isn't working, a shampoo and wave once a week are sufficient.

She reports to the set in costume and make-up at 9. After luncheon each day she takes a 30-minute vocal lesson. Between takes, while the lights or camera are being adjusted, Deanna knits in her dressing room. She is now champion purler of the bobby sox brigade, having made several non-dropped-stitch pairs for herself.

extra curricular activities...

She tried, some time ago, to read between takes, but she found that she became so interested in the dialogue and the situations in the book that when she returned to her own cinematic troubles they didn't seem half so vivid or interesting as the fictional fiascos she had just put aside.

Deanna occasionally brings recordings to the studio and plays them. This hap-

pens only between the time she completes production on her left sock and casts on stitches for the right.

At six, when shooting for the day is usually finished, Deanna sometimes rushes over to her sister's home for dinner without stopping to remove the make-up. Dickie has been known to be found—after a vociferous kiss—wearing almost as much grease paint as Aunt May Pole.

On other evenings, Deanna meets Anne Shirley—who lives just across the street from Deanna—and they have dinner together. If the points are plentiful they eat at home; if the paper shortage has caught them with no reds, they eat out.

Highlights in the Durbin experience at present are such social functions as the birthday party that was given for her on the set. Every year the studio presents her with a birthday cake, the proportions of which have expanded as Deanna herself has grown up. This year, because Deanna is now a senior citizen of 22, the local bakers did themselves proud. The skyscraper cake that was wheeled onto the stage—where all work instantly ceased—looked like Hansel and Gretel's dream of a merry-go-round.

"Line up, everybody," Deanna called, arming herself with a long-bladed knife. She carved and she carved. At first the wedges she cut were three or four inches wide. After she had served several dozen members of the crew, Deanna glanced down in consternation along the queue still waiting for a slice of cake. The portions became smaller. And smaller.

Her last guest had to eat his share in a hurry or it would have been wafted away, as light as a feather on the breeze. Deanna didn't get so much as a crumb of the cake. She made up for the lack that night, however, when her sister served a chocolate cake sporting 22 candles.

fragile cargo...

The publicity department, which claims Deanna as its baby and woe to anyone who harms a hair of her dearly loved head, chipped in and bought her a treasure in the form of a Dresden figurine. Dan Thomas, head of the department, purchased it on behalf of his co-workers while he was in New York. He brought it back swathed in cotton, protected by paper shredding, and transported in a perfectly huge carton.

The figurine is approximately ten inches long and six inches high, a ceramic masterpiece in the form of a sofa on which are seated three exquisite ladies of fashion.

Deanna hasn't decided (1) exactly which nook in her house is to be graced by this beauty or (2) how to get it home without accident. She thinks now that she will persuade some very steady and reliable member of the department to nestle it fondly in his arms while she drives her car home.

And most assuredly she will wear her lucky jacket while on this short journey. The lucky jacket is a blue herringbone affair that Deanna wears over white blouse and blue slacks when she has to remove her picture wardrobe while she has luncheon in the commissary.

The jacket is currently distinguished by a wide daub of green paint that she annexed while her dressing room was being redecorated. Around the collar there is a slight but unmistakable stain of grease paint. But Deanna loves it with a great and unchanging devotion.

The lucky jacket is probably just a good-natured gesture of homage to the gods because anyone as genuinely sweet and talented as Deanna Durbin is going to spend years and years winning the worthwhile end of the wishbone.

BING ON THE BEAM

(Continued from page 47)

he's made his family happy. He's tasted the glories of golf championships; he's tingled to the kick of seeing his own racing colors come pounding down the stretch. He's dabbled in the big business of sports promotion. He's made his millions, collected more honors than a dog has fleas. He's still the juke box king, radio rajah, box-office champ. But outside of possibly having his own kids, he has never had thrills like he's collecting these days—bringing tuneful joy to the hearts of Uncle Sam's soldiers and sailors.

For instance, there are some colored doughboys in Arizona who don't rate Bing Crosby's efforts particularly pint-sized—and they don't know half the story, either, of how Bing came to brighten their weary barracks load, and what a scuffling around that night cost him after he left their camp.

Bing and his constant camp tour companions, song-writers Johnny Burke and Jimmy van Heusen, were waiting for a train in Phoenix, Arizona, after a big air training base show. As a passenger, Bing can take airplanes or leave them, and the gas shortage has made auto travel tough out West, so he used the cinder circuit while doing something for the boys.

Anyway, there were a couple of hours to fiddle around that afternoon in Phoenix, and Bing heard about this camp for colored soldiers, only a few miles away. So far, nobody from Hollywood or anywhere else had ever showed up to give them a show. "What're we sticking here for then?" asked Bing. He figured they could whiz over, sing a few numbers and get back in time for the West-bound rattler.

But when Bing showed up in the camp, he found it gathered round to a man in a little hollow waiting him, with big white smiles that just ate your heart right out like a watermelon. So, instead of crooning an hour he sang four hours until he couldn't squeeze another note out of his limp larynx and until the purple dusk was inky black, and all you could see on the hills were those white smiles.

But when Bing got back to Phoenix—no train! Some miracle had made it actually on time and so Bing and Johnny and Jimmy grabbed a taxi and chased it to the next stop—in time to sniff the departing dust. They careened in their car to the next, and finally at a third town, the flying cinders mocked them for keeps. It was midnight then and no more trains West. Bing and the boys trooped into a dinky, wooden station and parked on the rugged benches while the telegraph keys ticked away.

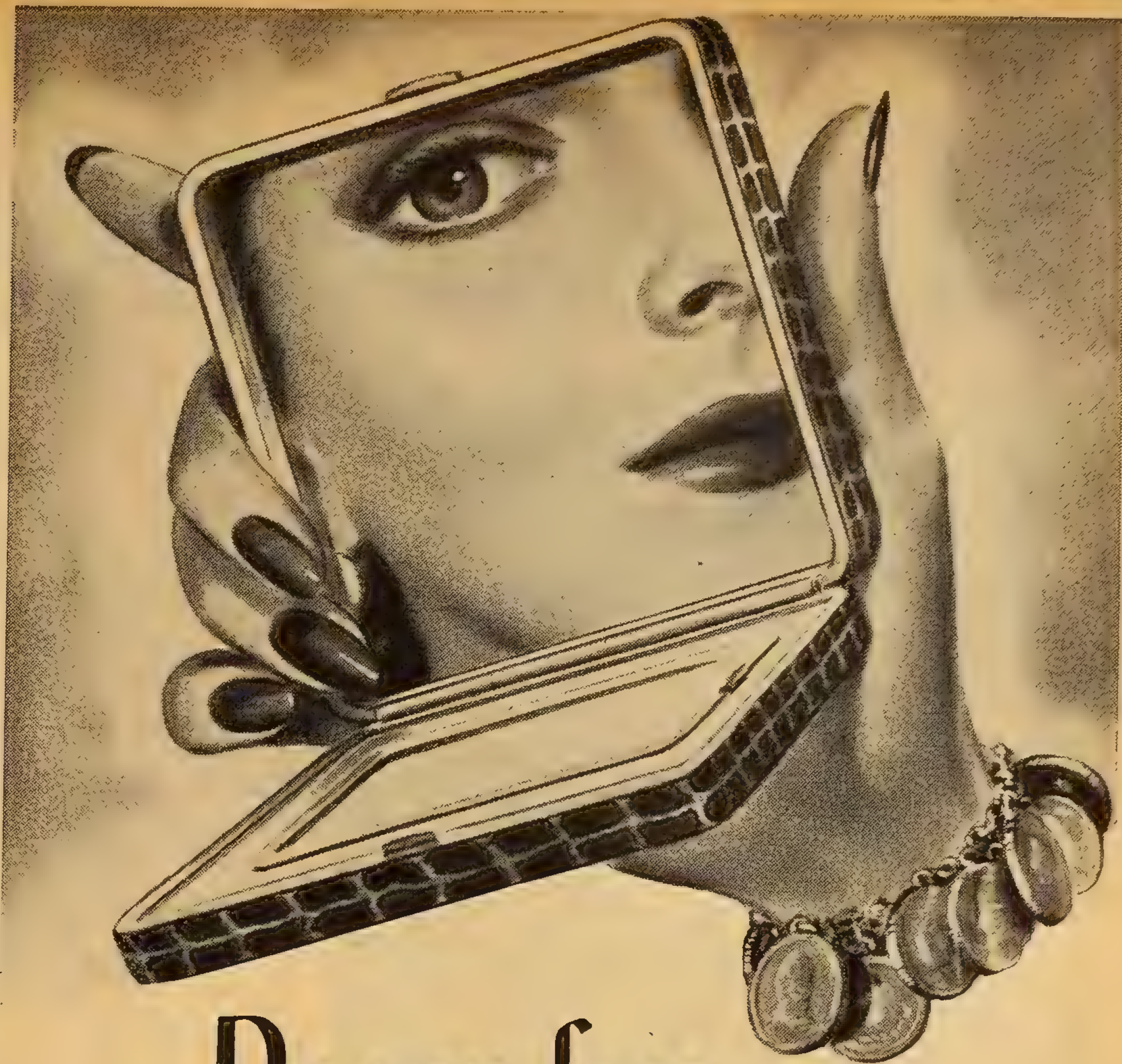
sittin' on a log . . .

And to top it all off, Bing cut a gash in his leg and a rip in his favorite pastel slacks (he got it tumbling from autos to chase trains). But he even got a kick out of the wound, the ripped trousers and the restless night. In fact, he tags it the highlight so far in his entertainment career.

There's not really anything to stop the presses in all of this—except that for years and years around Hollywood Mister Bing Crosby has been notoriously tagged as the laziest man in town.

But the Great Transformation took place not long after Pearl Harbor. First came the Hollywood Victory Caravan, and then when Bing was returning to Hollywood from a trip to Mexico, he docked at New Orleans, traveled through Louisiana and Texas on the way home and impulsively stopped off at the brand new Army stations dotting those states. Unannounced, Bing just dropped in on the boys and, of course,

(Continued on page 82)



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"I taste eet, then I season eet!" says Carmen Miranda, famous samba specialist of screen and stage. She loves good food and favors dishes prepared at home in the Brazilian manner.



BRAZIL

THE coat of arms of the Brazilian Republic, illustrated above, is outstandingly appropriate. Each ray of the five-pointed star is half-green, half-yellow—these being the national colors, chosen to symbolize the country's forests and its gold—with a spray of coffee on the left and one of tobacco on the right, representing two of its most important crops. Within the star is a double circle in blue; the outer circle containing twenty stars, one for each of the twenty States, the inner circle featuring the five stars of the Southern Cross. Across the handle of the vertical sword appear the words: "The United States of Brazil," while under this is the date of the establishment of this vast, rich republic.

■ Singing sensation of many a musical movie and currently starring with Don Ameche in the 20th Century-Fox Technicolor film, "Greenwich Village," Carmen Miranda has been variously described in such colorful terms as *vivid, exotic, torrid* and even *barbaric*! But the description we favor, at this particular time, is "The Brazilian Bombshell." For it is as the vivacious representative of this imagination-stirring country that she appears here—to help us wind up our series on "The Foods of our Allies" in "The Sous American Way!"

Fortunately for us, and for this story, Miranda "luffs to eet!" Stated—in that rapid-fire way she has of talking—that "What's cookin'?" was one of the first American slang phrases she ever used, "maybe because I always hoped the answer it would really interest me!" Spoke of native Brazilian dishes with enthusiasm; mentioned by name the ones she likes best and—with the help of sister Aurora—gave us directions for making some of these Miranda favorites. Told us that in Brazil, as in so many South and Central American countries, rice is the outstanding food staple—always on the table at both lunch and dinner, "to eet it or not, as you choose." Mentioned beans, prepared in many an interesting fashion, as also rating high in popular esteem. So necessary, it seems, are rice and beans to all Brazilians that a native is said to "earn his *feijoa e arroz*,"—meaning beans and rice—instead of his "bread and butter!"

Our star also spoke of avocados, and explained they never appear in the form of a salad, but turn up instead in main course and dessert dishes. And, as was to be expected, since Brazil is the leading coffee producing country of the world, Carmen went on at length about this beverage which Brazilians—starting from childhood!—drink with a degree of enthusiasm perhaps unequalled anywhere else in the



"Where did you get that hat?" It's an old native costume in Bahia, laughs Carmen, who introduced her version in Rio, then added more ornaments for a towering Hollywood success.

By Marjorie Deen

world. In fact, we learned, it is common for a Brazilian to consume from one to two dozen cups of coffee a day; in the morning as *café com leite* (coffee with milk) but, during the rest of the day, with sugar but without cream.

Coffee, to them, is not only the symbol of hospitality, but the necessary, the perfect accompaniment to all social and business discourse, whether it's a diplomatic or commercial call, a visit to a friend's house, or a stopover at one of the sidewalk cafés they love to frequent—where coffee is sipped at small, marble-topped tables in true continental style. No wonder, therefore, that although there are no special Brazilian decorations in Carmen Miranda's Beverly Hills home, to "set the scene" for her, there is always a filled coffee pot on the back of the stove; so that the family, and members of her *Banda Da Lua* (Band of the Moon) who wander in at odd hours, may always feel free to help themselves to any number of small cups of their favorite beverage.

And what of the Brazilian-style dishes we are featuring in this month's attractive little leaflet? Well, you'll find that they're the type that are "in season" the year around and will be welcome at your own dinner table. And our recipes for these food favorites of this South American good neighbor have been carefully tested and *double-checked* for accuracy.

For, not content with accepting one person's opinion on the subject of Brazilian foods—even though that person is a native of the country as well as a screen star—we went direct to the charming wife of Eurico Penteadó, Financial Counselor of the Brazilian Embassy and representatives of Brazil on the Pan-American Coffee Bureau, UNRA, and other committees of international importance.

Senhora Filoca Penteadó is a hostess famous in diplomatic circles, and among her friends, for the Brazilian specialties she herself knows how to prepare. We therefore consider ourselves fortunate indeed in having been able to go over with her the Miranda recipes we are offering you this month.

You'll find in the leaflet a recipe for *Picadinho*—Carmen's tasty version of hash, highlighted with further suggestions from Senhora Penteadó. And *Feijoada*, a combination of *feijão preto* (black beans) and meat—several kinds of meat, it seems, and all of it either of the low-point or no-point variety. There's *Camaroesa Bahiana*—a colorful blend of pink shrimp and green okra—to be served with the inevitable rice, with directions for cooking the rice included. There's an avocado suggestion which we think perfect as a party main-dish. And finally there's Miranda's favorite, *Crème de Abacate*—avocado dessert "that ees out of thees world."

THE MODERN HOSTESS MODERN SCREEN

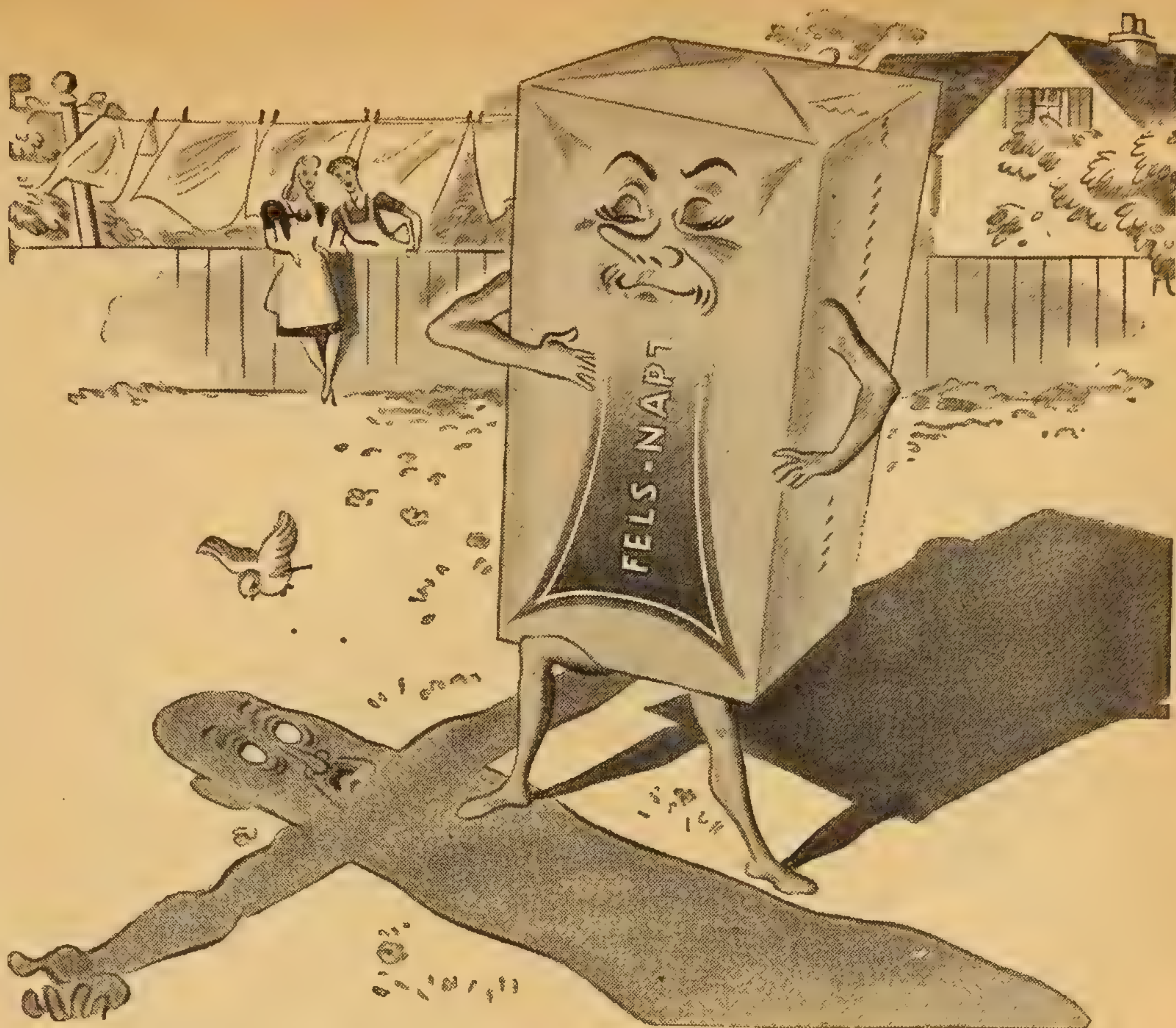
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he sang. By the time he got back to Hollywood, he could hardly put his attention to his radio show and the Paramount picture coming up.

army clambakes . . .

Soon as he hit town, too, something else happened. An Army lieutenant showed up in Hollywood one day. He came from the Muroc Dry Lake air base up north of town, and he was A. W. O. L. He'd practically hitched his way south with a purpose. He showed up at the Hollywood U.S.O. with a story that hit Crosby and Company right over the ticker.

Up there at the air base there was nothing for his pilots and ground crew to see or do. No towns near, no nothing, except a vast expanse of alkali dust and dismal stretches of bare sun-baked hills. There weren't even any barracks, just tents and revetments and a wind that never let up. But at that same place, Air Corps patrol bombers were taking off every few minutes and winging their way out over the Pacific Ocean. Those boys were pitching for defense when the pitching was plenty tough, when Jap subs were off the coast blowing up ships and shelling the shore.

Well, when Bing and his brother Larry heard about that, they got going pronto. They got together a gang of stars, took it up to Muroc the next day, and turned a revetment into the Roxy to chase the motor drones out of those hero guys' ears. That cinched it. From that day on Bing and the Crosby clan have been on an all-out soldier entertainment basis. Larry does most of the management work, getting up professional vaudeville and movie talent, expertly rehearsed shows—no pickup stuff. "These guys are hep," warned Bing at the start, "nothing but the best." And that's the way it has been. Bing can't always make the shows himself, because there are still pictures to make, his radio program, a dozen benefits and small-time war chores here and there about Hollywood. But they go out regularly like Phil Silvers, Rags Ragland, Faye Mackenzie, John Scott Trotter's band, all Bing's Paramount and radio star pals. Bing has diverted all the proceeds from his biggest selling record, "Silent Night," to help pay expenses for this good work. But he still has to dig down in his own pocket now and then when the going gets rough.

Bing's Crosbyettes—his sons—have had a little trouble in their war efforts. The spirit is mighty willing—but in the case of Gary, the flesh sags sometimes. Bing started cutting in the youngsters on his Army clambakes one Sunday when he was sitting around the house with nothing to do and got to feeling guilty about it. So he hopped in the car with Gary and Linny and ran over to the Hollywood Turf Club, where his own sugar-footed nags used to circle the track. Today it's another Army post, and that Sunday Bing turned it into a circus. The kids came through with impersonations and a skit they'd worked up on "The Seven Dwarfs." After that Bing told them they were on the team, and the next time he made a camp trip, he packed them along.

When Bing finished his songs before the big audience, he said, "I'm running out of voice, but here's a little gravel-throat who wants to take a crack at this crowd." Gary was ushered up to the mike, but got stage fright and couldn't make his legs move. The soldiers roared, but Bing wasn't caught short. He summoned Linny, hardly more than a tot. "Never mind," said Bing, "we got a mob of show-offs at our house." Linny never batted an eye but came through right away with his version of "Pop Eye the Sailor Man," whistle effects and all. He brought down the house, too. Well, that episode almost caused a fam-

ily schism at the Crosbys. Because when Bing got home, he cluck-clucked severely and sighed, "Well, I guess Gary can't make the team on any more camp shows. He won't work. Have to leave all excess baggage at home these war days, you know. Linny did a great job. He's in solid."

Of course, such ignominy was not to be borne by anyone, let alone a Crosby with some Irish in him. Pretty soon Gary was begging his dad to please give him another chance. "I'll sing this time," he promised. "I'll work up a real routine." Which he did—spent a week on it, in fact. The act was take-offs on Papa Bing's singing tricks, and Gary covered everything from "I Surrender Dear" on up to date. But when the fatal camp appearance arrived, Gary gazed into the soldier mob and—again his knees wilted. Just the same Gary gritted through it, but he got all mixed up and boomed his cues. So he turned to Jimmy van Heusen at the piano and letting himself off the hook, barked crossly, "What's the matter? Can't you get it right?"

the inner man . . .

Bing rehearses a camp show twice as long as he does his radio program. He always insists that a Paramount gag writer friend of his, Barney Dean, go along with his outfit to nose around among the soldiers beforehand and find out what G. I. dropped the tray of dishes on K.P. or who is having love trouble with a local blonde babe or something. Then he whips up some gags tailored to the camp, and Bing gets everybody happy right at the start. Bing has always made a point never to talk down to his Army audiences. He knows they're as sharp on the uptake as they can be. "They're hep" he's always repeating. For instance, at a camp show the other day Bing was introducing Faye Mackenzie, and the boys were giving her a real noisy welcome. When the roar died down, Bing complained, "Now what's Faye got that I haven't got?"

"Hair!" yelled back a soldier almost before Bing got the words out of his mouth.

Bing has even gone so far in his consideration for Army audiences as to tidy himself sartorially for his camp shows. That's sensational if you know Bing, who usually prefers to work dressed something like the Northern Lights going South with a gaudy sport shirt and outfits built for comfort, not style. One day coming into an Army camp town he was strolling down the main drag with his suit looking like an old pair of wet-wash pajamas, his hat on the back of his head and a day or so's crop of blond whiskers on his cheeks. Crowds who'd heard the news of Bing's arrival ran up the streets looking for him, but they all passed right on by without suspecting that the disheveled fellow ambling along was the mighty Bingo himself. One citizen even came up to him—

"Say, Bud," he asked, "have you seen Bing Crosby around? They say he's in town."

on the nose . . .

Bing laughed and gave him the old Hollywood thriller chase line, "He went that way." And darned if the guy didn't run off where Bing had pointed!

Since then Bing has started slicking his sparse locks and wearing ties and pressed suits, when he goes out among 'em. He has even dolled himself up in a white coat, tux pants and patent-leather shoes a few times, at big Army camp shindigs.

Probably the thing that's most surprising of all about Bing's reformation, though, is his fussy concern with time. Bing used to have small regard for the ticking of clocks. In fact, he never wore a watch, always said, "Why? There's always some-

one around who can tell you the time." But he's extra fussy about keeping soldiers waiting around. He knows spare time in an Army camp is *precious*.

Besides his camp appearances, Bing has taken it on himself to become a handy man for the soldiers overseas, boys he can't reach with his gravel notes. They're always writing him letters and requesting the darndest things—but Bing manages to come up with the answer somehow.

There was the bunch in the Aleutians who needed a trunk full of sound effects for their local radio shows—car-honks, train toots, auto smashes and even screams. They could have written any number of Hollywood radio people—but somehow they picked on Bing. So he and Larry went around to the radio stations in Hollywood and got together the darndest collection of gruesome sounds you ever heard and shipped them right out. He got a request a while back for a flock of his own records, preferably autographed. Well, Bing lost most of his own platters when his house burned down, and as anybody knows most of the numbers are as rare in music stores as nylons at a hosiery counter. Just the same Bing put the bite on his friends, relatives and even himself and shipped them off as near a complete selection as he could find.

Just about the fastest writing and recording of a song that ever took place in Hollywood can be hung up to the credit of Bing and those song writers of his, Burke and van Heusen, when the Seventh Air Force in New Guinea gave them a buzz. It was 7:30 one recent morning when Bing's phone jingled and the operator said "New Guinea calling." Captain Charlie Erb, a former USC All-American footballer, was on the wire. He said the Seventh Air Force simply had to have a song of its own pronto—and they wanted one by Bing. Bing doesn't write 'em, but he did the next best thing—turned it over to Burke and van Heusen, who came up with a special anthem by 12 o'clock noon. Bing recorded the tune during his lunch hour, and the master record sailed away by bomber that afternoon to the South Pacific!

Those are the kind of war pitches you seldom hear about around Hollywood but which stars, not only Bing, but a lot of others, too, are always coming up with. Bing hasn't had a placid lunch hour for weeks. There's usually a Bond rally short to be made or a war song to be recorded somewhere around the lot, or a bunch of Army visitors who want autographed records or a personal earful of Bing's up-and-down notes. Bing was going over some songs on the set of "The Road to Utopia" the other day when a messenger came on the set and handed him a note. "From the O.W.I." he said.

O.W.I.'s left-hand man . . .

Everybody wanted to know then what Bing had to do with the O.W.I. Turned out, he'd been special consultant to the O.W.I. on camp shows for the past eight months, but he'd never got around to mentioning it! Bing has even busted some rules of his for his private war effort. He posed the other day for a cigarette advertisement—which he'd always refused to do before—so the boys overseas would get a million smokes. And he gave his precious throat a beating at a big Hollywood service benefit show the other night when the flu bugs had it sore and husky, and Bing registered a temp of a hundred and something. But he sang just the same.

One thing that fascinates Bing particularly about any element of life he gets interested in is the lingo. Bing's talented in the word department—just naturally. That mixture of deep erudition and station-house slang that he sends out over the air is not written for him. That's the way

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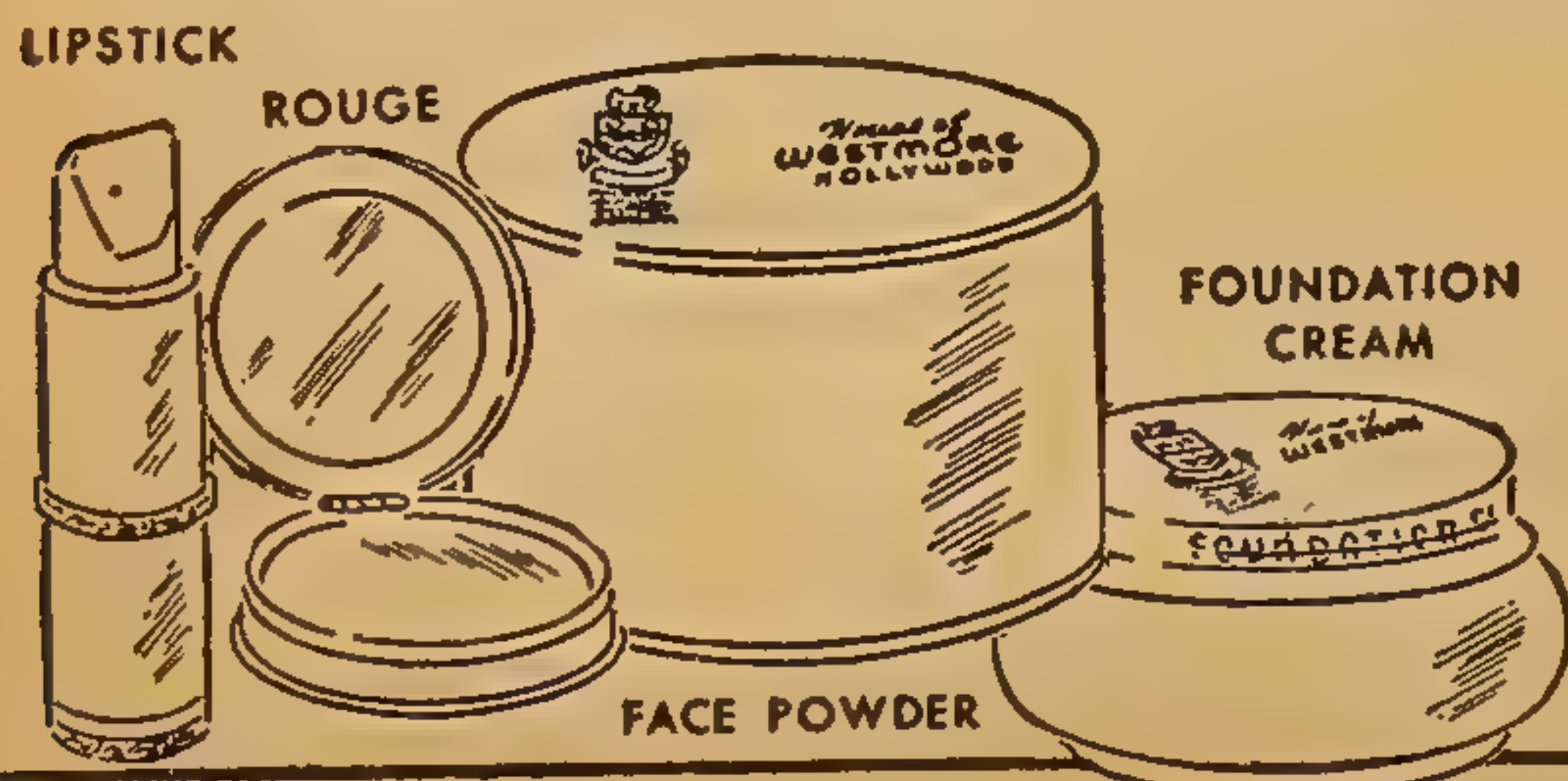
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Bing talks. His pals have always been amazed to accompany Bing about the stalls and paddocks of race tracks and hear him chatter with the grooms, jockeys and touts in the fantastic language they use. Bing's really a great mimic and impersonator and authority on all kinds of slang, from Deep Brooklyn to Mid-Texas and back again. Right now he's got G.I. Joe's lingo down so pat that no matter what they toss at him, he can toss it right back. It's this burning curiosity that makes him always pick the enlisted men's messes to eat in and their recreation halls and barracks to bum around in when he's on tour. But he gets along with the gold-braid every bit as cozily.

hero's hero . . .

In fact, Bing's most rabid fan is an Air Corps lieutenant who announced himself as such, some time ago when he came to Hollywood on the way to the battle fronts. At the time Bing was shooting "The Road to Morocco," and when he heard about this flyer-admirer, he had him come on the set, as he always does whenever a soldier on leave arrives in Hollywood and manages to contact Bing. There Johnny Burke, Jimmy van Heusen and Bing were smoothing out the rough edges of "Moonlight Becomes You"—so they ran over it for this chap before the public ever got an earful of it.

Well, this officer was so hopped up over it that he promised Bing to bag four Jap planes especially for him. Then he left, and Bing never heard much about it for awhile until he read that this pilot really had bagged four Jap planes and dedicated them to Bing. He'd called his killer machine "Bing Crosby's Curse." That thrilled Bing to the core, but guess what thrilled the aviator—the victories? Well—later Bing was beaming one of those short-wave overseas broadcasts to the boys, and he happened to sing "Moonlight Becomes You."

He got a V-mail letter pronto.

"I had the most amazing experience in the jungle the other night," it read. Bing thought some tingling tangle with the Jap Zeros was what he meant. But the letter went on, "I was sitting deep in the bush and out of my radio came your voice singing 'Moonlight Becomes You'! I could hardly believe it. To think that I, way out in that jungle, heard you sing that song before anybody else in the world!"

That's what thrilled him—more than bagging the four planes! And things like that thrill Bing, too—to know that a throaty old thrush like himself isn't ready for the glue pot yet and doesn't exist just to make teen-age tootsies sigh into their chocolate malts. The respect that a lot of red-blooded guys hold for him is a very solid article, whether he knows it or not. That was proved a bit back when Bing and Larry put on a show at a desert camp near Hollywood.

There they met a general in command who struck them as just about the highest type of soldier they'd ever run into. A man of rare personal charm and power, he was loved and respected by all his men to the point of worship. Yet he was tough, a strict disciplinarian and a harder worker than any five men in his command.

It seems this general hadn't had one day's leave in two years since the war started—not an hour. He was devoted to duty and didn't dare have one tiny thing go wrong with his camp—so he never left for a minute and worked all hours. The Crosbys fell for him just like the soldiers, got to talking and discovered that the general's son was due to graduate from West Point in a week or two.

"I'd sure like to see that," said the general. "But," he laughed, "I haven't got a decent uniform to wear. Haven't been away long

enough to buy myself a suit of clothes, and the desert's ruined the ones I have."

That set Larry and Bing to thinking, so they put a proposition up to him. If they got a pledge from his men that they'd be on their honor to keep things at the camp ticking like clockwork, would the general come over to Hollywood and get himself outfitted and let them show him around? The general laughed "Okay" so they buzzed around, got the pledge from the men—no job at all. And the general took a trip to the tailor's in Hollywood, where Bing entertained him. He got his new duds and later on a long overdue leave to see his boy graduated at West Point! Needless to say, the men at that camp lived up to their end, too. Not one G.I. was out of line a minute while the general was away.

Bing's biggest ambition these days is to take a trip overseas to the battle fronts and bring his brand of melody up where the slugging is going on. Especially since his pal, Bob Hope, got back to Hollywood with heart warming tales galore of his North African tour. So far radio, movie and local camp programs have kept Bing rooted to his home shores, but he's getting pretty impatient, and right now he's working on a deal to make a salty expedition possible.

g. i. double . . .

He doesn't care where he goes—but if it's to the Mediterranean sector, he's likely to run right into himself. Other day he got a letter from a soldier there, Private Lee Jones of Illinois.

"I was driving up to a British refueling station in our jeep," wrote Jonesie, "when four little Arab kids ran out and wanted to know if I was Bing Crosby. Of course I said 'no,' but because I do look like you and have always been kidded about it, my buddies in the jeep with me said that's just who I was. So these Arab kids, in perfect English, break into a solid quartet rendition of 'When the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day'!

"That got such a howl out of my buddies that they've kept on insisting that I'm you, ever since. So if the story gets around that you're in North Africa—I want you to know how it started."

That letter didn't make Bing Crosby a bit mad—he thought a dough-boy-double was a swell idea. At this point his staggering daily schedule could do with a couple dozen extra Bing Crosbys. And so could the boys in uniform, from all reports.

HALF PINT, JR.

(Continued from page 39)

young lady, and tucked her in for her nap. That night the identical dish of cereal was again presented to a pout-mouthed, arch-eyebrowed young lady. Hunger won, and with that capitulation, little Miss Detlie learned one of her first bits of philosophy: Take advantage of what you have while you can.

One of the next lessons that Veronica Lake taught her intelligent infant was the right of ownership. Around her house Veronica had placed several valuable specimens of bric-a-brac, and she had no intention of removing them because of the clutching hands of a small daughter. "No, no," she said quietly when Elaine made a pass at a blown-glass pigeon, "that is Mommy's. This is Elaine's." And she handed the young lady a Raggedy Ann doll.

smooth, shining and tabu . . .

Elaine sat back and thought this over.



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ANSWER: 3 out of 4 physicians said *yes*. (*Antiseptic oil* helps prevent diaper rash caused by action of germs in contact with wet diapers).



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Raggedy Ann lost the decision to the pigeon, and a chubby hand moved toward the table with determination while a pair of China-blue eyes turned toward Mommy. Mommy shook her head. "I told you that birdie belonged to Mommy. If you touch it, I'll spank the baby's hands."

Elaine stared at her mother for several seconds while she weighed the chances of the threat being carried out. In the past she had discovered that when Mommy said she was going to spank, zowie! she did just that. Just enough to make a chubby hand sting, you understand, but quite sufficient to joggle an infant's dignity.

Elaine glanced quickly from her mother's serious face to the pigeon. Such a lovely pigeon, shining and smooth and tabu. Elaine grabbed it and jerked it onto the carpet. The guardian angel of pigeons and small girl's fingers must have been on the job because the glass didn't break.

Mommy arose to her full five feet one and advanced upon the culprit. "I said that I'd spank you if you touched that—remember?" she remarked. Then, deliberately and with a measured pressure, she spanked Miss Elaine's hands.

The little lady yowled with rage. "Raggedy Ann is yours," said Mommy Veronica, setting the doll beside Elaine.

"I want my pillow," said Elaine between sobs. So Veronica got the pillow and handed it to her daughter. This pillow has a history. It was one of the first things Veronica made during Elaine's pre-stork days, and it matched the blue bassinet. As Elaine emerged from babyhood, the one possession to which she clung on every possible occasion was her pillow. To this day, when she is tucked in at night, she cuddles this pillow. There may be a panda, a teddy bear or a doll in her trundle bed, but the roll call isn't complete until she has her pillow.

The pillow naturally represented Veronica's Sunday punch. She decided that, the next time the little lady appropriated something that didn't belong to her, Mommy would lay possessive hands on the pillow, thus bringing the problem home in terms the juvenile could understand. However, this wasn't necessary. Little Miss Detlie got the idea after one positive treatment.

Sometimes this portion of her ethical training has funny results. She is the soul of generosity, so when she goes calling on some of the neighborhood children, she always carries along several of her most treasured toys. "This is for you," she will say with a cherubic smile. "And this is for you, and you, to play with." But when she is called for, at the end of the visit, she solemnly gathers up her belongings—sometimes over the protest of recipients who don't understand the Detlie logic—and takes them home.

The acid test of a little girl's viewpoint on possessions is applied by Veronica's collection of dolls. Not yet have glass cases been made to house the 50 different representatives of doll craft that Veronica started to assemble when Elaine was born. Eventually the collection will belong to The Fair, The Lovable when she has reached an age of appreciation. Among the dolls is an Indian with a crumpled face made from a prehistoric McIntosh, or maybe a Delicious apple. There are a number of stocking-faced dolls typical of different peasant types. At present, in a shop in New Orleans which specializes in such manufacturing, a complete set of presidential dolls and their wives is being constructed.

Once that array from Washington, George—complete with powdered wig—to Roosevelt, Franklin Delano—complete with cigarette holder—is completed, Veron-

ica wants to start a collection of European historical dolls.

Another collection currently fascinating to Veronica, which will be passed on eventually to Elaine, is a gold charm bracelet. So far it consists of a gold jeep, a perfect miniature reproduction of the Air Corps' B-19 (complete with insignia), a hula dancer wearing a fine gold chain skirt, a hurdy-gurdy man with a tiny monkey at the end of an equally delicate chain, a St. Christopher medal, a four-leaf clover, a wishbone, a pirate's chest, a champagne bucket, an ice-cream freezer, a cross and heart-shaped locket that belonged to Veronica as a child, a book that opens into a locket, a covered wagon and an 8-ball. Elaine's favorite—there's no accounting for a sub-deb's taste—is the 8-ball. Veronica trusts that this is no forecast of the young lady's future.

Incidentally, Elaine now wears her first article of jewelry, a slim gold band in which is set a tiny chip diamond. She had admired Veronica's jewelry for so long that Veronica decided to test her daughter's ability to take care of fine things. The ring was not expensive in view of the danger of its being lost. However, that danger now seems remote. Elaine treats the ring in the manner of a trainer caring for the favorite on Derby Eve.

When Veronica is going out in the evening, Elaine is allowed to remain up long enough to watch the preparation. She is feminine incarnate in her love of pretty clothes. She tries on her mother's gloves, her shoes and her tiny hats. Her eyes are moons of wonder as she observes the dress Veronica is wearing.

"Mommy's dress sooooo pretty," she breathes. "Mommy's hair sooooo pretty. Mommy so pretty."

pint-sized pretties . . .

Elaine is now getting large enough to wear half of the mother-daughter clothing sets that have become so popular. Currently the two lovelies each own a brown tweed suit with matching topcoat and a white wool suit with a series of bright blouses.

When Elaine first tried on her suit, she gazed at her mother in rapt admiration. "Mommy's pretty suit," she said in her accustomed refrain. Then she marched to the full length mirror and scanned her diminutive self. She turned 'round and 'round. Then she nodded. "Me pretty, too," she announced with critical satisfaction.

Their slack suits are currently identical, and those who have seen half-pint Veronica and gill-sized Elaine strolling along hand in hand, wearing their sport togs, recommend the sight.

One Sunday they were driving the short distance from Grandmother Keane's to the house which Veronica and Elaine share with Carol Ann and Rita Beery, when Elaine spied a pony driving ring and demanded a ride. As she was too small to be trusted on the pony alone, Veronica climbed into the saddle and held her daughter on her lap. Around and around they went, the fat pony loping along beneath two laughing riders.

After the ride, Veronica passed a small knot of observers. One high school kid said to the other loitering nearby, "You're right—she's just a kid. I thought at first I'd seen her around school or somewhere. Gosh, her little sister sure looks like her, doesn't she?"

Of her mother's considerable status as a celebrity, Elaine is completely oblivious. Veronica has always kept movie magazines around the house in profusion, and Elaine goes through them with the same enthusiasm with which she attacks her comic books. "Picture of Mommy," she

croons to herself. "Nother picture of Mommy. Pretty Mommy."

repeat performance . . .

She has been a frequent and very welcome studio visitor, and she has never yet spoiled a take by pouring a treble ad lib into a horrified microphone. "When the bell rings, you must be very quiet. You mustn't cough, nor chuckle nor speak a word," Veronica had warned her.

"Okay, Mommy," said Elaine. Several evenings later, Veronica overheard the small troupier going over the instructions to her dolls. Silence having been achieved among the ranks of Raggedy Anns and pandas, Miss Elaine went through a brisk drama of her own authorship.

She is a great mimic, and she wants no interference. One night Veronica was waltzing around the house singing one of Elaine's specials: "Shoo-Shoo Baby . . ."

Elaine listened as long as she could, then took a fistful of her mother's skirts and jerked. "You not sing, Mommy," she ordered. "Baby sing."

Aside from "Shoo-Shoo, Baby," Elaine's repertoire contains a song called "Piston-Packin' Mama." (Mr. Linotyper, please don't change that word. Elaine doesn't say "pistol." She insists that it's "piston.")

The radio is one of her great sources of amusement. She can turn it on and tune it in to the program of her choice, which is always jive. As soon as the program changes, she finds another swing session.

She has never been really ill. But, having observed the signs of illness in others, she occasionally turns the knowledge to good advantage. Veronica asked the young lady to pick up her toys and put them away one evening, whereupon Elaine looked as piteous as possible and explained in a funereal voice, "No, Mommy, can't. Baby got tummy ache." (Groan.) "Baby got headache." (Groan.)

And in other ways she is exhibiting the arch beginning of feminine wiles. When Veronica came in from the studio one afternoon, Elaine met her with a rush of affection. The Mommy-pretty routine was gone over thoroughly. The Mommy-so-feet (which is Elaine's version of sweet) routine also got a workout. Then, after the briefest pause appropriate, The Diplomat added, "Mommy give Elaine candy?"

Her spurts of affection have to be allowed to arise without encouragement from Veronica, and in this respect she is her mother's own daughter. Veronica told Rita Beery one day, "I understand Elaine because she is exactly as I was. In hundreds of small ways she shows it."

If Elaine feels affectionate, she will caress her mother with great concentration for a few moments, then walk away without a backward glance to become engrossed in something else. If Veronica tries to instigate an emotional passage with her daughter, if she catches the baby at play and swoops her up, Elaine's expression is one of passive forbearance. She doesn't like it, but she tries to be polite about the interruption.

Unlike some children, Elaine has never been afraid of animals. She will make friends with the mangiest cur or the most moth-eaten cat alive; placing two dimpled hands on her knees, she will bend over to dog's-eye level and carry on an involved conversation in that language held secret between small children and friendly animals. So specific has her observation been that she became the life of one of her embarrassed mother's parties.

Elaine, dressed in organdy, ribbons and ruffles, had been allowed to make an appearance and conducted herself with great charm. Relaxing, Veronica turned to the group with which she had been talking, after noting that Elaine was making up to

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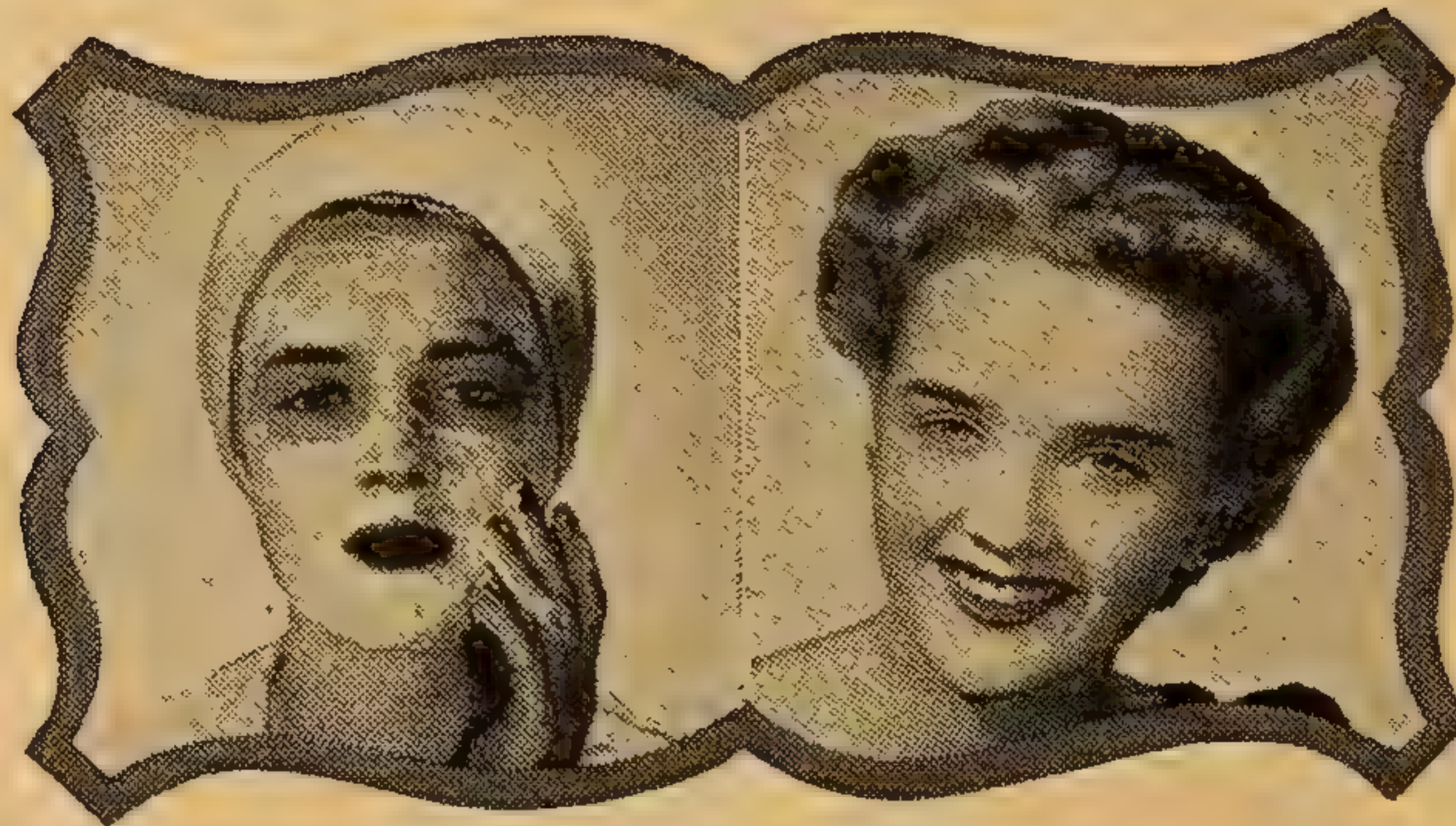
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a celebrated male guest who had just asked her if she had a dog of her own.

A few seconds later Veronica heard a burst of hilarious laughter. Turning around she discovered her dainty daughter crawling along the floor on all fours. Occasionally she stopped at a chair and sniffed the leg in innocent mimicry of canine behavior. "Me a doggy!"

boogie sweeper . . .

Of one thing she was, for a long period, violently afraid. Veronica thinks that someone in the household in Seattle must have run a vacuum sweeper at Elaine when she was a crawling infant. At any rate, she used to scream and tremble every time the machine was turned on. Veronica thought it over, then perfected a stratagem. She brought the sweeper into her bedroom and left it there, instead of storing it in the closet. Occasionally, after Elaine stopped shying away from it, Veronica took her for rides around the house, without turning on the power. Then came the day when the power button was pushed, and the vacuum bag shwooshed out as the brushes began to worry the carpet.

Elaine must have felt much as Dr. Jekyll's wife did upon her first sight of Mr. Hyde. Here was a dear and familiar thing turned into a vivid monster. She opened her small mouth and uttered a large bellow, so Veronica pushed the switch to turn off the power. Then she showed Elaine how to control the panting beast. That did it. Elaine laughed. But she still doesn't like it.

Veronica's small daughter has been a great influence upon Veronica's choice of friends. Elaine is usually an excellent conversationalist, replete with anecdotes about birdies, horsies and other fascinating fauna. This evening, Veronica's tilted ear could catch no glib soprano despite the bass attempts to chat.

As she entered the room, Veronica was astonished to see her daughter rise from the floor where she had been studying a book, glower at the visitor and say, "Men!" closing the epithet with the emphatic hissing sound of a small, very disgusted cat. Veronica hasn't been out with the man since.

On the other hand, one chap whom Veronica has known for a long time is looked upon as Elaine's prized possession. The instant he arrives she deposits herself in his lap with the observation that he is so pretty. He also smells nice. And his watch has a most entrancing tick.

Sometimes Elaine's devotion results in highly intimate disclosures. Her apple-of-eye gentleman excused himself after dinner one evening and proceeded to a small room at the end of a corridor. Elaine followed him to the landing and waited. The general conversation paused when someone asked where the gentleman had gone.

"He has gone," called Elaine in clarion tones, "to the bathroom." When one is 30 months old, normal conduct is treated without the inhibitions of 30 years.

And so, at the end of the day, a very small, very busy young woman gets buttoned into sleepers. She kneels at the side of her bed and says, "Now I lay me" to the last amen without a falter. "God bless Auntie Rila" (she has never called Mrs. Beery 'Rita'), "God bless Cara Ann, God bless Mommy and God bless Daddy."

Pointing to the picture of John Detlie which stands on her dresser, she says proudly, "There's Daddy."

Then she kisses Veronica rapturously, clutches her pillow tightly in small, round arms and goes off to sleep. Veronica, kissing the bronze curly head, breathes that sigh which every mother will understand. Out of a world filled with bewilderment, chaos and heartbreak, there is still one perfect thing—a sleeping child.

IT COMES UP MARRIAGE

(Continued from page 43)

sarge. The kid stuck out his arm, failed to find a shoulder to stop it and fell right over on his face!

"Wake up, soldier," snapped the sergeant. "This ain't Dreamland. This is the Army!"

Well, to be fair, it was kind of tough for Donald O'Connor to get himself strictly on the beam that Monday morning, his very first as a soldier for Uncle Sam. Small Fry had had himself a man-sized week-end—yes indeed! Even a sharp show business kid who has done and seen about everything in his 18 years and knows all the answers, like Don, had to admit that for three dizzy days life had slapped him on a merry-go-round—a very pleasant one, sure enough—but guaranteed to make anybody stumble and stutter. Because, look what had happened:—

In three short days Don O'Connor had: One, finished up "The Merry Monahans," his last jumpin', jivin' Universal picture for the duration. Two, he'd knocked off a knockout farewell broadcast with Bing Crosby. Three, he'd signed a brand new studio contract guaranteeing him full salary every week he's in the Army. Four, he'd married the most wonderful girl in the whole world. Five, he'd joined the Army of the United States; and six, he'd finally passed his exams for what he wanted to be more than anything else in the book—A U.S. Air Corps flying cadet.

No wonder Don got his time signals all mixed and had to wait in the dawn's early light for the California-Mexico border to open so he could get married in Tia Juana. No wonder he found himself on his honeymoon without a pair of pajamas to his name, and had to use a pair of his bride's fancy chiffon numbers. No wonder—well, leave us face it—Small Fry—with love and the rush of events, was all mixed up like a chef's salad. And to avoid that chaotic condition ourselves, let's start at the beginning of what's the most thrilling event in Donald O'Connor's already thrill-packed young life (or at least a toss-up with becoming a flyer-cadet)—his marriage to pretty little Gwen Carter.

Don's heart went into a tailspin the moment he laid eyes on Gwen, and it has stayed that way, flopping around helplessly for over a year now. If you could see Gwen, you'd understand why. She's a little dream dish, sweet 17, with skin like the cream you used to get, eyes black as jet beads, real golden red hair and a young Venus figure that Don swoons is "out of this world." It really comes as close to a young edition of a Petty girl drawing as anything I can think of. She has a low, musical voice, a wonderful smile, and—well—one look and listen would melt a banker's heart.

hollywood at vine . . .

That was about a year ago and Cupid picked—of all places—the El Capitan theater on Vine Street, right above Hollywood Boulevard, to draw a bead with his bow and arrow. It was at a tryout for some new acts in Ken Murray's "Blackouts" that Don first saw Gwen and started breathing irregularly. He was there to help with the audition of an old vaudeville pal of his family's, and Gwen's stepfather, Carleton Kelsey, led the band in the pit. Gwen herself was sitting with a girl friend of hers, Joyce Elaine—who did a specialty in "Blackouts"—watching the tryouts. Don knew the girl friend, Joyce Elaine, so he got an introduction.

At that time, Don O'Connor was strictly

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fickle in the heart department. He'd had a girl on the string, of course, ever since he was able to toddle around. The gals had always tumbled for Don's glamour, good humor and worldly charms.

Anyway, they all vanished like a dream when he saw Gwendolyn Joyce Carter. And for the first time in his life, Don O'Connor was too knocked out to turn on the charm. He was even too upset to ask Gwen for a date. Instead he croaked to his friend, Joyce Elaine,

"Get me her phone number!"

Joyce shook her head. "I couldn't do that without asking Gwen."

"Then," gasped Don, "give her MY phone number. Tell her to call me."

"She wouldn't do that. You don't know Gwen."

Don didn't know Gwen, not at all. He had always been independent himself with girls, but he forgot that girls can be independent with boys, too. Gwen had plenty of beaux at Los Angeles High where she went to school. Her best boy friend at the time was Tommy Breen, son of the Hays office boss, Joe Breen. When Don finally traced down Gwen's phone number that afternoon and called that night for a date, Gwen wasn't impressed.

"Yes, I remember you," said Gwen sweetly. "No, I'm sorry I have a date tonight." That was a fib. Gwen didn't have a date because her mother didn't let her have dates except on Saturdays and Sundays. But she knew about Don O'Connor, and her private opinion was that he was a stuck-up young movie star.

Don called the next night and the next and the next. Every time, Gwen said sweetly, "I'm sorry, but I'm busy." By then Don was fit to be roped and tied and tossed in a padded cell. And only when he got a little humble and desperate did Gwen give in.

two strikes . . .

They went out to dinner on their first date, a Saturday night. Don arrived slicked and combed and dressed in his Sunday best, and he brought along a soldier friend of his for moral support. They drove down to Chinatown and half way down—boom—it happened. A tire went flat as a Brown Derby pancake. The soldier pal offered to change it, but that would show up Don as a sissy so he wrestled with the tire himself and ended up looking like a garage mechanic in the rush hour. When they finally ate dinner, everybody was starved, and Don's coat was ripped, his shirt streaked with grease, and all in all he was a mess. It was a very bad start. He drove home with an empty feeling that he'd fumbled the ball. Instead of impressing the lady with his grandeur as a movie star, he'd ended up looking and acting like a greaseball. But at home Gwen chuckled as she told her mother about the big evening. "He's cute," she said.

But girls are funny—as everyone knows—and maybe that's why Gwen and Don hit it off from the start. Don never got a chance to be a movie star with Gwen. Something always seemed to go wrong. Take the time he planned a big ski trip to the mountains. Don had been working day and night for months, but finally they told him a two-day breather was coming up. He planned to take Gwen on a trip to Lake Arrowhead for snow sports.

Well, there had to be a chaperone. First, it was Brownie, Don's stand-in, and his wife. But then Brownie's wife got sick. Then Jack, Don's brother, and his wife Millie said they'd chaperone the kids. But at the last minute Jack had to work in a picture. Don was frantic. Finally Don's mother, Mrs. O'Connor, volunteered and off they went. But the minute Don and Gwen and Mrs. O'Connor arrived at Arrowhead, Don's car broke down. He

had to spend all day Sunday working on it so they could come back Sunday night—no skis, no nothin'—and again the big event was fritzed.

What Don didn't realize until he knew Gwen better was that she didn't give a whoop about glamour or movie stars or the high life. All that counted with Gwen was what people were like. She's a sensible young lady. Gwen was born in Miami, Florida, and she's been educated in private schools in New York, Chicago, Atlanta and California. When she was nine, she took a trip to Europe. At times in her childhood she has been used to plenty of money, and that sort of thing doesn't bother her a bit. In fact, in spite of her dreamy looks, Gwen has never had a speck of movie ambition with it all around her in Hollywood.

Gwen's mother, Lillian Kelsey (who looks like Gwen's sister), works at Twentieth Century-Fox, and when Gwen and Don got a little too serious too early, she thought it might be good medicine to get Gwen a screen test at the studio and take her mind off marriage. The test was fine, and the studio said they'd give Gwen a stock contract. But Gwen just never got around to coming back out to the studio.

glitter for gwen . . .

Don asked Gwen to "go steady" on their fifth date. They were really engaged then, as far as Gwen and Don were concerned, but neither Mrs. O'Connor nor Mrs. Kelsey were taking them seriously. That didn't happen until about four months ago when Don put the bite on his mother for \$700.

"What for?" she asked.

"I want to buy an engagement ring," said Don. That's the first Mrs. O'Connor knew about how serious her son was about his girl friend. He got the \$700 by the way, and Gwen got the ring.

But long before that they saw each other with the regularity of formal fiancés and acted that way, too. At first Mrs. Kelsey laid down the law: Saturdays and Sundays were "date nights." School nights Gwen had to stay in. She is a senior at Los Angeles High, and the home work in the last year is tough. Gwen has always had excellent health and a strong body (she's an expert swimmer, horseback rider, and she once won a prize at a diving match in England)—but Mrs. K. wasn't taking any chances. As for Don—he was tearing himself to pieces on the set almost six days of every week and tearing one of his three hopped-up cars apart with a wrench when he wasn't making faces. But in spite of that killer-diller schedule, he couldn't bear to see Gwen only on weekends. They finally high-pressured Lillian Kelsey into Wednesdays, too.

But as for fancy courtin'—that never did enter the picture. For one thing, neither Don nor Gwen smoke or drink. And by the way, that's one Mother-knows-best advice that paid off for Gwenie! Most of her high-school girl friends puff cigarettes, but when that problem came up on Gwen's 12th birthday, Mrs. Kelsey asked her to leave them alone. "How do you know?" she argued shrewdly. "Maybe the boy you fall in love with won't want you to smoke. There are boys like that, you know." Funny part is, Don O'Connor was one just like that. He hates to see a girl smoke or drink!

But with no vices like that, Don and Gwen were a cinch to stay away from the hot stuff hangouts and juke-heavens. Oddly enough, too, Don O'Connor never wanted to go dancing. Gwen's a good dancer, but Don, after jitterbugging around on the set all day, was just too tired to swing it for fun when it wasn't fun. So their dates, by most standards, were tame affairs—only they weren't tame to Don

and Gwen. They took in movies and went to parties with Gwen's high-school set and Don's movie set. They ate in drive-ins and cooed over cokes at drug stores and malt shops. They made the beach fun-piers and tried out some of Don's hopped-up jalopy triumphs.

lovers' knot . . .

Naturally the course of true love never runs smooth, as the poet gent said. Don and Gwen had a few spats. Mrs. Kelsey could always tell when she came in on them in the front room of her apartment. If everything was rosy-dosy, Don would be slumped on the floor looking up at Gwen with a mesmerized, idolatrous stare. If they'd quarrelled, they'd be sitting on opposite sides of the sofa, quiet and miserable looking. There were romantic tragedies, too. For instance, the time that Gwen rashly stated that she could cook.

That harked back to once when Gwen was a little girl and her mother let her "bake a cake." The cake was pretty awful unless you planned to use it for a cornerstone, but the family bravely ate it up. They said it was swell. Remembering this, in a soft, domestic mood Gwen told Don she'd bake him a cake. And she did. The result was exactly the same. Mrs. O'Connor, Junior, has a lot to learn about cooking and sewing and such, and when Don arrived he had to tell the same kind of flattering fibs while he bravely tried to swallow Gwen's brick.

"Gwen," Don finally cracked, "Can I take the rest of this swell cake home? I want to show it to Mother."

"You don't want the whole cake, do you?" asked Gwen suspiciously. "Why not just take a piece?"

"No!" protested Don wildly, "the whole cake!"

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So he took it and then made a hurried exit, and after he was out the door, Gwen burst into tears. She told her mother that she knew Don wanted the whole cake because he wanted to destroy it!

Don and Gwen wanted to get married long before they did—in fact, ever since they decided to "go steady." But they had both their families working against anything as hasty as that. Really, neither Mrs. O'Connor nor Mrs. Kelsey had much of a position to stand on in that respect. Don's mother had got married when she was 14, and Gwen's only a little later in life. People think she's Gwen's sister today, and they wear each other's clothes.

Mrs. Kelsey stalled Don and Gwen along with promises of "in a few months," and both she and Mrs. O'Connor knew they were safe from an elopement, because at the tender ages of Don and Gwen, their parents' consent is what counts. But there were signs that things were getting serious, and both mothers knew darned well if it came to a showdown, they'd never have the heart to spoil their kids' happiness. First Gwen started collecting herself a trousseau in a small way, and at Christmas Don helped out with a

wonderful lush fur coat. Then, only a few days before they ran away, he drove up with a Ford car for Gwen. Everybody knew anything could happen soon. But they didn't know everything would happen all at once.

Then Don got his induction orders. He finished his picture, and the studio came through with a surprise. They told him they were going to write a contract that paid him his regular salary of \$350 a week all the time he was under contract to Uncle Sam.

It was only fair. After all, Donald O'Connor has made Universal millions of bucks and worked his head off turning out pictures to beat the band. He went into the Army with a backlog of four unreleased hits. But the only way Universal could reward him heretofore was with bonuses. The government, you know, said studios couldn't raise salaries of movie stars. Anyway, Don found himself down at Superior Court one day hearing Judge Emmett Wilson tell him it was all very legal for him to cash a \$350 check every week from now on until the war is over—whether he worked or not.

small fry . . .

Before he went to court, Don had rehearsed with Bing Crosby for the Kraft Music Hall, and after court he went on to do the "Small Fry" number with Bing—which was where Don came in. Because that was the number in "Sing You Sinners" that first made Don O'Connor a Hollywood star—away back when he was in knee pants. All in all, events were tying themselves up neatly.

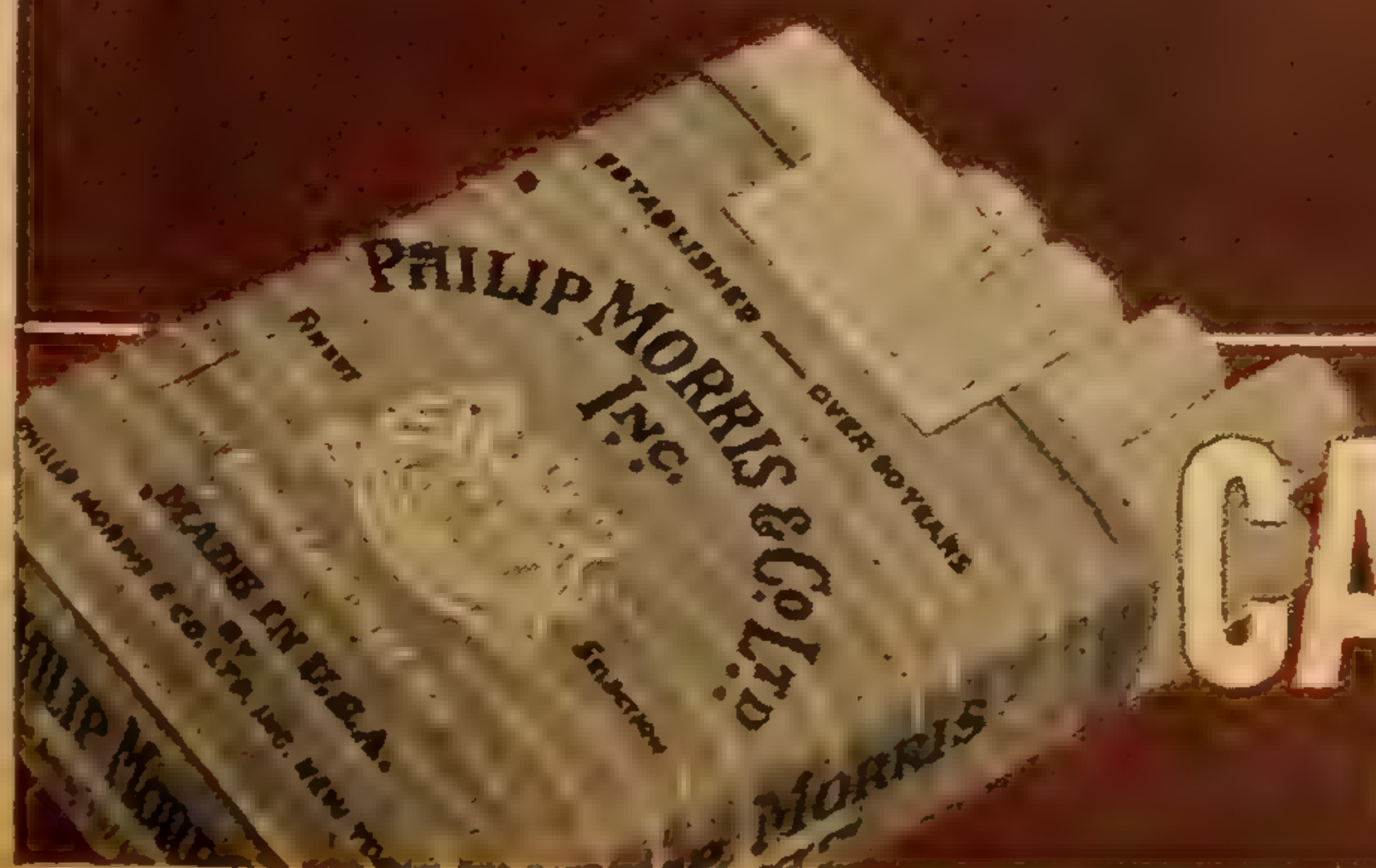
It was Saturday evening when Don tried to act nonchalant as he told his mother, "I think I'll get married." He'd said it before, but this time Mrs. O'Con-

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nor had a suspicion or two. She smelled a mouse when she had heard the judge advise Don to tie up some of his studio salary and put it away.

"Oh," replied Don. "Mother's expenses go on just the same, you know." Mrs. O'Connor (who handles Don's salary checks until he's 21) knew her expenses never reached anything like \$350 a week. Don had already bought her the house. She wondered what he would be needing money for. Then she knew. And now she said:

"You know I've devoted my life to your happiness. If marrying Gwen will make you happy, then I'm for it. But my advice as a mother is to wait until you're 21. You have lots of time—and remember you're going away to war."

Don didn't say anything. He went over to Gwen's house. There Don blurted right out, "Mrs. Kelsey, Gwen and I are going to get married—see?"

Gwen's mother tossed his words right back at him.

"Oh, so you're going to get married—see?"

Don blushed and said, "I mean, with your permission, of course." Well, what could she do? Fate, circumstances and war and the Army and all of it were stronger arguments than any that either cautious mama could put up. "We're going to keep it a secret," added Don.

"Oh, no you aren't," replied Mrs. Kelsey. "You can get married, but none of this secret stuff. That's not fair to Gwen." Don went on to explain to Mrs. Kelsey what she already understood—that the reason they wanted to marry in such a hurry was that he was going into the Army and he wanted Gwen to stay true to him. He felt, he said, he couldn't ask this unless they were married. He made a pretty good talk about it, and it made sense. They left the house with Gwen's mother's blessings, although by that time it was one o'clock Sunday morning—cold and windy. The last maternal act Mrs. Kelsey took care of was to see that Gwen was bundled up good and warm with a new gray slack suit under her new coat Don had given her. With Alan Kirk, an actor chum of Don's, for best man, they headed South.

It wasn't a very exciting elopement, since nobody was chasing anybody. But at that Don and Gwen felt their hearts flop when they arrived at the border station between San Diego and Tia Juana. The gates were locked. The guard said, "The border's closed." All their plans seemed to fade into the black night. Then the guard explained, "It's only four o'clock. You can't cross until six."

"Is that all? Why didn't you say so?" yelled Don. "Gosh—waiting's a pleasure!" So they crossed at six o'clock on the dot and found a Mexican justice of the peace who spoke English and proved that a Mexican marriage was all on the up and up with all kinds of official seals and letters and government decrees.

They left Mexico at 8 that morning, after a wedding breakfast at a lunch stand, and drove back home. At Del Mar, Don's luck caught up with him. His car broke down. He called his mother. But he didn't say what went on, only that he would be home soon. Mrs. O'Connor never knew Don was married until he walked in the house where a bunch of neighbors were visiting. But she had her suspicions. When Gwen walked in, she reached over at the coffee table. "Oh," she said, "let me see this book." And there flashing all over the room on her outstretched finger was that wedding ring.

the groom wore pink . . .

The happy bride and groom finally got a wink of sleep Sunday night at the Kel-

sey's (they couldn't find a hotel room in all Los Angeles), and it was only when he got ready for bed that Don found he didn't have any pajamas! Early in the morning, Mrs. Kelsey saw an apparition tip-toe out of the bedroom. It was Don in Gwen's nicest pink chiffon pajamas, peeping out from under Gwen's very best silk housecoat. He looked like a cross between a harem beauty and a misplaced mandarin. "I'm after some water," croaked Don. "My wife's thirsty!"

And then, after he'd run home to tell his mother good-by before he left for Fort MacArthur, Don came by his bride's house again. She was asleep. So he left her a note, telling her he was leaving.

The very first day, the Army took him off to Camp Haan for a big Army camp show that very night. On the way, coming through Los Angeles, Don again dropped by his bride's. He was lonesome already and wanted her to come along.

"I can't," wailed Mrs. O'Connor.

"Why not?" pressed Mr. O'Connor.

"I've got to go to school!" wailed Gwen.

Gwen will finish up high school this spring. She's going to stay with her folks until graduation.

no time for comedy . . .

As for Donald O'Connor, he won't be worrying much about his schedule from now on. The Army will take care of that. Don didn't get off to a very auspicious military start, I'll admit. First of all, he missed the bus at the Los Angeles interurban station the night after he got married and had to drive down to Fort MacArthur—and you know what his blissful coma did to him then—headed him up the coast toward San Francisco instead! But in spite of that and his awful drill errors and the sulfanilamide tablets he chewed all day and the serum shots they poured into him and his struggles with making a bed—in spite of all these early Army tragedies that beset every rookie—still Don managed to take and pass the Air Corps cadet exam that he'd flunked weeks before when he was trying to get in.

What Don flunked before, of all things, was "current events." Which is understandable, the way they've had him salted away from the great outside world on those Universal sound stages. But he caught up on his newspaper reading after that and went to town. Now he'll be a fighter pilot (he hopes).

So when he'll ever get to see his sweet, blushing bride and ever-loving wife, Gwen, the Lord only knows—that is for more than a quick "hello" and a "good-by."

When he got back home after his wedding, his older brother Jack, who is Patsy O'Connor's dad, started kidding him.

"Well, Don," he said, "I guess now that you're a married man, you'll start raising a family—eh?"

Don came right back.

"Sure," he said. "Isn't that what you get married for?"

That handed all the O'Connors a laugh—and they really like to laugh, even when their baby brother, the last one, too, gets married and goes off to war. It made Don's mother remember a jingle her husband, big Irish John O'Connor, used to hum when he felt all right with the world.

"Faith and begorra—when I'm dead and gone,

There'll be another O'Connor a-trottin' along!"

Well, and why not?

EDITOR'S NOTE: Don O'Connor's marriage and Army induction caught us and almost all H'wood vacantly staring the wrong way. In order to give you the news while it is news, we're postponing Part II of his life story till our June issue.

"IT HAPPENED TOMORROW"

(Continued from page 45)

through the room, stacking files.

"Pop," Larry said. "Drink to the new reporter. Larry Stevens is back from the dead. No more obits for me, Pop. No more dead news—"

"Dead news?" Pop said. "What's dead news? Here's my file for 1845. For us it's dead news. But for the people who lived in 1844, it was the future. All news is like that. It's all there, stacked up waiting. Do you want next year's file, Larry?"

"Always kidding, eh, Pop? Next year's? I'll settle for tomorrow's paper, Pop. Twenty-four hours, what do you say?"

"I say," someone remarked, "that we're running out of beer. Let's get some more."

The street stretched like a dim lit ribbon into the night, and they linked arms, singing down the street. The stores lay dark and shuttered; the gas lights flickered fitfully. Down the street, near the corner, lights blazed on a gaudy hand-painted sign: EDEN GARDENS. And, under it, even more gaudy, a poster dangled against the wall: NOW—PROF. CIGOLINI AND SYLVIA—NOW! THE FUTURE REVEALED! THE PROFESSOR KNOWS ALL, SEES ALL, TELLS ALL!

The Professor was in the midst of his spiel when they entered. He was on the stage jabbering in the queer gibberish of the fortune tellers, while his assistant, Sylvia, stood immobile in a supposed trance, responding to his directions, answering his questions in a queer, dream-like voice. She was dressed in a soft, white, flowing gown, and the light seemed to melt over her. Larry stared at her.

And, still staring, he stumbled between her outstretched arms. He blushed violently. "I beg your pardon," he said.

From the stage, Cigolini said pompously: "Miss Sylvia accepts the apology. Of course, she is not even aware of your presence. Everything but my will does not exist for her at this moment."

lady in a trance . . .

Still staring at her, Larry said: "Then ask her—"

"About an affair of the heart?" Cigolini said slyly. "About a young lady?"

"Yes," Larry said slowly: "Whether a lady will lunch with me tomorrow?"

"Sylvia!" said Cigolini. "Answer!"

"Yes," said the girl. "Yes, she will . . ."

"Will she meet me at 'The Evening News' office?"

"Yes . . . she will . . ."

"And what time?"

"Ah!" cried Cigolini, "that is for the young man to decide with the young girl."

"I'd like to," Larry said. "Only I can't. The girl I'm inviting to lunch, you see, is in a trance just now!"

The cabaret exploded into laughter. Cigolini came roaring down from the stage to lead Sylvia off. But, standing close to her, so close that his lips almost brushed the curve of her cheek, he saw her mouth curl into a faint smile, and her head nodded slightly, and he called after her: "My name is Stevens. Lawrence Stevens. Ask for Larry!"

After that, the night exploded into song and raised steins of beer and the confused images of people shouting in his ear. They roistered about the town, and somewhere he lost the rest of them, and he found himself walking down the street, alone and in the darkness. Suddenly, he heard the voice calling: "Larry . . . Larry . . ."

He whirled. He saw then that it was Pop Benson, and he grinned. "You gave me a turn, Pop," he said. "What in the



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world are you doing around here so late?"

"Didn't you ask me for a paper?" Pop said. "Here. I saved one for you."

He watched Pop amble off into the night, and then he turned away, too, heading for his room. The newspaper flapped in his pocket, and he jammed it deeper in. "Good old Pop! Quite a character!"

It caught his eye the next morning. It wasn't the paper itself. It was his name, the neat by-line on the front page: "By Lawrence Stevens." He hadn't written anything for the front page yesterday! What was this? Sleepily he opened the paper. It looked somehow strange, different: It wasn't last night's "Evening News" at all. His eye caught the headline over his name: "Bandits Steal Cash at Opera House While Melba Sings." A chill ran down his spine as the idea formed hazily in his mind. This was today's paper! This was about news that was going to happen!

shadow of events . . .

For a moment he couldn't think. His story! And he hadn't even written it yet! Why, Melba's concert wasn't even on yet! He didn't know why or how, but somehow, somehow what he was holding in his hand was tomorrow's newspaper, with tomorrow's news today. In a frenzy, he climbed into his clothes and rushed down to "The Evening News" office. Outside, he remembered a line from the paper: "Today at eight-thirty in the morning, the city suffered an unseasonal snowstorm." He looked up to the sky.

It was beginning to snow!

At the offices of "The Evening News," Gordon, the editor, saw him come dashing in. Gordon stepped to the front of his office and roared: "Stevens!"

He came over breathlessly: "Have you seen Pop?" he said. "Anywhere?"

Gordon said icily: "Stevens, you're late. I hate reporters who are late."

"Sure," Larry said. "Where's Pop?"

Gordon's voice was frigid: "Stevens, are you drunk?"

"Drunk? Of course not. You'll see. Wait until I do my front page story on the Melba concert."

Gordon roared: "You're not going to the Melba concert. You're fired!"

"Fired?" Larry said. "I quit. Besides, you'll give me a raise. You'll see—"

The door slammed shut in his face. Quickly he went to his desk. He slipped the paper out of his pocket. Working hurriedly, he began to copy the story, writing it out swiftly. He was still bent over his work when Sylvia came in. "Mr. Stevens?"

He turned then and saw her, and for a moment he forgot about the story. She was beautiful, even more beautiful than he had remembered. He glanced up at the big clock. Melba's concert. He took her arm and hurried her out. "Listen to me: At the concert this afternoon, something is going to happen—"

"How do you know?"

"I know," he said.

She smiled: "Do you read the future, too?"

He looked across at her: "I can read one part of it. I'm going to see more of you."

At two o'clock Melba began to sing. One minute later Larry edged out into the lobby. At two minutes after two, three armed men ran in. They worked swiftly. A cop wandered in. A shot rang out. The three men began to run toward the exit. Larry grabbed Sylvia's arm and was out of the lobby almost with them. At two fifteen, he gave Gordon the story, all written, all ready for the press. At two seventeen, the police came roaring into "The Evening News" offices. They had a few questions for Larry Stevens.

How did he know a robbery was going to take place? Who were the men? Where

were they now? What was his cut? Who was the brains of the outfit?

"What are you talking about?"

Inspector Mulrooney, his face like a bulldog's, grunted: "Who you trying to fool, sonny? You're in this up to your neck. How did you know about that robbery unless you were a part of it?"

"I just knew, I tell you."

"Well, just tell us how."

"I can't. You wouldn't believe it."

"That's a bright answer, sonny. You bet I wouldn't. Because there's only one answer. You set that job up yourself."

brig-time . . .

Three policemen closed in on Larry.

Sylvia said suddenly: "Wait a minute. I told him. I saw it. I'm clairvoyant sometimes. Working with Professor Cigolini—"

Inspector Mulrooney wavered: "You told him?"

"Yes," Sylvia said quickly.

"Don't believe her," Larry shouted. "She didn't have anything to do with it."

The inspector shook his head. "We'll take you both down," he said.

Larry looked out of the narrow cell window into the night.

"Larry . . . Larry . . ."

It was old Pop Benson. He smiled gently at Larry through the barred window.

"Well, Larry," he said. "You wanted the paper. Do you want tomorrow's, too?"

"Sure," Larry said. "Confessions of a jailbird—"

"It's all about how you were a hero, pulling an unknown woman out of the river. See, it's all here right next to the story about the arrest of those bandits . . ."

"Bandits?" Larry shouted. "Arrest? Where?"

"At the Union Bank. It says so here—"

Larry dashed to the door and began to hammer on it frantically. Inspector Mulrooney peeked in.

"Well?" he said.

"Will you let me out if I tell you where you can get those bandits?"

"Sure," Mulrooney said. "That's what I been telling you. This ain't no gag, is it? I almost believed that gal Sylvia. That girl can see things. She said she saw a woman jumping into the river tonight—"

"What?" Larry yelled. "She said that?"

He began to run. Mulrooney put out one surprised hand, but he brushed it aside, and he ran out into the street. He headed for the river. Sylvia! Crazy kid! Making that prediction. He could add it up. She was going to jump in herself.

He heard the sharp cry coming from the bridge while he was still a block away. There was a knot of people gathered about the center of the railing. He pushed through. Swiftly he climbed to the railing, swung himself over and off into space.

talking pidgeon . . .

He hit the water with a shock and clawed his way to the surface again. Something was moving there, a little off to the right. He could make out a woman's hair, vaguely familiar. Sylvia! He pulled up alongside of her, and then together, they swam to the small, dark wharf under the pilings of the bridge.

"You little fool," he said. "Why did you do it?"

"I had to," she said. "Otherwise they would never have believed me and you—"

"You were worried about me?" he said. She nodded.

He said softly, again: "You little fool." And then he kissed her.

At "The Evening News" office the boys were ragging Larry. They fired questions at him: How did he know about the robbery? How come he was at the bridge ready to dive in? Who was tipping him off to those things?

"Do you believe in miracles?"

They groaned: "Sure. You know a talking pigeon."

Larry said cheerfully: "Well, me and my pigeon are going to hit the old man for an advance."

One of the men grinned: "Not thinking of getting married, are you, Larry?"

"Could be."

The reporters exploded into jeers. "You know everything, Larry. Why bother the old man about a paltry hundred. Just get this pigeon to pick the five winners at the races tomorrow. That's all you need. Ought to be simple."

For a moment Larry stood tense: "Of course," he said in a low voice. "Why didn't I think of that?"

Then he was out of the office, looking for Pop Benson. Pop wasn't anywhere. He searched all over town. It was no use, and he dragged back to "The Evening News" offices late that night. He walked out into the dimly lit alley that led back to the street. Someone was there . . .

"Pop!"

The figure turned.

"Pop. I've been looking all over for you. I've got to get tomorrow's paper. It's the last time I'll ever ask for it."

"It won't do you any good, Larry."

"It's my whole future, Pop. I've got to get it."

"It won't do you any good . . ."

But he was holding the paper in his hand. Larry laughed aloud and snatched it from his hand. He thrust it deep into his pocket. He called gaily: "Thanks, Pop. Thanks a million."

"Remember," Pop said. "You wanted it. You took it."

"Sure. Take it easy, Pop. So long."

There was still time to catch Sylvia at the Eden Gardens. He waited in the wings, watching her. She was breathtakingly beautiful. She started to come off. And then as she passed him, he reached out and took her hand. She saw him then and for a moment they stood there in the reflected light of the stage, and he knew he loved her and always would.

staging a proposal . . .

"Darling," he said happily. "Will you marry me? I know this is a crazy time to ask and a crazy place to do the asking. But everything is crazy. I'm just a broke reporter now, and tomorrow I'll be a millionaire. Marry me, Sylvia—"

She hesitated just for a moment, and then she said: "I shouldn't answer this quickly, should I? It isn't proper. But—"

"You will!" Larry shouted. "You will. Darling, I'll give you anything you want. The world on a silver platter, the moon."

"Just give me a minute now," Sylvia said "to change."

He paced excitedly up and down in front of her dressing room. The paper! Of course. He should know the names of the horses. He'd write them down now. He opened it feverishly to the sports page. His eye ran down to the racing news. There they were. The winners. The winners of tomorrow's races! And he knew them now, long before the races were due to be run. Lamplighter . . . Mud Lark . . . Lightning . . . Ramona . . . Black Flash . . . He was made! He snapped the paper shut. The front page stared up at him. A headline caught his eye. For a moment it didn't make sense.

LARRY STEVENS, EVENING NEWS REPORTER, SHOT TO DEATH IN LOBBY OF ST. GEORGE HOTEL

Someone was poking a finger at his chest. Cigolini. What was he saying? Cigolini's face was wavering before his eyes. He realized that he was shoving the paper back into his pocket. That headline:

"I'll never go back to him ... never!"



Mother: There, there, what's Fred done to my little girl?

Wife: *Nothing*—that's the worst of it. He ignores me—treats me as if I weren't his wife—as if we'd never been in love. I can't stand it another day!



Mother: My darling, from all you've told me, I think it's *my* fault. There's something I should have explained. You know, a wife can often lose her husband's love because of one neglect. Most men can't forgive carelessness—or ignorance—about feminine hygiene.

Wife: You mean—I could have avoided all this?



Husband (sometime later): How's about a kiss, dream girl . . .

Wife (to herself): Umm, everything's wonderful again—thanks to Mother's advice. She was right about Lysol—I use it *always* now!



Mother: Yes, dear. Now listen to me. My doctor always advises Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene. It cleanses so thoroughly, and deodorizes. It won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues, either—just follow the directions. You'll find Lysol is easy and inexpensive to use.



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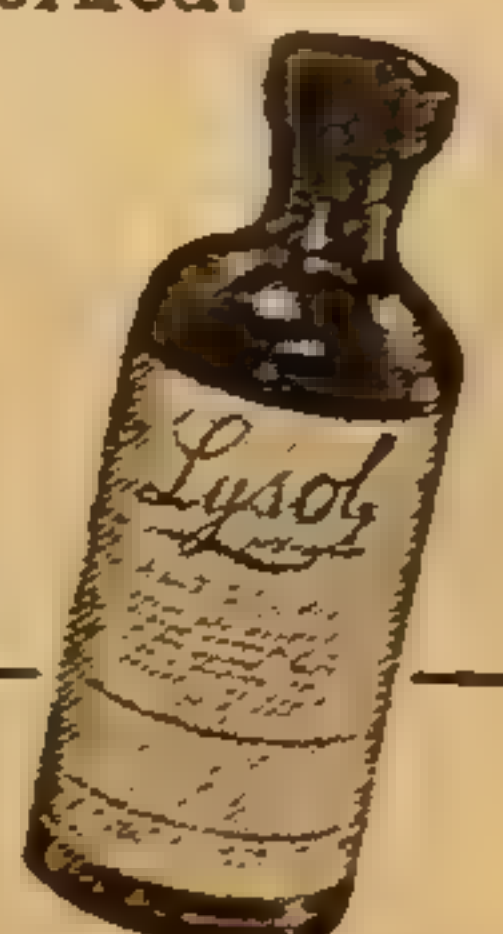
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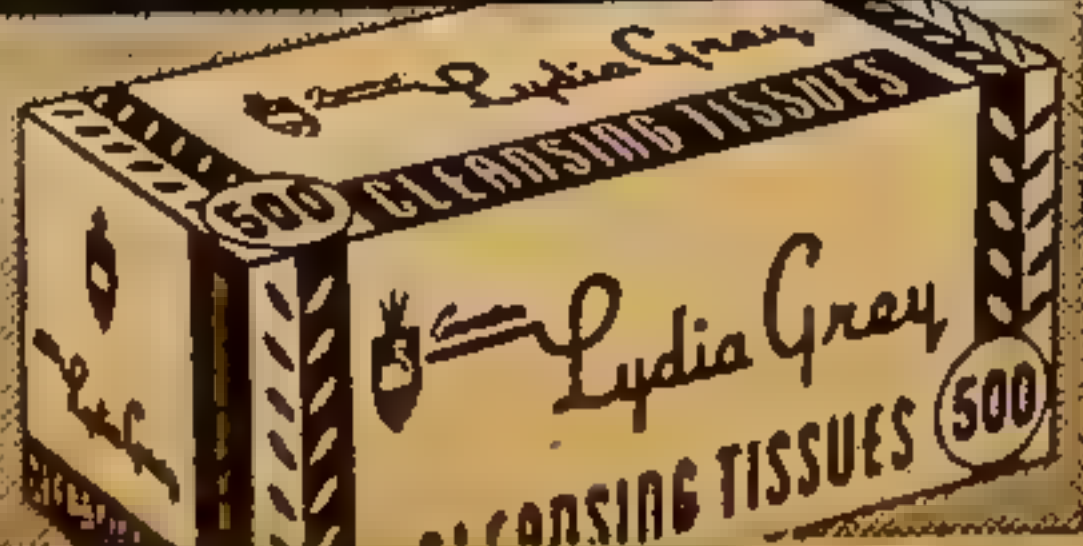
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**SHOT TO DEATH . . . ST. GEORGE
HOTEL . . . 6:25 P.M.**

Cigolini was still talking to him. The manager of the Eden Gardens was pumping his hand. What were they saying? "So you're going to marry Sylvia," the manager beamed.

"Sure is," Cigolini said.

"Come on out on stage" the manager said. "Let the crowd see you."

Where were they now? On stage? There were lights in his eyes . . . everyone applauding . . . what was the manager saying: "—the star reporter of 'The Evening News'—" "The Evening News"! That headline! SHOT TO DEATH . . .

The star reporter of "The Evening News," like a drunken man, walked straight to the footlights and then, without pause, kept right on walking, poised gracefully in midair for a moment, dropped five feet into the orchestra pit and made a huge thumping sound as he dropped through the taut skin of the bass drum . . .

wedding licenses and wills . . .

Twenty-four hours. That was all he had left in this world. Not even 24, really. But there was enough time left for a man to get married and provide for his—widow. He still knew the winners of the horse races. He'd make his million. What difference if he wasn't around to enjoy it? Sylvia would have it. SHOT TO DEATH . . . He shivered.

And so they were married. The bride was a vision of happiness. The groom? The groom looked just a little white around the gills. The preacher who was a man of wide experience thought Larry looked just a little peaked for a man about to become a happy groom. He thought it a little strange when Larry asked him how to draw up a will.

And Cigolini thought it a little strange when, after the ceremony, Larry bundled them all into a hansom bound for the race track. Didn't seem right for a fellow just married to be thinking of horses . . .

They reached the race track a little late.

"A hundred on Mud Lark," Larry said.

"Hey," Cigolini said. "That's a lot of dough. Takes a long time to spend a hundred bucks in singles."

"A lot of time . . ." Larry said wistfully.

"Take it easy. You're a married man."

Mud Lark paid 20 to one.

"The works on Lightning," Larry said.

Cigolini began to chatter: "Put some of it away," he said. "Save it for a rainy day."

"Let it ride," Larry said.

Lightning paid five to one.

Ramona? Won. Three to one.

Black Flash. By a nose. Even money.

The bookie paid them off in big bills. Sixty thousand dollars. He eyed Larry suspiciously. Larry took the money as if he didn't care about it at all. Just shoved it into his wallet, all that nice long green. The bookie winked to a friend; the friend began to move as soon as Larry started out of the tent.

The late afternoon sun smiled down benignly as they drove back to town. The trees were green and the flowers were blooming laughter in the fields. Larry sat slumped in the back. He kept seeing a headline: SHOT . . . SHOT . . . SHOT . . . He held the wallet limply in one hand, the green of the bills showed through the top.

Behind them something clattered. A carriage swept even. A quick, grasping hand reached across. The wallet disappeared from his limp hand, and then there was only a whirlpool of dust to show where the other carriage had been. Cigolini shouted. The cab driver whipped at his horses with the shout. The other carriage careened far down the road. Larry was



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on his feet, staring curiously ahead. A shot rang out; it nicked the wood behind Larry's head.

Cigolini yelled: "Get down. They're shooting."

"It's all right," Larry said. "This isn't the St. George Hotel."

Once in the city they almost lost the man as his carriage doubled around corners. The thief suddenly jumped. Larry was after him in a moment. Then it was a nightmare of alleys and doorways. In one, out the other; always that fleeing figure in front of him. Up stairs. Out to a roof. Then across the roofs of the city in a wild dash. Down a fire-escape. Then up to the roof again. The thief disappeared down a skylight. Larry followed, jumping. Locked in each other's arms, they dropped down a long sloping chute.

stalking death . . .

The fall jarred him. The thief was loose again. Larry, dazed, looked around him. A large room. The thief was running toward the door, a gun out in his free hand. Larry started for him. A shot. Wild. Larry ducked, still running. He ran full into someone in uniform. He rolled to his knees, completely dazed. He heard more shots. He saw someone in blue go by. The police. At the end of the long lobby there was a clock on the wall. Fascinated, Larry watched the hands drop a notch: 6:25. Then his eyes suddenly riveted on something on the floor beside him: a hat. A doorman's hat. Embroidered on it in gold thread was ST. GEORGE HOTEL.

A shot rang out.

Someone said: "That got him."

Then there were voices. Still dazed, Larry heard them: "Search the guy. Find anything? His wallet? Let's take a look at it . . ." Larry sat up shaking his head. He felt his body carefully. No. They weren't talking about him. They must have shot the thief. Still the paper said . . .

Someone was talking excitedly into the phone. He could hear the man's voice clearly: "'Evening News'? Get this. Shot. Six twenty-five. Who? His name was in his wallet. Lawrence Stevens. Right . . ."

Very slowly Larry Stevens stood up. Because a thief had stolen his wallet and was later shot and because an excited man phoned the story into "The Evening News" without checking on it first, the headline would come out: LARRY STEVENS . . . SHOT TO DEATH . . . He began to laugh. He couldn't stop.

And so 50 years passed, and the whole family was downstairs waiting for them to come down to their Golden Anniversary, Old Larry and Old Sylvia now.

"Why shouldn't I tell them?" Larry said. "That's the way it happened."

"But how did those papers get printed . . . before there was anything to print?"

"I don't know."

"Why didn't you ask Pop?"

"Because," Larry said slowly, "Pop was dead. They found him dead in his room. Just an old man, dead of old age. Just an old man who didn't believe in time . . ."

CAST

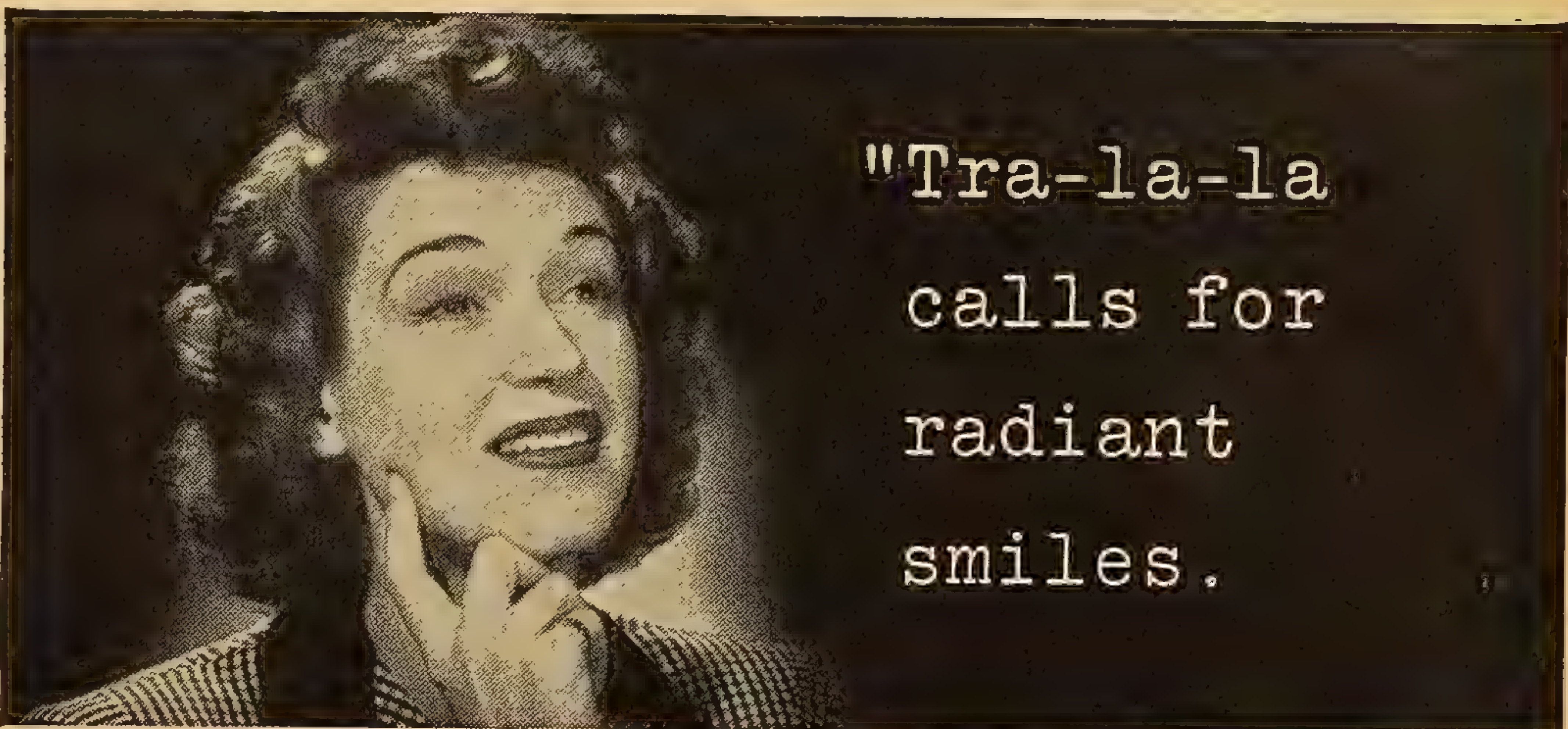
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Sylvia.....Linda Darnell
Cigolini.....Jack Oakie
Inspector Mulrooney...Edgar Kennedy
Pop Benson.....John Philliber
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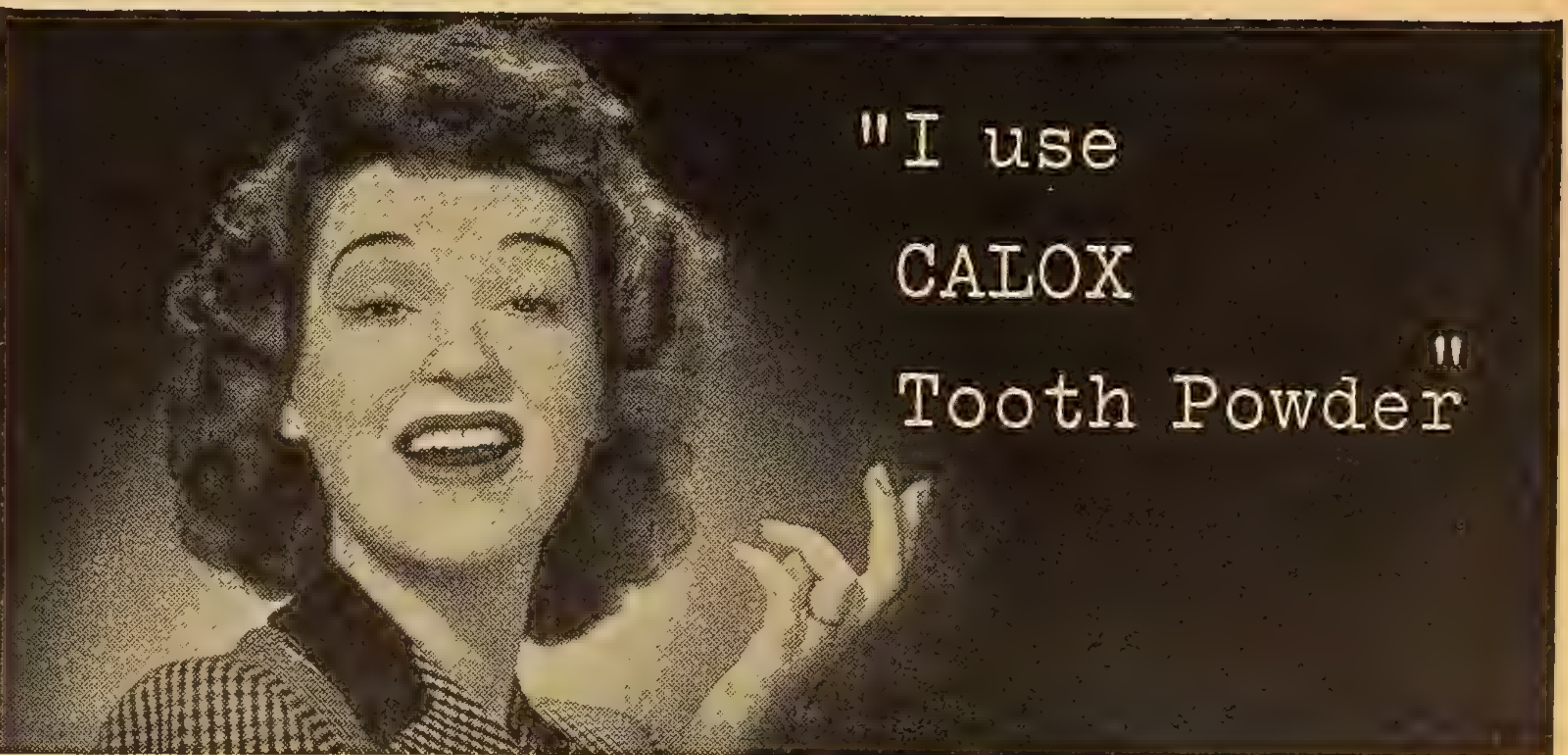
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SEE HERE, MR. WALKER . . .

(Continued from page 41)

and thought of the day she'd turned him adrift to shift for himself. "And boy, did he shift!" murmurs Aunt Tenny. "My nephew."

He was never the hellion type, far from it. A misunderstood yearling is what he thought he was. Youngest and skinniest of four brothers, he had no one to heckle, since he was also the skinniest kid on the block. Only when there was a gap in the team would the guys let him play.

"Aw, he's no good."

"Better'n nothin'."

"Yeah, but not much."

Bob thinks that's why he got such a terrific boot out of his own son's feat. Last winter he took Bobby, the elder boy, to visit his parents in Ogden. It was coasting weather, and the hardier kids used a drive so steep that when you reached the bottom, you went skimming four blocks on momentum. Bob took his youngster down that drive and hauled him back again. At the top, Bobby looked his father in the eye. "I want to go down by myself." He was three and a half.

"You can't."

"I can, Daddy."

What got Bob was the way he said it—no cockiness, just a quiet confidence that infected the parent in spite of himself. He told Bobby to wait, posted a couple of older kids at strategic points, and himself took a spot halfway down the hill.

Heart thumping against his ribs, calling himself all kinds of a fool, he yelled, "Okay!" Down came Bobby, steering like a veteran, past his Dad, past the other outposts, straight as an arrow to the bottom of the hill and beyond. Apprehension gave way to a surge of such exultant pride as Bob had never known—not even when Bobby and Michael were born. Going down to meet his son who came trudging up toward him, he thought: "He's the youngest kid ever to take this hill, and he wasn't scared. I'm his father. But he's more than just my kid. He's a person."

That's when the ghost voices sounded. "Better'n nothin'."

"Yeah, but not much." And that's when Bob laughed out loud.

At his son's age, he was a person, too—which was maybe the root of his trouble. He got kicked out of kindergarten—for what heinous sin he doesn't recall—but brother! when you get kicked out of kindergarten, you're an individualist. He played hookey from school. His folks couldn't understand why his grades were so poor, and he couldn't understand what was so important about it. It wasn't important to him. Nor to Adrian, his boon companion, who was also misunderstood and played hookey with him. When the family moved to Ogden from Salt Lake, he missed Adrian but continued to play hookey by himself. He and Adrian were just marking time anyway, till they could run away. The thing was to get out on your own. Free of pestering elders, the world was a wide and beautiful place.

jr. stumblebumps . . .

They found it was wide, anyway, when they hopped a freight from Salt Lake—where Bob was visiting—and got thrown off with the rest of the stumblebumps at Las Vegas.

"Let's hike out to the middle of the desert," said Bob.

"What for?"

"They'll say, 'Look at those poor little children' an' give us a lift.'"

People were allergic to poor little chil-

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dren that day. Nobody gave them a lift. So they hiked back to Las Vegas, by which time home with its regular meals didn't look so bad. But Bob had set out for adventure, and adventure he meant to have.

In his shoe was a silver dollar which even the pal of his bosom didn't know about. "Let's go in this store and grab a couple of Baby Ruths and run."

"We'll get arrested."

"They wouldn't arrest a couple of poor little children." Bob liked that line.

Ashen-faced, Adrian grabbed and ran—straight into Bob's arms. "Whatcha runnin' for? I got money to pay for a million Baby Ruths."

Drunk with freedom, Bob reached home to find his mother sick over his disappearance. He got mad at her for being sick. Then he got mad at his father. There was a good 20-buck car on the market, and he'd saved 20 bucks, delivering papers. Dad said he was too young for a car. Bob decided this was a kind of disease with parents, butting into their kids' affairs. He got a job, left home and boarded out. The elder Walker threw up his hands and called on a psychologist friend for help. That guy must have known his business. In no time at all, he had Bob home, bawling his eyes out.

But by now the family was walking on eggs. Aunt Tenny was drawn into their counsels and offered to send her maverick nephew to the military school her own boys attended—the San Diego Army and Navy Academy at Carlsbad. At first it was just a change of battling locale. Bob continued to skin his knuckles and crack his head against a world he'd never made and didn't like. Meantime, Virginia Atkinson, who taught dramatics, watched him with an understanding eye. And one day

she said: "How would you like to read for a part in a play?"

the saving grace . . .

It was like sulfa drugs to fever, and a bottle to a famished babe. Six months later Bob didn't know himself. His grades had picked up, the chips were gone from his shoulders, the sun was out, he loved his fellow-man and worshipped Mrs. Atkinson. The whole thing looked like magic, but was perfectly simple. He'd found in self-expression the freedom his nature craved.

He stayed at Carlsbad five years and in interstate dramatic contests won best-actor award twice in a row. There was no doubt in his mind about what he wanted to do. But he was diffident, and Mrs. Atkinson was his oracle. He couldn't ask for the go-sign, he waited for her to give it.

She gave it one night when he drove her home from a performance. "You've got to decide if you're willing to face the heart-break. All I can say is, I think you're good enough to be an actor."

Bob's reactions are quiet. "That's good enough for me," he said, and you couldn't have told that his heart was doing hand-springs up in the sky.

The Pasadena Playhouse offered him a scholarship. Aunt Tenny offered him a two-year course at the American Academy in New York. He'd have liked to take both, but when you're 18 and New York beckons, you don't give her the air—not if you're in your right mind, you don't.

There was a girl in Tulsa named Jennifer Jones who wanted to be an actress. Her folks happened to send her to the Academy that same year. She and Bob met, attended classes together, fell in love, finished their first year and went hunting for summer jobs. Jennifer found one with

a tent show in the Midwest. Bob was still luckier. He tried out for and copped the part of a skinny boy in a Broadway play. Jennifer was sick over missing the opening. They said good-by reluctantly and made a date for the fall. Three days later the Broadway producer said, "I'm sorry, Bob. We're changing this skinny boy to a fat boy."

Something happened then that hadn't happened since Bob was 13. He got sore at the world, marched out of the theater, down 44th to the Hudson. Nuts to the stage! He'd get on a steamer and go around the world. The steamer happened to be a United Fruit liner that didn't go round the world, just hauled bananas back and forth from Central America. By summer's end he'd sweated the peeve out of his system. Magnanimous, that was Bob. Ready to forgive. American Academy, here I come!

He'd reckoned without Aunt Tenny, whose word was her bond and who expected the same of others. By her standards, Bob had walked out on their deal, quit under his first blow. That made the deal invalid. He was on his own.

He had no squawk, thought she was perfectly right. American Academy, here I don't come. Jennifer decided not to go either. Practical experience, that was better than any old school. They got Paul Gilmore to let them put on "Springtime for Henry" down at the Provincetown. Boy, was that fun! Money? Don't be silly. Who makes money at the Provincetown? Besides, they didn't need any. Jennifer ate on what the family sent her. Bob lived at a Yonkers co-op and slung hash for his room and some of his meals. His good brother Walter, practicing law in New York, gave him ten bucks a week.

Then came the wire. Tulsa was opening a new radio station. Would Jennifer come

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back to star in a series of dramatic shows? Fourteen weeks at 25 a week. Bob thought it was wonderful and tried not to think what New York would be like without Jennifer. "Of course you must go."

"Maybe I must," she said, looking thoughtful. "But come on in here first." In here was Western Union. She didn't write yes, and she didn't write no. What she wrote was, "Can you use a leading man?"

It turned out they could. Fourteen weeks later, with money in the bank, Bob and Jennifer were married in Tulsa and spent their honeymoon trying to crash Hollywood. Hollywood didn't know they were alive.

"I love New York," said Jennifer finally. "New York's got snow." So back they went.

Being poor didn't matter. Living in one room that cost 18 a month didn't matter. They were young and in love and all their beautiful life lay ahead. Daytimes Bob looked for work. Jennifer couldn't, because a baby was on the way. At night he synopsised movie scripts at six dollars a script. Jennifer helped.

One unforgettable day came an emergency call from a radio agent. Bob tore up and tore back with a check for 21 dollars. Five words he'd said. They figured it out on the back of an envelope. Four dollars and twenty cents a word—

"One word for a hat," said Bob. "We're going to buy you the best hat in New York for four dollars and twenty cents."

They took the bus uptown. The hat was blue with white ribbons. It cost four dollars, and the face underneath it made it look like a million.

lucky in love . . .

Radio began breaking. The day Bobby was born, his dad got three jobs, and they called him their good luck. By the time Michael came 11 months later, Bob was an established radio actor with five regular programs. In addition to youth and love, they now had two kids and a car and a house at Sands Point.

But Jennifer's craving to act was as strong as Bob's, and he had every sympathy with it. When Michael was old enough, she began trotting round to the agents again. One job she applied for was in the road company of "Claudia."

"Road company nothing!" said the agent, grabbing his hat. "Mr. Selznick's in town. Let's go see him about the picture."

Mr. Selznick grabbed Jennifer almost as fast as the agent had grabbed his hat. "Claudia?" Never mind "Claudia." Make a test of Miss Jones. Run the test of Miss Jones. Have Miss Jones come right up. Mr. Selznick wants to put you under personal contract, Miss Jones. "Under personal contract, Miss Jones." Those were the words, and the tune didn't matter, as Miss Jones and Mr. Walker waltzed round and round, to the wonder and admiration of their children.

When Jennifer was called to the coast to test for Twentieth Century's "Song of Bernadette," she took the kids along. If she got the part, Bob would close the house, store the furniture and try for radio work in California. Before Bernadette was settled, M-G-M's New York scouts had asked Bob to make a test. Not being the hero type, he thought his chances were slim. Besides, as a movie beginner, he'd get only a fraction of his radio earnings. But when M-G-M offers you a test, you make it. And when M-G-M offers you a contract, you may fall flat on your astonished face but you take it, and to heck with the dough.

He didn't let Jennifer know he was coming, wanted to surprise her. She practically fainted. "Bob! Where have you been? I've been trying to call you, Bob."



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I got the part, darling! I'm Bernadette."
"And I'm under contract to M-G-M."
So they fainted into each other's arms.

He got really steamed up when they gave him the script of "Bataan" at the studio next day. That night he read it aloud to Jennifer. Baby, what a part! He almost didn't get it, too. Played it too old when he tested. But Tay Garnett, the director, called him to the office and watched him as he talked. "You don't have to test again," he said at last. "The part's yours."

"Tay Garnett, that's my pappy," says Bob, and the way he says it, you can positively see the halo round Garnett's head.

storm in heaven . . .

Everything was happy and exciting then. Everything was perfect. A few years back Hollywood couldn't see either of them. Now the movie plum of plums lay in Jennifer's hands. "Bataan," introducing Bob Walker, was finished and about to be sneaked.

Sneak previews are just what their name implies. They're run for audience reaction. Players are supposed to stay away from their door. But information leaks out. In this case it leaked out to Bob Taylor, who took pity on the other Bob. "Come on, you can go along." Only the other Bob wanted Miss Jones along, too, so he hid her in the back seat of the car where Taylor found her.

"I thought a sneak preview meant you could sneak in," said Jennier meekly.

I don't have to tell you what the sailor did to that audience. If you saw the picture, he did it to you, too. M-G-M promptly cast him as Private Hargrove. Everyone said, how wonderful. Everyone said, those lucky lucky kids—they've got everything. Then the heavens split with one of those lightning bolts Hollywood never gets used to, though they're frequent enough, more's the pity. Bob and Jennifer separated.

Only they know why. We know only that few separations have saddened the town more. It's none of the town's business, but nobody who's seen them together can squelch the feeling that they belong together.

Of them, the old cliché is literally true. They remain friends. When Bob finished "Hargrove" and "Mme. Curie," he moved over to Selznick's to play opposite Jennifer in "Since You Went Away." He's a stickler for promptness. If he says he'll meet you at two, he'll meet you or break a leg. One day he came in 15 minutes late, and terribly upset. He was late because he'd stopped in to see Jennifer. He was terribly upset because she had a cold.

His Sundays are devoted to the boys. They're three and four now, but Michael's the same height and weight as Bobby, so they look like twins, and they're the twin apples of his eye. When Michael was named Michael, his parents vowed he'd never be called Mike. So he's called Mike. Of the two, he's rather more introspective. Music sends him off into daydreams, and he's got those bedroom eyes that say come-and-get-me. Bobby doesn't wait to be got. He goes after what he wants and what he seems to want most is people. Traveling to and from Ogden, he collected every heart on the train.

Bob's been kept too busy for much social life. By the end of the day he's generally too pooped for more than dinner and a book. When he can, he plays tennis with Peter Lawford or Cornell Wilde. Loves all forms of exercise, including walking, but finds walking in California a snare and delusion. It lacks the New York tingle.

He's a friend of Keenan Wynn's, and

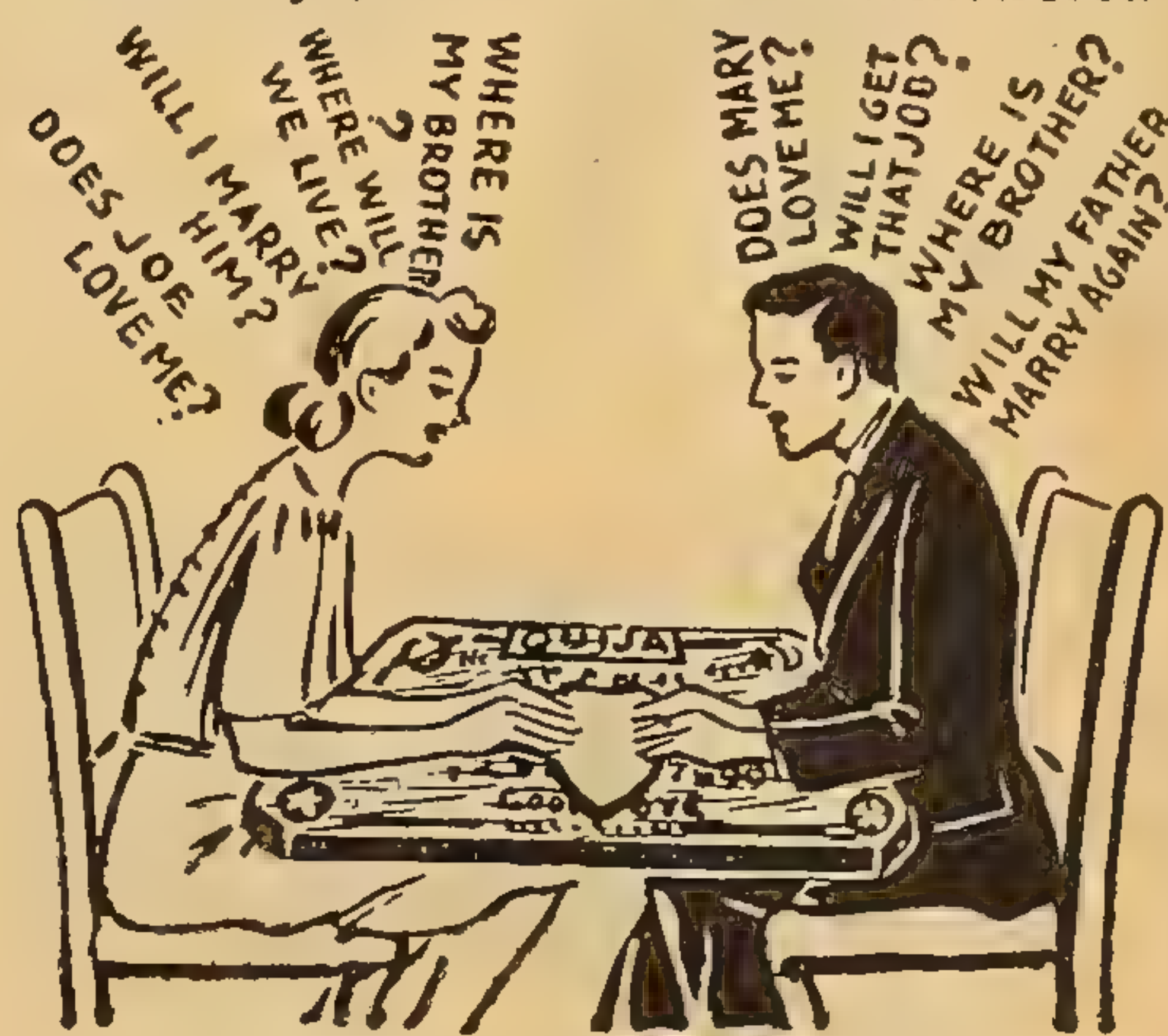
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City..... State.....

WHY YOUR PRESENT LAXATIVE MAY NOT BE RIGHT FOR YOU!

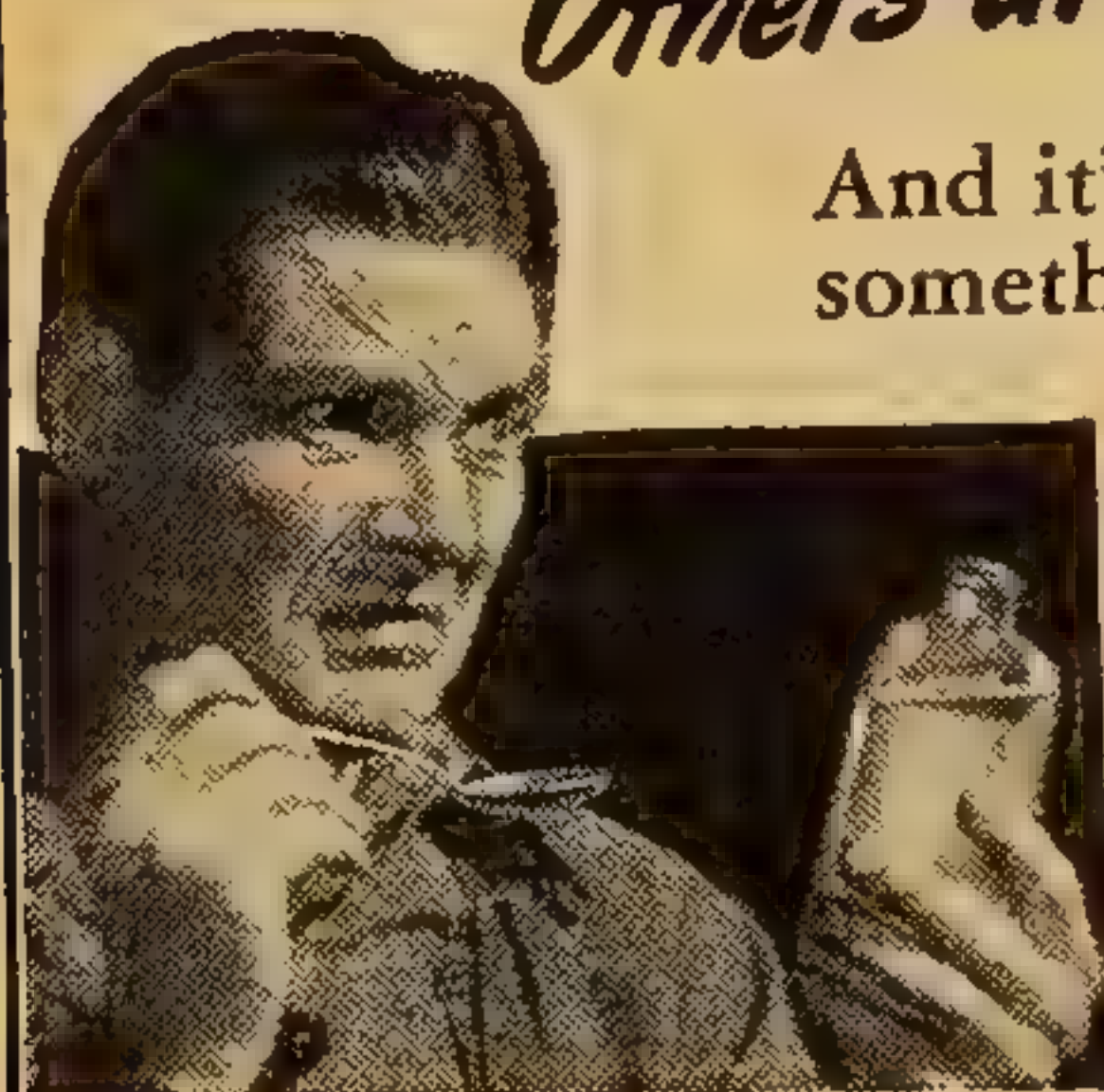
Some Laxatives are Too Strong—

It doesn't pay to dose yourself with harsh, bad-tasting laxatives! A medicine that's *too strong* can often leave you feeling worse than before!



Others are Too Mild—

And it's unwise to take something that's *too mild* to give you the relief you need! A good laxative should be gentle, yet should work thoroughly!



But—
EX-LAX is
the *Happy*
Medium!



Try the

"HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

Ex-Lax gives you a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is gentle, too! It works easily and effectively at the same time! And remember, Ex-Lax *tastes good*—just like fine chocolate! It's as good for women and children as it is for the men-folks. 10c and 25c.

As a precaution use only as directed

EX-LAX The Original
Chocolated Laxative

NEW WARTIME PACKAGE

Hollywood Extra
THEATRICAL
COLD CREAM

SAFE QUALITY
THE RABIN COMPANY DISTRIBUTORS LOS ANGELES

BIG 1 1/2 LB. TIN
Sensibly Priced At
25¢

SOLD AT ALL 5-10-25¢ STORES

The RABIN Co.
LOS ANGELES

sooner or later any friend of Keenan Wynn gets the motorcycle bug. A car ran into Bob's bike while he was on it, and he got his head cracked and was laid up for three weeks. "Keep off it," the studio ordered. He said he would if they'd buy it. They said they needed it like they needed a bullet in the brain. "Then I'll be awfully tempted to ride it," said Bob. So they bought it.

He loves the piano and wants to take lessons, so he can play swing and more swing. His favorite writers are Saroyan and Warwick Deeping—even if they are sentimental—and Nancy Hale, because she's sophisticated. He goes for anything Brooksy in clothes, plain colors in ties and heavy wool socks all year round. Jewelry leaves him cold, except he thinks it would be classy to own a pair of nut-and-bolt cuff-links. All he owns now is a watch that he never wears.

He eats like a wolf, drinks two quarts of milk a day and cream when he can get it, but doesn't gain weight. He likes pie for breakfast, and the only thing he hates worse than cabbage is gossip.

He's in Florida at the moment, on location for "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." Their friends can't down the hope that whatever went wrong between him and Miss Jones may yet be mended somehow by them. They want boy and girl together again, under the sign of a blue hat with white ribbons. See here, Mr. Walker, that's not mere idle gossip. That's just the good old American prayer for a happy ending to stories of youth and love and dreams.

HE NOTICES YOUR HAIR

(Continued from page 67)

points and high light your good ones. Suppose, for example, that yours is a round, fullblown sort of face. What to do? Simply wear your hair high on top and close to the side. Steer clear of fussy, fancy or frilly entanglements. Any up-swept, sleek, sculptured coif is safe.

Perhaps you want to soften a long face. Wear your hair full above the ears and avoid stiff, evenly balanced lines. Try softly irregular, slanting lines like side parts and loose waves.

How now, you demand of ye Beauty Ed., to achieve this dazzling coif, once decided upon? A good first step is to comb a wave set through your hair while it is still damp (but not wringing wet).

To achieve pin curls, begin at your part, separating your hair into triangular sections about a half-inch wide. Comb each strand out smoothly, place your finger halfway up its length (you are holding it straight out from your head), then stretch and wind it, not too tightly, around your finger. Pull the ringlet off with the thumb and finger of your other hand and roll it down to your head. Next, anchor the curl with two hairpins or bob pins, one from each side, letting them cross in the hollow center. When this handiwork atop your head is dry, comb each ringlet out carefully and glamorize it with brilliantine. If you hanker for the sleek effect, spray your hair with lacquer to hold each strand in place as part of one smooth surface.

Speaking of men as our title does, married femmes should remember that a colorful bandanna or snood hides a multitude of sins. Don't forego your at-home fixin' just because you don't want the old man to see you in curlers. Incidentally, all of you, married gals and spinsters, follow these Hollywood hair-cues, and your pet man will notice your bright curls. We promise it!

HAIRTAINER

TIMES

CHANGE NURSERY RHYMES



Mistress Mary, hair-contrary—
Always in a flurry!
Too bad HAIRTAINERS were unknown;
They hold hair—save time—end worry!



Today, Modern Marys can end hair-worry and save time—by getting GRIP-TUTH HAIRTAINERS* to keep hair-
do's secure. For whatever the hair-style or season, HAIRTAINERS' spring-tooth action g-r-i-p-s and holds *every* hair-strand. Ask for GRIP-TUTH HAIRTAINERS (formerly hair retainers) at beauty salons, department and chain stores. Card of two (or one extra length) 25c.
*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Dept. G3

DIADEM, LEOMINSTER, MASS.

Get More Comfort For Standing Feet

With A Daily Ice-Mint Treat

Don't let tired, burning sensitive feet steal energy and make the hours seem longer. Just massage frosty white Ice-Mint on your feet and ankles *before* work to help keep them cool and comfortable... and *after* work to help perk them up for an evening of fun. No greasy feeling—won't stain socks or stockings. Grand, too, to help soften corns and callouses. Get Ice-Mint from your druggist today and get foot happy this easy way.

SONG POEMS WANTED

TO BE SET TO MUSIC
Free Examination. Send Your Poems to
J. CHAS. McNEIL
A. B. MASTER OF MUSIC
510-R So. Alexandria Los Angeles 5, Calif.



...AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c and \$1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get BROWNATONE today.



She KEEPS THAT TEEN-AGE Sparkle in HER Smile

YOU CAN TOO with this POWDER or PASTE

If your mirror says ugly smudges—perhaps smoke-smudge—have dimmed the natural luster of your teeth, use Iodent No. 2 paste or powder twice daily and see the smudges vanish and your smile regain its sparkle.



IODENT TOOTH POWDER PASTE

Fashion Rhapsody



Stardust
Life-Insured Lips
GUARANTEED FOR 1 YEAR

about \$1.39

ENTER OUR 1944 Miss Stardust CONTEST

Pictured is lovely Taffy Miller, Stardust Girl of '43. Maybe YOU will be our lucky new beauty and talent winner... 20 awards, including \$650 in War Bonds and chance to become famous! Contest closes May 1st, 1944. Nothing to buy... just send for detailed entry blank. Industrial Undergarment Corp., P. O. Box 65, Station F, New York.

By the makers of Stardust Products

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 62)

will not only lick all the paint off your front door, but will gladly eat your doormat as well."

So Willard Parker went to New York and got himself a job as the matinee idol in "Lady in the Dark" with Gertrude Lawrence. (The same part, incidentally, which gave gorgeous Hunk O' Mature to Hollywood.) The road show played to the aristocracy of motion pictures when it reached Hollywood, and before his alarm clock could burble the following morning, Mr. Parker was the recipient of SEVEN motion picture offers.

By that time Max Arno had moved to Columbia, so Willard Parker looked up his old friend and told him how good his advice had been. Somewhat diffidently he mentioned his covey of offers, adding that if Max Arno wanted him to sign with Columbia, Max had first choice.

And that, chums, is an example of loyalty seldom found anywhere.

THE LOOEY'S CUTIE:

They were making a training film at the First Motion Picture Unit of the Army Air Corps, which is domiciled in Culver City. The extras needed for the particular street scene (being shot at night) had been supplied from the ranks of the families and friends of the men stationed at "Fort Roach."

One of the G.I.'s said to another, "Look over there and you'll see the smoothest babe you've feasted eyes on for a long time. Mmm, what a number!"

The second khaki took a long, fur-bearing look, then corrected the connotation of his glance. "Jiggers," he said, "that's the lieutenant's wife."

Brenda Marshall, knowing that Bill Holden was soon to be transferred, had been spending as much time with him as possible, even working until four in the morning as an unpaid extra in a training film.

FAN BAN:

On the set of "And Now Tomorrow" Loretta Young was showing Alan Ladd a letter she had just received from an irate fan, to wit: "Apparently you misread my letter. I asked for a photograph of you with your hair cut short, not hanging around your shoulders like unmown hay. I can't understand why you can't give me the kind of picture I want. I am returning this photograph because I am entirely dissatisfied with it."

If you know anyone who would write such a letter, how about giving him or her a brief chat on Manners Among Movie Fans?

MATTERS DOMESTIC:

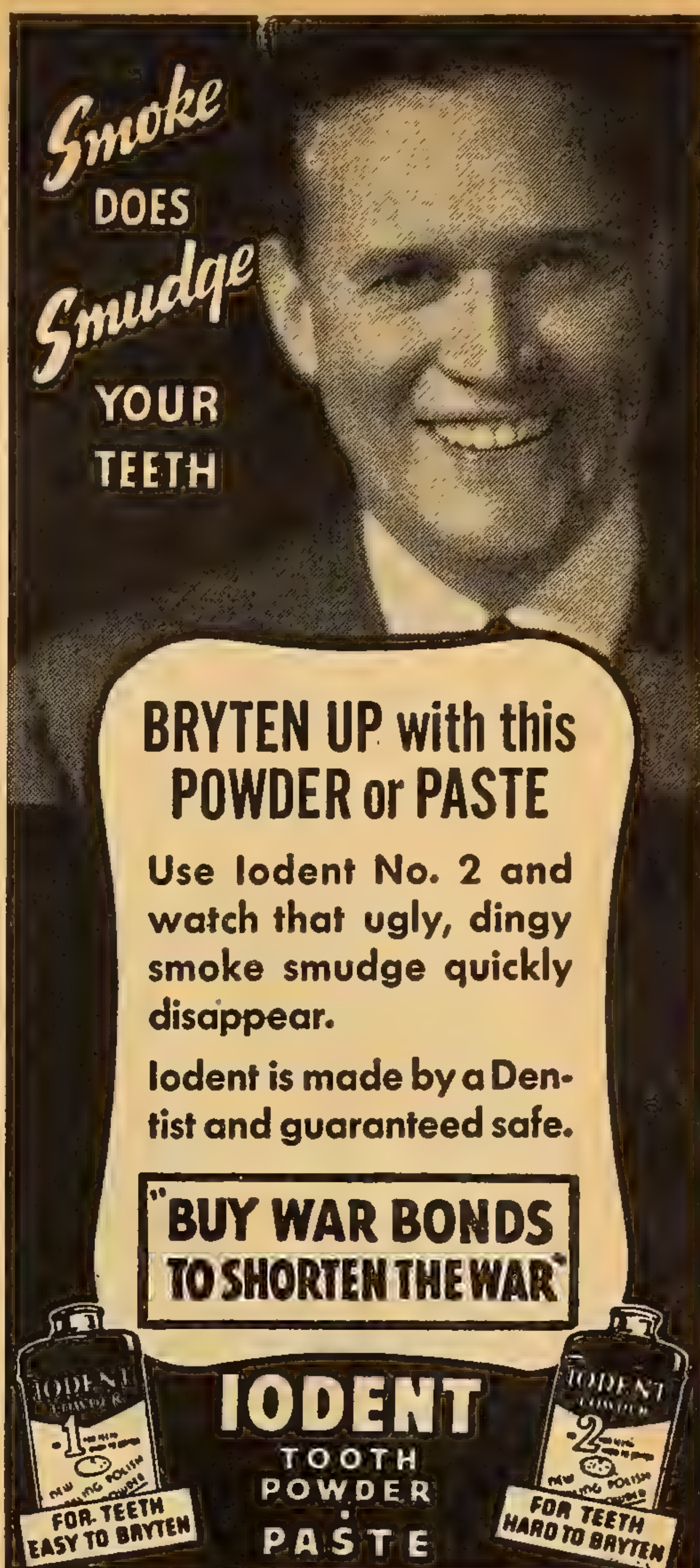
When Bob Hutton and Natalie Thompson were married, they received such a glitter of wedding gifts that Mr. and Mrs. Cary Grant decided to withhold their present until Bob and Natalie could take inventory and decide what they needed to complete their housekeeping equipment.

Recently Cary said to Bob (of whom he had grown very fond while they were working together in "Destination Tokyo"), "Have you and Natalie decided what you need yet?"

Bob nodded. "Natalie thinks she'd like a pressure cooker," he confided in all the innocence of the non-shopping newlywed.

Mrs. Grant, with a patrol of friends who glory in a handicapped hunt, is still searching the local scene diligently—including all secondhand stores.

Until recently, the romance between Captain Clark Gable and lovely Kay Williams has progressed only through the good offices



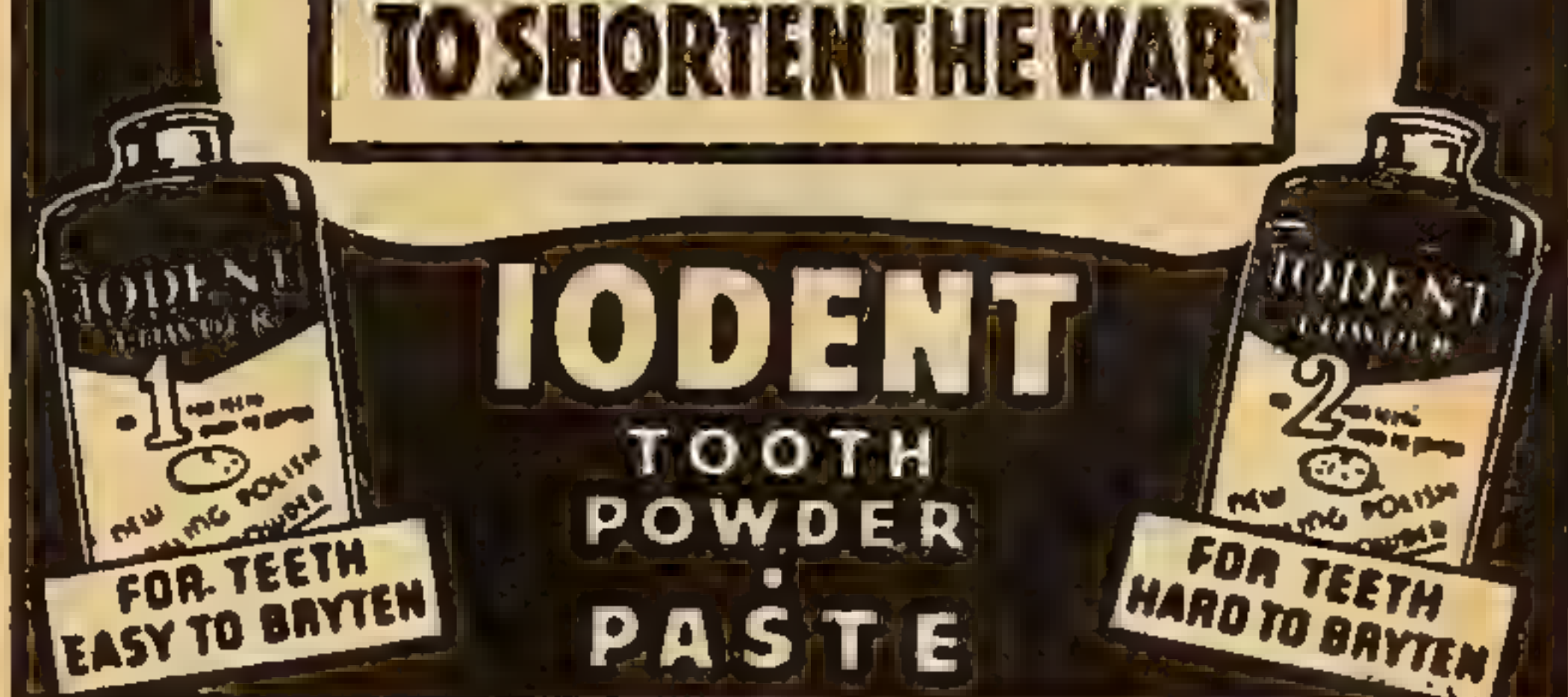
Smoke DOES Smudge YOUR TEETH

BRYTEN UP with this POWDER or PASTE

Use Iodent No. 2 and watch that ugly, dingy smoke smudge quickly disappear.

Iodent is made by a Dentist and guaranteed safe.

"BUY WAR BONDS TO SHORTEN THE WAR"



IODENT TOOTH POWDER PASTE

America's Favorite



GIVES YOU Lovelier Waves!



Dr. Ellis' Wave Set is first in America, because it's quicker, easier, more effective. Quality carries-through also in Dr. Ellis' Nail Polish and other fine Dr. Ellis' Beauty Aids. At 5 and 10s and drugstores everywhere!

10¢ PLUS TAX

Dr. Ellis' WAVE SET NAIL POLISH

POLISH REMOVER . . . SHAMPOO
BRILLIANTINE . . . HAIR OIL

"problem" hair

MADE LOVELY AGAIN

Dulled and dingy hair needn't cause despair. One refreshing shampoo with Admiracion makes a thrilling difference. It floats away dirt... loose dandruff... soap film. Lets natural loveliness of hair shine through. TWO TYPES—"no lather" in red carton or "foamy" in green carton. At your Beauty Shop ask for an Admiracion Shampoo.

ADMIRACIÓN OIL SHAMPOOS

REPLACEMENT OF A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



WEDDING AND ENGAGEMENT RING BARGAIN

TEN DAYS' TRIAL—SEND NO MONEY

Introductory offer: With every order for smart, new, Sterling Silver Solitaire engagement ring we will include without extra charge exquisite wedding ring set with eight imitation diamonds matching in fire and brilliance the beautiful imitation Diamond solitaire engagement ring (the perfect bridal pair). Send no money with order. Just name, address and ring size. We ship both rings in lovely gift box immediately and you make just 2 easy payments of \$2 each, total only \$4. We trust you. No red tape as you make first payment and tax to postman on arrival then balance any time within 30 days. Money-back guarantee. War conditions make supply limited. Act NOW.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. ST-135, Jefferson, Iowa

"Stocking Stick"

The Sensationally Different **LEG MAKE-UP**

"Easier to put on than Stockings"

Mrs. D. E. N. Estherville, Iowa

*** GUARANTEED EASIEST TO APPLY OR YOUR MONEY BACK**

No Fuss No Fuss as with Liquids

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

of one of Kay's neighbors. She has been unable to secure a telephone, so Clark—in calling her—had to dial the number of an M-G-M employee, who would then have Clark hold the wire while the neighbor or his wife rushed around the corner to fetch Kay to answer.

* * *

The moving van drew up before the low rambling bungalow, and a bright-haired girl came running out to welcome her delivery of furniture: one stove and one bed.

To date, these two items represent the total purchases of George Montgomery and Dinah Shore. As George is away on training film assignments most of the time, Dinah has remained in the apartment she has long shared with her girl friends. When she has a spare moment, she rushes out and shops for household fixtures, but TAWGO,* you know. There is very little to be had.

*There's A War Going On.

A SHOT OF B & B:

(Brief dialogues on the "Road to Utopia" set: The scene is one in which Crosby is making his usual brand of lackadaisical love to Dorothy Lamour. During a kiss, Captain Howard arrives as a set visitor.)

Hope: Jiggers, Crosby, here comes the Captain.

Crosby: Oh, the guy with TWO chips on his shoulders.

(Scene in which Bob Hope is feeding a large sheep dog originally named Curly.)

Hope: Look, Veronica, when you come to an elbow, it's mine.

(Scene in which Hope and Crosby, stripped to the waist and covered with grime, are stoking a boiler on a freighter in northern waters. Suddenly a door opens, and a character in white tie, tails, top hat and cane strolls through the stoke hole.)

The stranger: Could I trouble one of you for a light?

Hope: Sure, sure. (He lights the cigarette for the guy, then does a double take.) Say, where do you think you're going?

The stranger: Just taking a shortcut through here to my own set.

FURTHER REVELATIONS ABOUT A PAIR OF WONDERFUL GUYS:

Because of the gradually increasing number of servicemen who were visiting the "Road to Utopia" set, and because neither Bob nor Bing could be persuaded to resist ad libs toward their khaki audience—which promptly responded with laughter so deafening that production was being held up day after day—Paramount had to close the set, i.e., forbid any visitors whatsoever.

This ban had been in effect for several days when Bob, in passing through the main gate, noticed that a little cluster of G.I.'s had just been turned away by the gateman.

"Say, how about it?" he asked. "Why can't these guys go through the studio at least?"

"Orders from the front office," said the officer.

"Have you ever had orders to hold a foxhole, no matter what happened?" Bob asked.

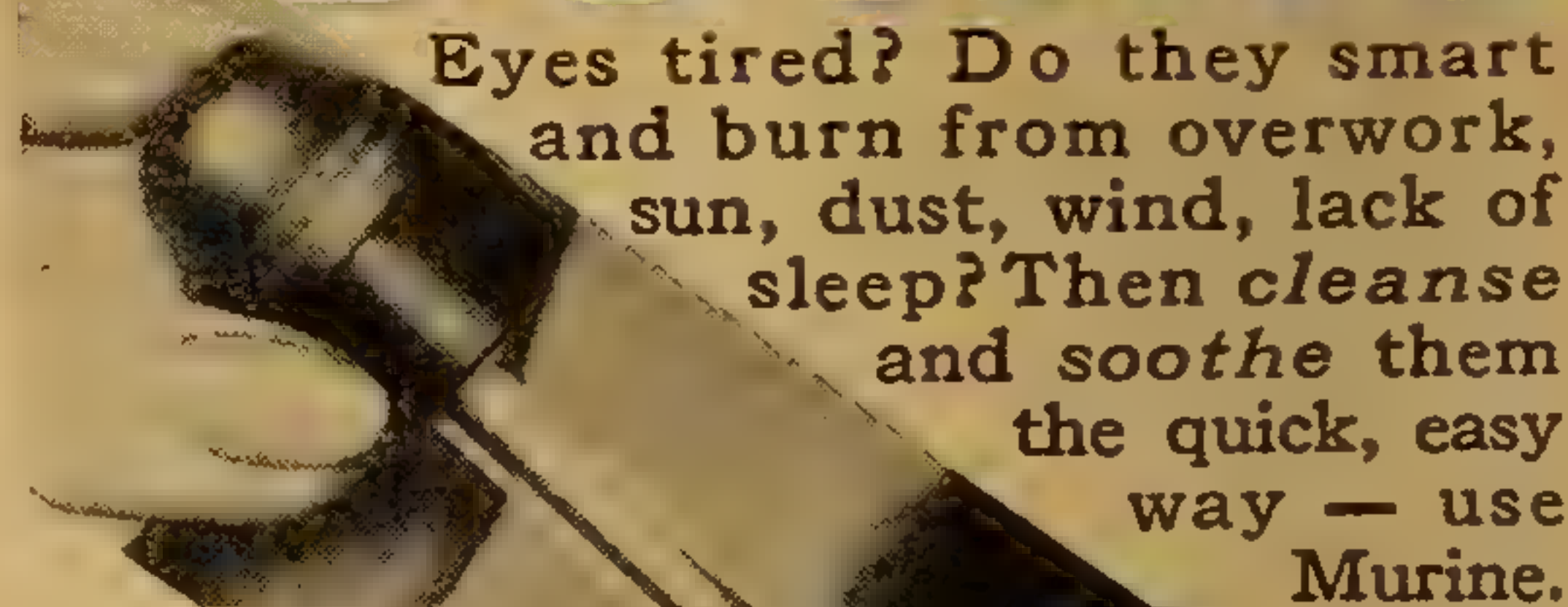
The G.I.'s followed Bob through the gates.

AND BING:

The Crosby kid has always refused to lend his name to advertising tie-ups, but Bob caught him posing for a series of national cigarette ads. "All your old modesty gone up in smoke, huh!" he cracked.

Of course Bing doesn't need or want the publicity, but he really wanted the deal he got out of posing—One million smokes to be sent free to the troops serving overseas.

When Your Eyes Are Tired DO THIS



Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then cleanse and soothe them the quick, easy way — use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES
SOOTHES • REFRESHES



★ Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps ★

One Best Home Way To BUILD UP RED BLOOD

To Get More Strength If You Lack Blood Iron!

You girls who suffer from simple anemia or who lose so much during monthly periods that you are pale, feel tired, weak, "dragged out"—due to low blood-iron—try Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS at once!

Pinkham's Tablets are one of the greatest blood-iron tonics you can buy to help build up red blood to give more strength and energy—in such cases.

Just try them for 30 days—then see if you, too, don't remarkably benefit. Follow label directions. Well worth trying!

Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS

EVERY BOND YOU BUY IS A BLAST AGAINST BERLIN. KEEP ON BUYING TO HELP DEFEAT HITLER IN 1944!

Have you heard Hollywood's secret for lips that whisper **LOVE ME!**

Now revealed for the first time, the intimate secrets of filmland's most famous make-up artists. Now you can use the same type "Movie Lips" Make Up Brush that bestows glamorous stars with lips that excite and entice... with thrilling new Brush 'n' Blend Cream Lipstick... the nearest thing to everlasting lip beauty. A single application often lasts all day long.

Brush 'n' Blend

CREAM LIPSTICK and MAKE-UP BRUSH

At Most 5¢ and 10¢ Stores

Or send 25¢ plus 3¢ for tax and postage. State color of hair, Natone Co., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

BOTH ONLY 25¢

JIM, I KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE, GET PAZO!



SMART WIFE, PAZO RELIEVED THOSE SIMPLE PILES



Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

How PAZO Ointment Works

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application

PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!

Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

The Grove Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

Do You Want LONGER HAIR

Just try this system on your hair 7 days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of attractive hair that so often captures love and romance.

HAIR MAY GET LONGER when scalp and hair conditions are normal and the dry, brittle, breaking off hair can be retarded, it has a chance to get longer and much more beautiful. Just try the **JUELENE SYSTEM** 7 days, let your mirror prove results. Send \$1.00. (If C. O. D. postage extra). Fully guaranteed. Money back if you're not delighted.

JUEL CO., 1930 Irving Park Rd., Dept. A-603, Chicago 13, Ill.

LUCKY IN NUMBERS

Stop worrying and wondering. Get the facts according to numbers. Send me your complete birth date. Get your new personalized forecast on Love, Business, Finances, Travel, Pleasure, Health, Home, Responsibility, friends and associates. I send you your **PERSONAL NUMBERS** forecast taken from your full birth date. Formerly a \$5.00 service. All for only 25c. Rush birth date, a 3c stamp and 25c in coin. **FREE**—Mail your order promptly and get a dictionary of 300 Common Dreams. Satisfaction guaranteed.

APPLIED NUMBERS, Dept. 145
3833 Applegate, Cincinnati 11, Ohio

Earn \$30 a week AS A TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSE!



Practical nurses are always needed! Learn at home in your spare time as thousands of men and women—18 to 60 years of age—have done through Chicago School of Nursing. Easy-to-understand lessons, endorsed by physicians. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Nurse Cromer, of Iowa, runs her own nursing home. Others earn \$2.50 to \$5.00 a day in private practice.

YOU CAN EARN WHILE YOU LEARN!

Mrs. B. C., of Texas earned \$474.25 while taking course. Mrs. S. E. P. started on her first case after her 7th lesson; in 14 months she earned \$1900! You, too, can earn good money, make new friends. High school not necessary. Easy payments. Equipment included. 45th year. Send coupon now!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 235, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name _____ Age _____
City _____ State _____

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

OPPORTUNE TUNE:

Panting, this department rushes forward with an answer to the burning question, "How did 'Shoo-Shoo Baby' happen to be written?"

It seems that Lena Horne was working at the Hollywood Canteen one night and became somewhat bored by the attitude of some of the players who were maneuvering for position on the program. One man didn't want to follow a certain girl because their patter was too similar; another girl didn't want to follow so-and-so, because both of them were blondes, and each felt that a brunette interspersed would enhance the attractions of all. All in all the broken field running was pretty grim.

As Miss Horne was leaving the Canteen with Phil Moore, she mentioned her weariness at such goings-on. "Shoosh, Baby," said Phil, "it's all part of the war effort. The soldiers see only the finished production, which looks smooth. I guess everybody gets a little rough behind scenes because it's in the air. Just shoosh, Baby."

And that, kiddies, is how popular songs are born.

TEASE & REPORTEES:

Luscious Maria Montez, beautifully gowned as usual, and wearing on her ears a pair of tiny solid gold bees sent to her from overseas by husband Jean Pierre Aumont, stepped onto the platform at the National Press Club in Washington. From the appreciative male audience arose a series of two-toned whistles.

When a measure of silence had been regained, Maria said softly into the microphone, "In my country, when a man whistles at a girl it is an insult."

The silence deepened into abashed gloom, "But," continued Maria, "I am not in my country."

Residents of Atlanta, hundreds of miles away, are still wondering what that explosive noise could have been.

BAG GAG:

A friend of Ray Milland's dropped in, several months ago, to tell that charming Welsh gentleman and his wife good-by. The Milland's were leaving for a brief New York vacation, so Mrs. Milland was packing. Ray, contrariwise, had been reading, his neck sunk into the back of a lounge, his feet propped on an ottoman. "Pack?" he said in answer to the visitor's question. "Sure, I'm going to pack later on. I know exactly what I need, and it will take me just 20 minutes to stow it in a bag." This comment was typical.

Mr. Milland, world traveler, learned the "travel light" slogan early in life and has always abided by it. When his wife, who is expected to carry on the star-wife tradition, takes a hat bag, jewel box, make-up kit and two large cases, Ray is astounded. When his male friends show up at the station with a Gladstone and two wardrobe cases, he is amazed. "What on earth do you think you can't buy, instead of taking it along with you?" he likes to ask.

Sooo . . . when the troupe with whom he was going overseas, gathered at the station, Ray—as usual—had two small bags. One of the girls arrived with three bags, a hat-carrier and a small trunk made necessary because of her dancing costumes and shoe changes. Another girl arrived with several week-end cases and a fortnighter in which her evening gowns (to delight the troops) were tissue-wrapped. Another had all the usual bags, plus an accordion.

The tour arranger looked over the situation, then turned to Mr. Milland. "One person in

Your Birthstone tells the Month*



*MAY
EMERALD

May—the month when gardens burst into bloom. Whether or not you are gardening you will want your hands petal-smooth, soft and pliable. Use Sofskin, the rich, velvety cream to make useful hands lovelier. Takes only a moment to apply. Be convinced. Ask for the Sofskin courtesy application at your beauty salon or cosmetic counter.

SOFSKIN
for lovely hands and skin



in the Black and Gold Jars

35¢, 60¢, \$1.00 Sizes

SOFSKIN COMPANY, FINDLAY, OHIO



FREE PORTRAIT or PIN UP of your favorite MOVIE STAR

REAL PHOTOGRAPHS

All the latest Stars and Poses
List mailed with each photo
Send 10 cents to cover handling and mailing

HOLLYWOOD SCREEN EXCHANGE
BOX 1150—DEPT. C
HOLLYWOOD, 28, CALIF., U. S. A.



Now I don't dread

"That Time" of the Month

Periodic functional pains don't worry me now. Thanks to those grand new Chi-Ches-Ters Pills! My druggist tells me the reason they're so effective is because of a special ingredient which is intended to help relieve the tension that causes functional distress. It works by helping to relax the affected part—not merely by deadening pain. The new Chi-Ches-Ters contain an added iron factor, too, intended to act as a tonic on your blood. Try the new Chi-Ches-Ters Pills on your "difficult days." Ask your druggist tomorrow for a 50c size and follow directions on the package.

CHI-CHES-TERS PILLS

For relief from "periodic functional distress"

If Your Child HATES VEGETABLES



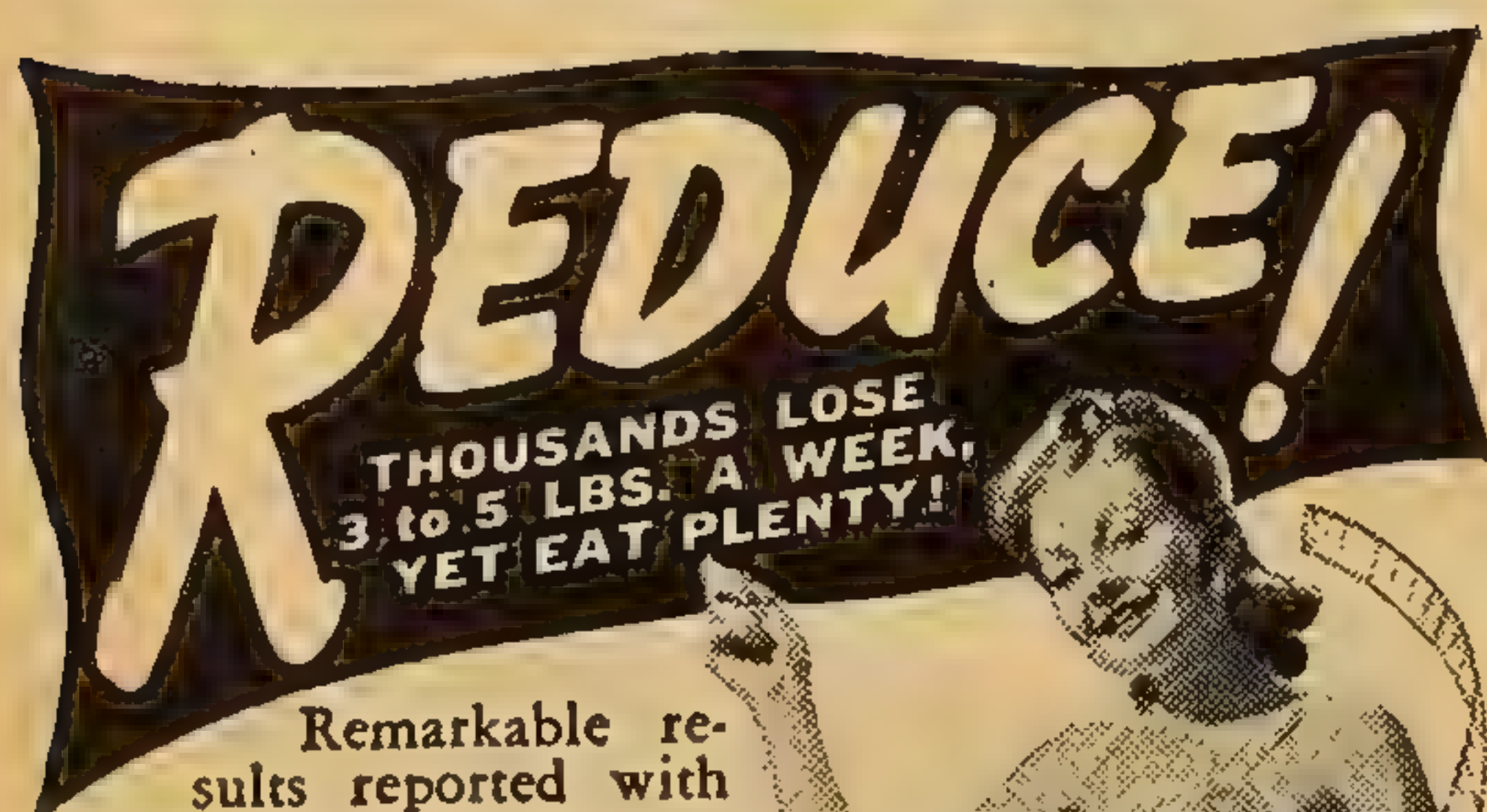
try giving him Ovaltine

SCIENCE has proved there are certain food elements everyone needs for health. If there aren't enough of them in a child's food, serious things happen, such as *poor appetite*—faulty nerves, bad teeth—perhaps worse! Stunted growth, soft bones, defective eyesight.

Ovaltine supplies food elements frequently deficient in ordinary diets. Three glasses daily, made with milk as directed, provide a child's full minimum requirement of appetite Vitamin B₁, Vitamins A, D and G, and Minerals Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron—also supply niacin, pantothenic acid, pyridoxine. In addition it provides the *basic* food substances—complete proteins to build muscle, nerve and body cells—high-energy foods for vitality and endurance. It thus acts as an insurance against food deficiencies that retard appetite and normal growth.

So—if your child eats poorly, hates vegetables, or is thin and nervous, turn to Ovaltine.

OVALTINE



Remarkable results reported with new Kel-Ray method. You **DON'T CUT OUT** starchy, fatty foods, you merely **CUT DOWN** on them. Take half teaspoonful Kel-Ray (a purely vegetable product) daily, follow easy, lazy plan, and fat vanishes.

That's all there is to it!

**NO EXERCISE
NO REDUCING DRUGS
ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS**

McRAE HEALTH PRODUCTS CO.
1457 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

I enclose \$1.00 for Kel-Ray method of reducing and Month's supply of Kel-Ray to be sent postage paid. If not satisfied I may return unused portion and my \$1.00 will be refunded. (C.O.D. orders accepted. Same guarantee.)

ONE
MONTH'S
SUPPLY

\$1.00

**MONEY
BACK
GUARANTEE**

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

MAIL COUPON

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

each group is always appointed to look after the baggage throughout the trip," he told the man who hates baggage. "Since you are the only man in this troupe, I presume that duty falls to you."

BOGEY BACK:

Humphrey Bogart, having returned from his overseas jaunt, is currently at work at Warners' in "To Have and Have Not," in which Dolores Moran is his leading lady.

Reporting on his experiences, he says that troops asked three questions: 1) Are we going to get back to The States, only to find that they've foisted prohibition on us? 2) Can you encourage the folks at home to send us books, letters and chocolate bars? 3) When is Annie Sheridan coming over here?

Bogart's answers were 1) I don't think so. 2) Books and letters, yes—but is that a gag about chocolate bars? 3) Annie has had all her inoculatory shots and has been fingerprinted, cross-examined and entirely identified so that she is entirely ready to make the trip as soon as so ordered. And, in accordance with Mayo Methot's suggestion, Annie has collected umptee-sirteens gadgets to wear on her head. From the time the girls leave New York until they return to The States, it is practically impossible to get a shampoo, so seasoned entertainers take bandanas, snoods, clusters of flowers and collections of bows to gussy up their weary hair.

POSTAL PATENT PAPA:

Each Sunday, after Walter Pidgeon completed his radio broadcast, he returned to his car only to find the front seat littered with letters from fans. There were requests for photographs, for autographs, even for some of Mr. Pidgeon's cast-off haberdashery.

One Sunday recently, however, Mr. Pidgeon returned to find absolutely no mail of any sort in his car. Running his finger around his collar, he thought with a grin, "Hmm—I must be slipping." But, as he backed out, the station attendant came running over.

"Did you see my invention?" he asked with a grin. And he pointed to the small, neat mail box attached to the Pidgeon car door. Lettered on the device was the admonition, "Deposit Fan Mail Here."

QUICKIES:

When Sonny Tufts started "So Proudly We Hail"—his first movie—he was given a set of soldier's dog tags (identification discs, as if you didn't know). As a G.I. he had to wear them in every scene—Army regulation. That picture made Sonny a star, so now he has a sentimental feeling about his dog tags. He wore them during the civilian picture "Government Girl" and, as a military man, he is again wearing them in "I Love a Soldier." Stamped on the tags is: "Paramount Property Department, Hollywood, California."

One of his fellow inductees nudged the slim guy with the ingratiating freckles and the dimples. "Hi, California," he said. "The last time I saw you, you were having yourself a time at the 'Stage Door Canteen.' Whatcha doing here?"

"Being inducted," said Lon McCallister, trying on another blouse at Fort MacArthur.

Did you know that John Payne has been transferred to the Special Service Unit of the Army Air Corps and has been ordered on a Bond tour?

Did you know that Helmut Dantine has been taking Judy Garland dancing?

And did you know that Betty Grable couldn't find a bassinet for her baby, so Lana Turner has loaned her Cherry's crib?

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THE LITTLEST LADD

(Continued from page 35)

Alana was four months old. (On her part, that is. The guy fell in love at sight). And in true movie style, it blossomed out of an initial misunderstanding.

Alan, in the service then, had just returned from duty in Walla Walla. First thing, he raced up to see his kid who lay in her crib, minding her own business. A voice shattered the peace. She wasn't used to the sound of male voices, and Alan's is particularly deep. The fact that it was saying "Hello, honey" didn't register. All she heard were the unfamiliar vibrations, and they terrified her. So she screamed. The closer he came, the louder she screamed. Mr. Ladd can take a hint. He backed away, and his stricken look is something Sue will never forget.

"My baby doesn't like me," said the tough guy. Sue didn't know which of the two to comfort first.

love affair . . .

Once they'd both recovered from the shock, Alan planned his campaign. He'd go up and stand beside her without talking—sort of sending out beams of good will in the hope they might penetrate. He'd hand her toys she was fond of. The time she grabbed his finger, his heart turned over. But by now she had him so bulldozed that when he opened his mouth, the voice came out strangled. So she screamed again—

It took him about a week to make the grade. In another week she was falling all over him. He also became her favorite pin-up boy. At sight of his picture, she starts yelling "Da-da" and strains out of Rinsje's arms to kiss it.

Like sensible parents, Sue and Alan try to be objective about their child. Rinsje holds with no such nonsense. Alana's the best, the most brilliant and beautiful of babies, and that settles that. Her parents point out that she's small for her age. "Look at those legs!" snaps Rinsje. "Like two little trees." They bemoan her indifference to food. "She eats fine," declares Rinsje. "Maybe a little slow. All good people eat slow."

Rinsje's from Holland, blonde and laughing and comfortable. Technically, she's the cook. But no nurse engaged by the Ladds ever had Rinsje's magical way with a baby. She wouldn't of course interfere with a nurse. All she'd do was look scornful at them. If the nurse couldn't get Alana to eat, Rinsje would pick her up and sing her a song. "I have such a voice," she explains, "that when I sing, everybody runs away. Except the baby. She listens to all my Holland songs, she understands and she eats."

Alan swears that his daughter thinks in a Dutch accent. "Call her sweetheart, and she won't give you a tumble. But say 'svithheart' and she's jelly in your hands."

So at last Sue got someone in to help with the cooking, leaving Rinsje free to look after her lamb.

The lamb takes after her father. She has his blue eyes, his blonde hair, his direct glance. (On the last point, there's a family difference of opinion. Alan calls it her mother's determined look. Sue calls it Little-Gun-for-Hire). Alan's face is long now, but baby pictures show a round little puss like his daughter's. He hates confusion and uproar. Loud voices are among the few things that make Alana whimper. And whatever Rinsje may protest to the contrary, their eating habits are cut from the same pattern.

Alan's breakfast used to be coffee. To please Sue, he now drinks a glass of milk

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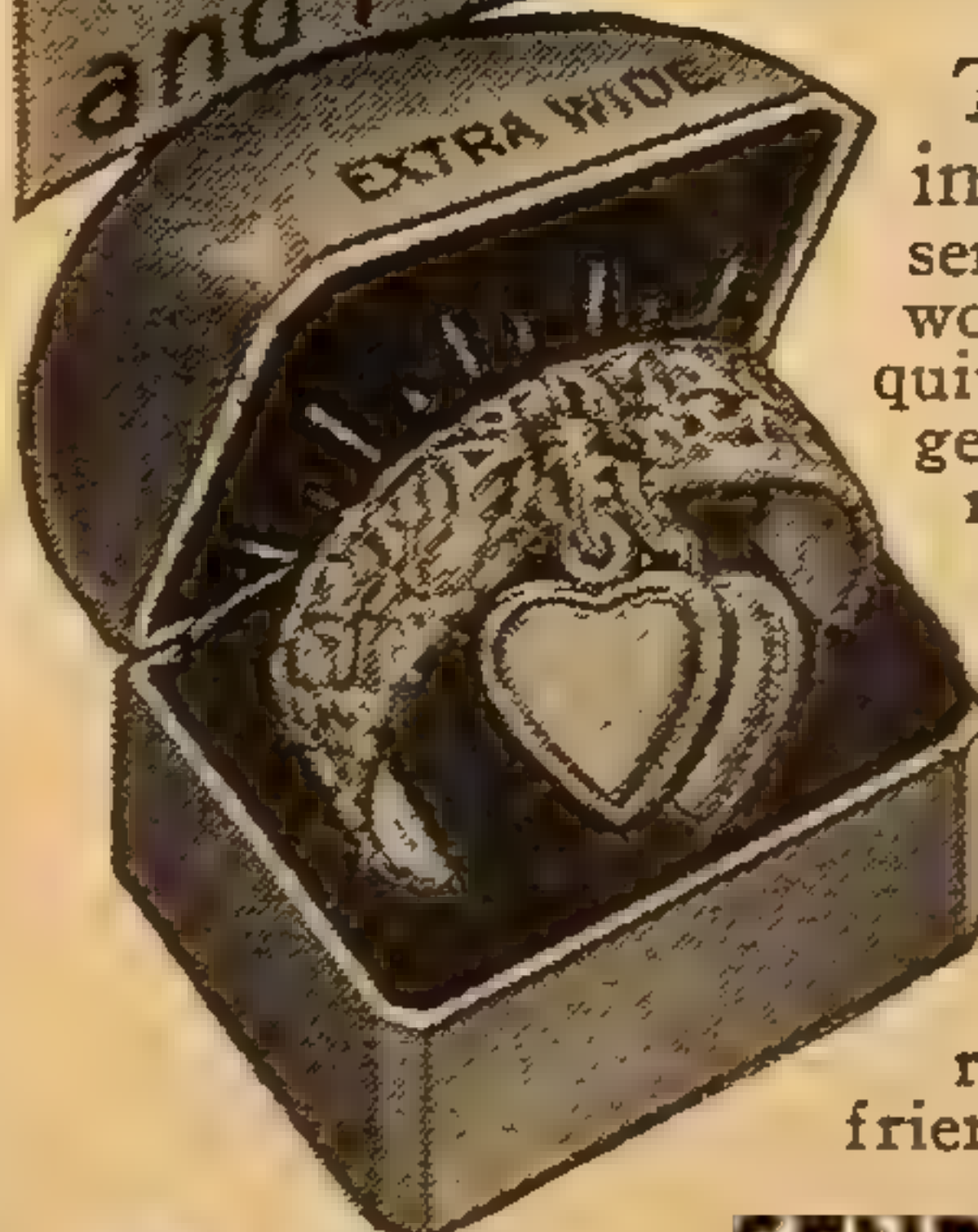
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★ A-5

with two eggs beaten up in it. For lunch he'll take anything, provided it isn't much. To make sure he gets food in him, Sue sends a turkey sandwich over to the set where he's making "And Now Tomorrow." She bribes one of the boys to get him a bottle of milk. The reason she has to bribe 'em is because Alan scowls at the milk.

"I can scowl blacker," she assures them. So they stick the bottle and straw under his nose. "Drink up, or I'll tell Susie."

All of which made her feel he was adding insult to injury when he said one day: "It's awful, the way you can't make that baby eat."

"You make her eat," she suggested sweetly.

da-da goes bah-bah . . .

Caught unaware, he proved himself equal to the occasion. Jumped up and down like a yo-yo, making idiotic noises, which so astonished the baby that her mouth popped open, and Sue popped the spoon in.

There was another time when he really went to town. Alana wouldn't drink her orange juice. Even Rinsje couldn't make her.

"That's bad," said Alan, who never touches citrus. "That's very bad. We'll have to do something about it."

He wrapped her in a blanket and carried her out to the porch. Sue and Rinsje laid bets on the event. Half an hour later he reappeared with a sleeping baby and an empty bottle.

"How did you do it?"

He shrugged. "Just told her to drink it."

"And she just drank it. Scared of the Killer, I suppose."

If anyone's scared, it's Alan. Sue flips and swings and turns her upside down. Alan handles her like eggs at a diamond a dozen.

"What's the matter?" scoffs Rinsje. "You think she breaks?"

But they can't laugh him out of it. "She's such a little girl," he says.

One thing she didn't get from him. Alan hates having his picture taken. Movies would be heaven if he didn't have to make stills. The sight of a camera enchants his daughter. Flash a flashlight under her nose, and up goes the chin, out comes the grin, and she's posing, the ham. As a rib, Buddy de Sylva sent the Ladds a wire at her birth, offering her a 21-year contract. "She must have read the wire," says her dad.

She loves to watch him shave. Mornings, he takes her out of her crib and sits her up among the pillows of his bed, where she can get a grandstand view of the bathroom. Her fascinated eyes follow his every move, but she doesn't make a sound till he gets up a stiff lather, turns around and winks. That sets her gurgling like a runaway brook. Her father's soapy face as he gives her the eye is the world's best side show. It breaks her up. Next best, she likes to pull the hair on his chest. If that's covered, she drags his nose down so she can get at his forelock.

In Sue's arms, she waves good-bye from the window till he's well out of sight. Then she'll spend the next half hour informing her mother or Rinsje or anyone hanging around that dada went bah-bah. If their interest wanes on the fifth or sixth repetition, that's okay with Alana. She goes right on broadcasting the news to herself.

Frank Freeman, head of Paramount, gave Alan a Boxer last Christmas, whom he named Jezebel because she's a little devil. Still in the puppy stage, she's under the illusion that people were made to be walked on. All but Alana. She skirts Alana carefully, growls at strangers who come too close and ducks her big head, to

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be patted by the tiny fingers. Jezebel's on Alan's side. You can all but hear her say, "She's such a little girl."

Her favorite spectator sport is a rough-house between Alan and the dog. But what she'd rather do than anything else is dance with her dad. Rhythm's her middle name. The minute he starts singing, her legs start kicking in perfect time to the beat. He's careful to keep her abreast of the Hit Parade. It used to be "Pistol-Packin' Mama," then "Shoo Shoo, Baby." Now it's "Mairzy Doats." The first time he sang it, she not only kicked, she squealed. "As I live and breathe," he marveled, "—a Bobby-sock!" The Ladds are hospitable folk. Their friends come and go. Sue and Alan think kids should be neither too shy nor too bold, and the best way to achieve a happy medium is to get them used to people. Alana meets the public. She's not put on parade, but neither is she ignored. Pick her up, and she'll smile. Put her down, and she'll amuse herself. Give her a salty cracker, and she'll munch blissfully, making no bid for further attention.

As you know by now, Alan's a quiet guy, reticent about his emotions, not given to many words. So his love for his daughter finds expression in what he does rather than in what he says. The way he'll disappear, for instance, and Sue'll find him in the baby's room, drawing the covers round her or just looking at her maybe. His slow grin on being caught, and the way he'll try to wriggle out of it by pretending to be critical. "When's she going to have more hair?" or "Don't you think her chin's too short?"

The way his eyes go soft when she calls him Da-Da. The excitement in his voice one day when he yelled for Sue, and she went running because Alan so rarely betrays excitement. The baby had climbed up on top of the huge brown teddy bear Al Delacorte gave her and, hanging on to the bars of her kiddy coop, was standing for the first time. "Look!" said Alan, like Balboa sighting the Pacific. "Look at that little weeny standing up!"

Where his own health's concerned, he has no sense. He'll ignore a cold. He'll go out in the rain without a coat. He hates being fussed over. But, boy! does he die when the baby's sick.

One night he and Sue got in late and went to the nursery as they always do. Alan took one look. "There's something wrong with the kid."

It was the start of a pretty sharp case of flu. The worst of it was that she didn't fuss or cry. The worst of it was that she lay so still. "It's not fair," Alan broke out, "for a baby to suffer when she can't tell you what she needs."

"She can't and you won't. I get it coming and going," moaned Sue.

lucre for alana . . .

For four days he hardly left the house. The morning her temperature returned to normal, he went out and bought her two pair of sleepers, one blue, one white. (He doesn't like pink). Sue found them across the foot of the crib with a card. "For my good girl. Because she looks so darn cute in 'em."

He loves buying her things. Once he appeared with two doll-beds under his arm. Not till Alana tried to stick them into her mouth did he realize that he'd been somewhat premature. Sue wanted to get the baby a locket. It's not Alan's way to insist on trifles, so when he said, "I'd like a locket from me around her neck," she knew it was no trifle to him.

On the other hand, he's against extravagance—especially in wartime. He's proud of Alana's being a Victory baby. He likes it that her shoes are felt instead of leather, that her kiddy-cart rolls on wood instead

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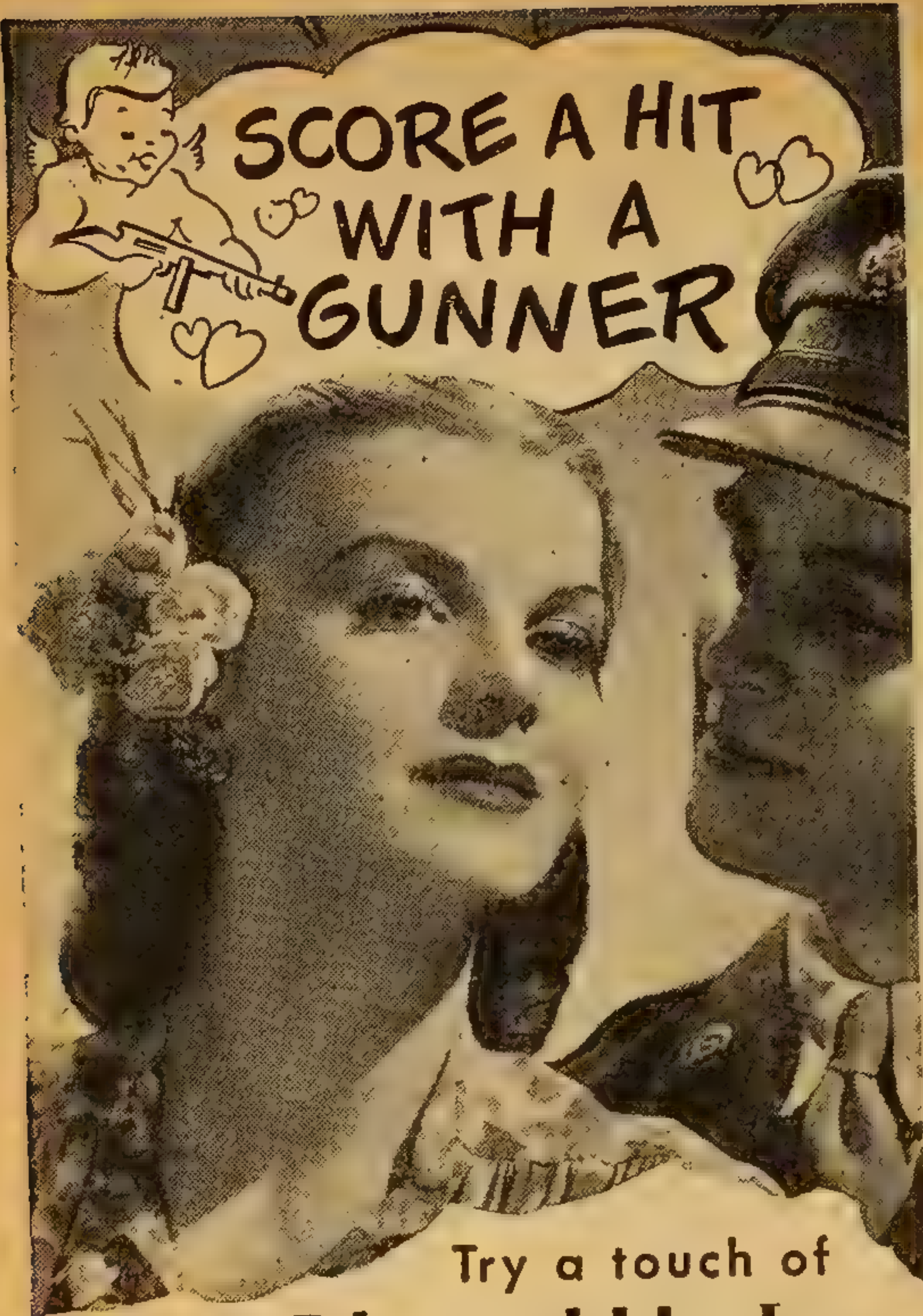
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of rubber, that her bassinet was one Sue gave the eldest Crosby boy. Dixie redecorated it and sent it back to Sue.

Of all Alana's Christmas gifts, there were two he went mad over. Because of the thoughtfulness they represented. Because his friends had made them for his baby with their own hands. One was from Isabel Gray, who used to be his teacher—a beautiful satin coverlet. The second was from Lou Gould, formerly of the art department at Paramount, now master sergeant in the Army. It's a clipping album. The title sheet reads: "MY LIFE WITH ALANA—A Ladd Production—Directed by Sue and Alan Ladd—An Original by Sue and Alan Ladd—Any Similarity between this Baby and any Other is Strictly Impossible."

He spent Christmas Day with the coverlet over one arm and the album under the other. He called people up to come over and take a look. He still hauls them out every chance he gets and is no whit abashed when friends say: "It's a dilly, Alan. I said so the last ten times and I still say so."

He gets a terrific kick from Alana's fan mail. Most of them ask for pictures of the three Ladds together. It bothers him that the pictures can't be sent. To send them all would be just impossible.

beamish baby...

He gets his biggest boot, though, from his daughter's disposition. Alan, the toughie, loves kindness in people. Alana's a sunny baby. She wakes with a smile and goes to bed without a murmur. She's glad to see you and, when you go, she waves a cheerful bah-bah and starts talking to herself. Take her ball away, and she doesn't bat an eyelash.

"We're keeping our fingers crossed," says Sue. "Maybe she'll grow up to be a little heller."

"Not a chance," says her dad.

He leaves her upbringing to Sue, but he's got certain theories. Hates to see a kid messy. Sue thinks it's kind of cute to see the baby with cereal smeared all over her face. Alan can't stand it.

He believes in public schools. He thinks kids should be given small responsibilities early. Spoil a child, and you're doing her a grave injustice, letting her think she's the center of the world.

The baby was born with a tiny white spot on her gum. "Maybe a tooth," said the nurse. Later it turned out to be a little blister. But meantime Alan had been going around bragging about his newborn infant's tooth.

"That practically makes her a genius," somebody told him.

This he didn't like. "Genius, my foot! She's a plain American girl."

That embraces his ambition for her. He wants her to be a plain American girl—honest, capable of doing for herself and others. The less she gets hurt, the happier he'll be. But he knows she has to get hurt—everyone does—so he and Sue try to equip her to face her hurts and build them into strength and courage.

As for a career, that's up to her. She'll know how to make beds and cook and wash dishes. If she wants to be an actress and shows talent, fine. But they're certainly not going to groom her for it.

"What she'll probably want to be," says Alan, surveying her 15 pounds, "is a vet."

They have a date every Sunday. Alan's building a fence round the fishpond. Under a big sycamore stands the kiddy-coop, with Jezebel guarding it. Sue, coming out, sees a small face peering in admiration through the bars.

"Da-da," she hears.

Alan catches her eye. Comes that grin. "Remarkable child you've got there, Mrs. Ladd. She likes me."



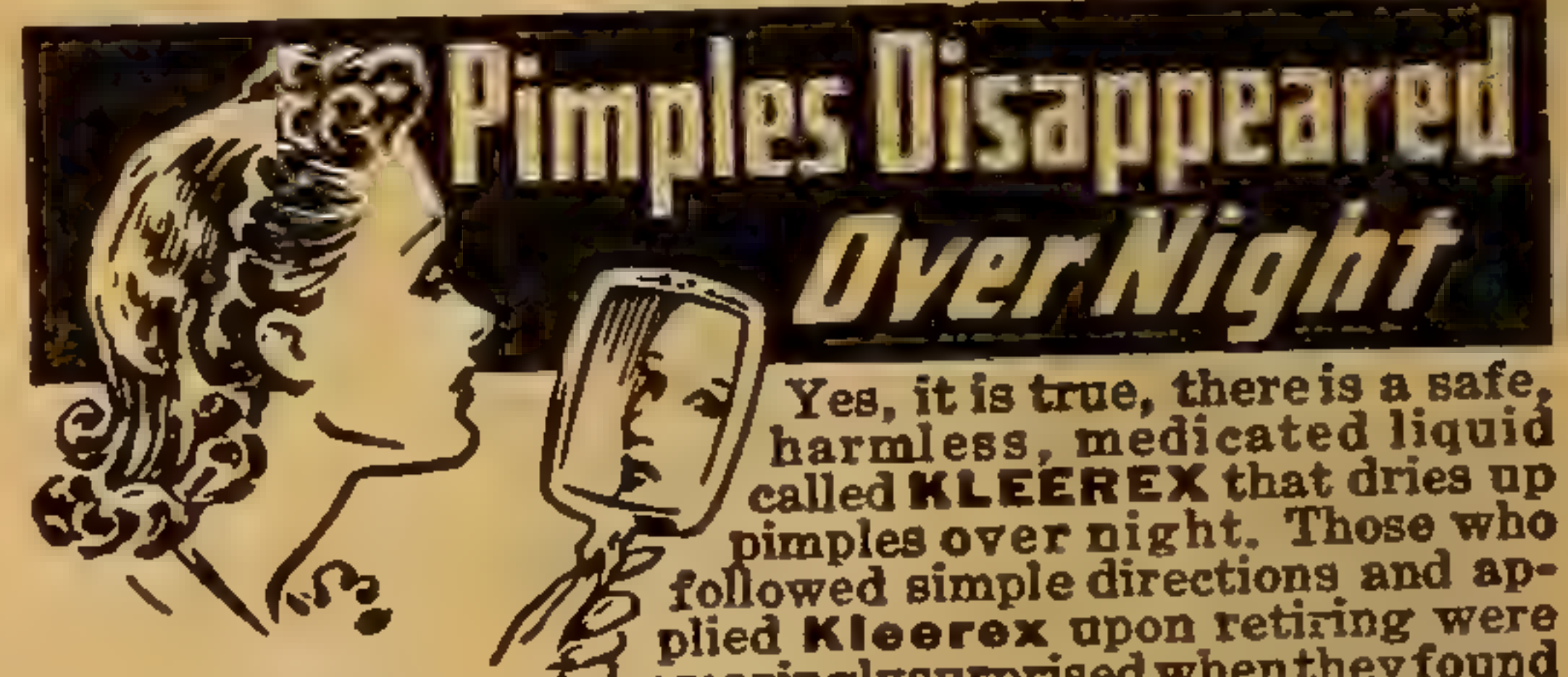
Say Goodbye to that CORN!

• If you really want to say goodbye to that corn, stop home-paring! For "whittling" gets only the top, usually leaves the core behind. Instead, get Blue-Jay! Blue-Jay does 2 things: the soft pad lifts off pressure, gives instant relief from pain. Then, while you walk, the Blue-Jay medication softens, loosens the corn so it can be easily removed—with the core!

Get Blue-Jay at any drug or toilet goods counter and use it today

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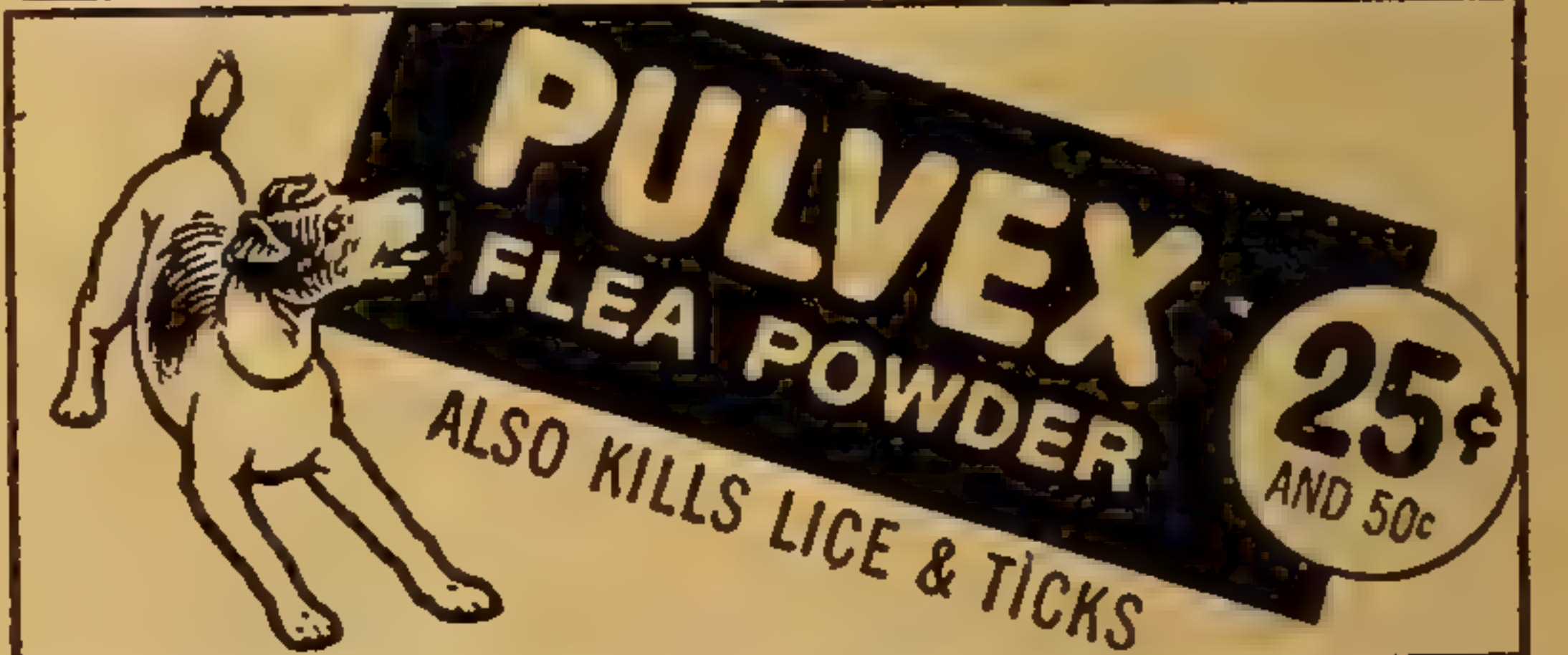
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their pimples had disappeared. These users enthusiastically praise Kleeerex and claim they are no longer embarrassed and are now happy with their clear complexions. Don't take our word for it, use Kleeerex tonight. If one application does not satisfy, you get your money back. There is No Risk so do not hesitate. Send only 60c for full size package or \$1.00 for 2 packages. (Few cents extra for C. O. D.) Write today to: KLEEREX CO. Dept. 39, 2005 S. Michigan, Chicago 16, Ill.



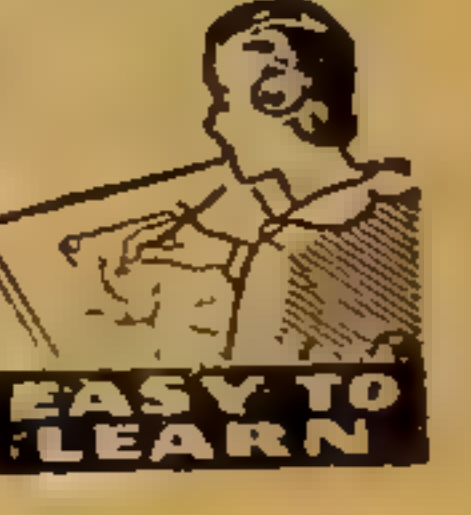
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Vicky Victory

YOUR HAIR AID WARDEN

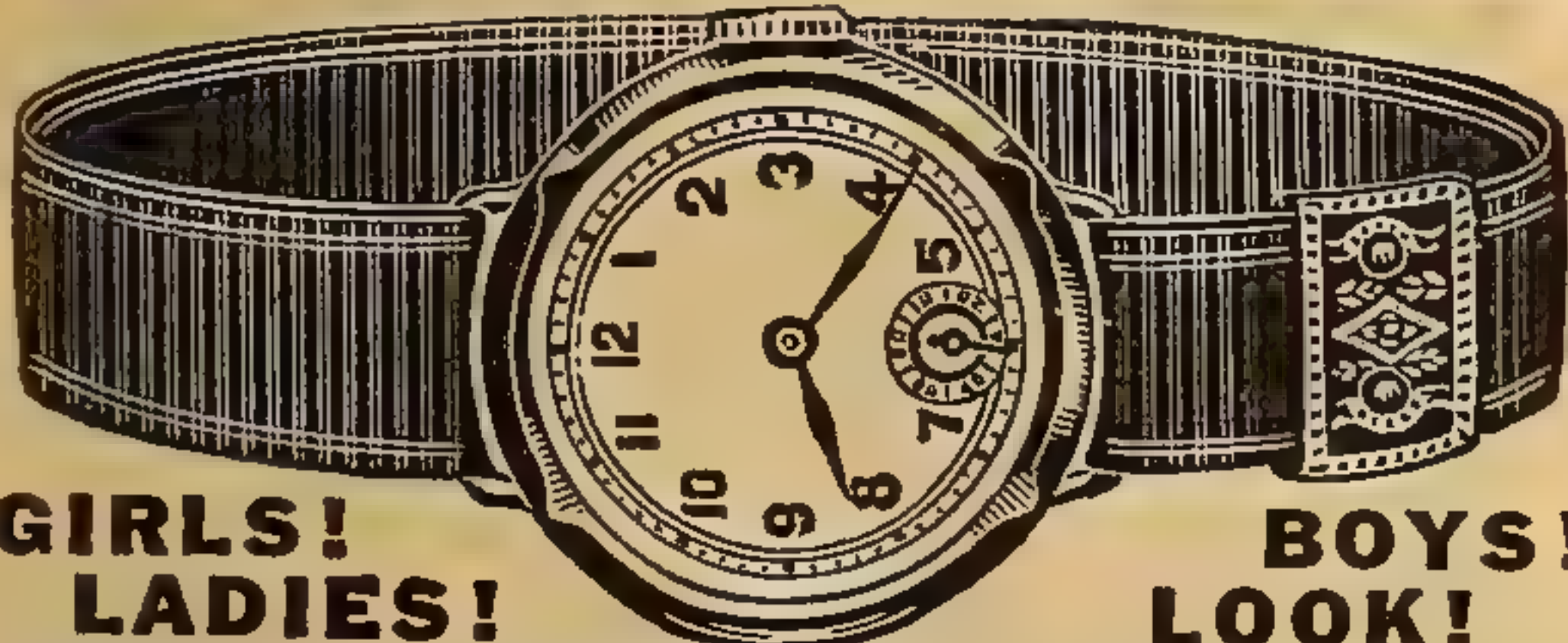
SAYS:

Your Bobbie Pin can do a double job! Take a piece of gaily colored ribbon. Put thru your bobbie pin and tie a bow... then when you pin up your hair you're also adding a colorful touch.

WIN \$5 for every Hair and Bobbie Pin Conservation Hint published. This hint from:

Miss Sarah W. Hester—New York City, N. Y.

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So take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets tonight. Olive Tablets, being purely vegetable, are wonderful to pep up sluggish bile flow and insure gentle yet thorough bowel movements. No griping or weakening effects. Test tonight! Follow label directions.

DR. EDWARDS' OLIVE TABLETS

CURL-CUES FROM VERA

(Continued from page 68)

No Soap! Vera is Miss Caution herself about rubbing a cake of toilet soap directly on her lovely hair. "Not for me" she insists. Ordinary cake soap leaves a thin film over each hair that dulls locks and makes Hollywood hair styling impossible. 'Nother thing: Miss Ralston practically admits ownership of the brisk massage technique of shampooing.

Gleam Routine. Next on the hair-beautiful routine is a color rinse. Try the very special cake shampoo that tints as it washes. Or else run down the block and buy a packet of separate color rinse. Now easy as that, dissolve the tinting rinse in warm water and either brush or wash through your hair.

Blonde Trouble. Your problem, miss? Oh, yes! How to keep your hair from losing its lively color: If it's a Betty Grable-ish type of golden blonde, the right rinse for you is the light golden blonde.

Red Lights. Hey Red! You've a lot in common with Greer Garson, Ann Sheridan and Lucille Ball. A henna rinse will make your locks look redder. If it's just natural highlights and sparks you're set on bringing out, try the auburn rinse.

Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair. You feel you're stuck with being, quote, the typical American girl, unquote. And you really long for honest-to-goodness glamour? Take heart, lady! A warm chestnut brown rinse will add a coppery lustre to your hair and have the boys whistling.

Note the Raven. You're a reasonable facsimile of Hedy Lamarr and you wish to play up your long, black, silky tresses? Use a blue-black rinse!

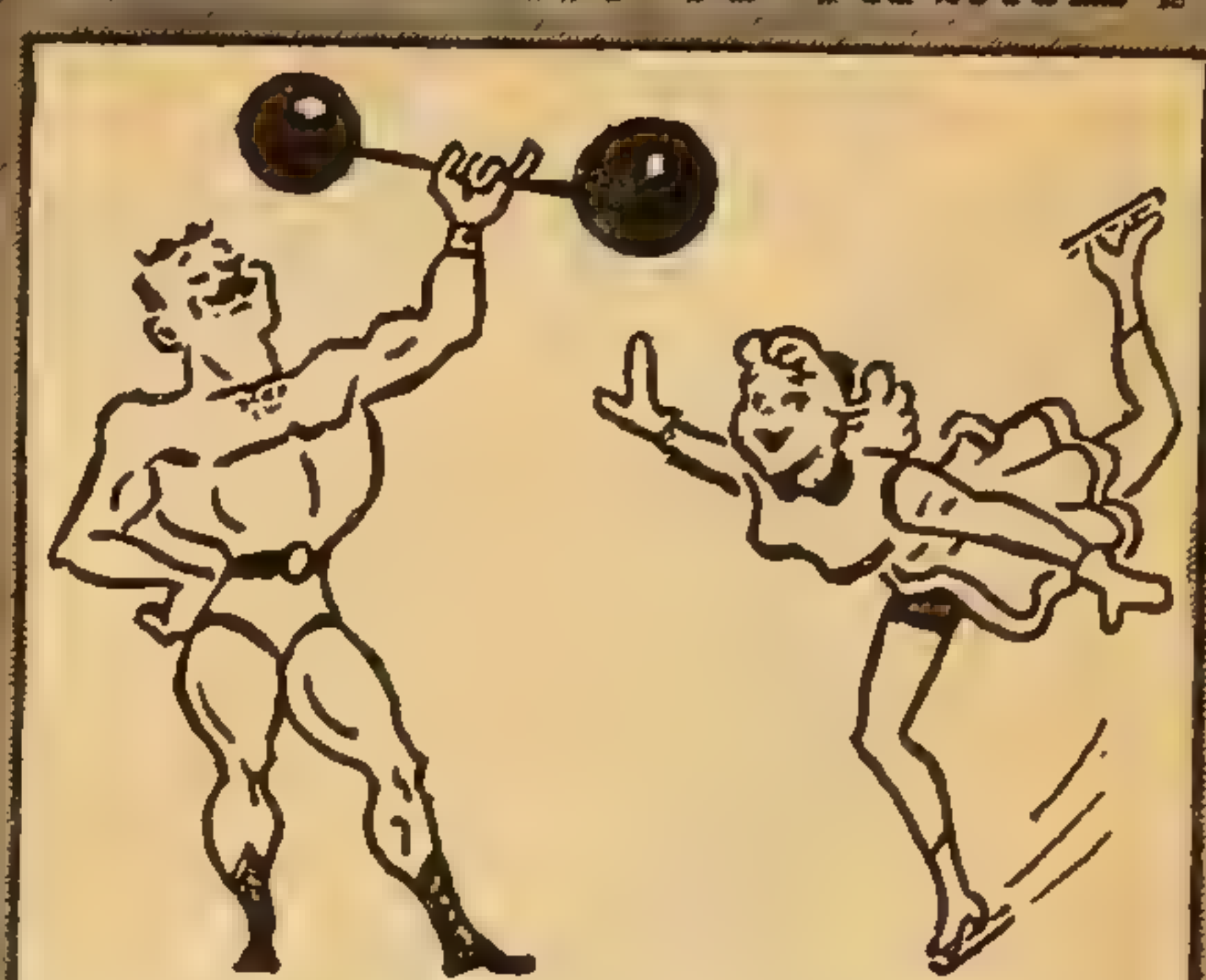
Silver Threads. We've the neatest beauty aid of the year if your hair is an uninteresting grey, streaked or faded. It's a jumbo pencil put out by a sister firm of hair specialists. You pencil your own color right back onto your greying hair. This pencil isn't a dye at all; it will wash out with your next shampoo. Fast drying time makes this jumbo pencil ideal for last minute grooming touches.

Oily Head? We've been told on the QT that dark hair often hides a multitude of sins. Feel your topknot. Is it oily? You've been cheating on your shampoos because you thought no one would notice. If you want to get your hair back to normal, try shampooing it twice a week for a while. Between shampoos, an astringent or drying tonic will help to keep hair free of oil. Cut down on fatty, heavy foods.

Permanently Curled. This is the season for new permanent waves. Ocean and lake bathing stare you in the face, and who wants to be caught with limp hair by a best beau. Not you! For handy home use, try one of the home permanent wave kits. You can treat your hair to a permanent as easily as you set it. It's economical and beautifully effective. You might try a regular machine permanent that is controlled to fit your hair type, or try a new cool wave this summer.

Shine and Reign. Yup! You can be queen of them all if you follow Vera's favorite hair routines down to the last bob pin. With a bit of persistence, a stock of hair prettifiers and the proper procedure down pat, (the through-the-key-hole, very latest lowdown on Hollywood hair styles is on p. 66) you, too, can sprout hair as gleamful and dreamful as Hollywood's prettiest lassies.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?



CHARLES

ANN

means "of great strength" means "grace"

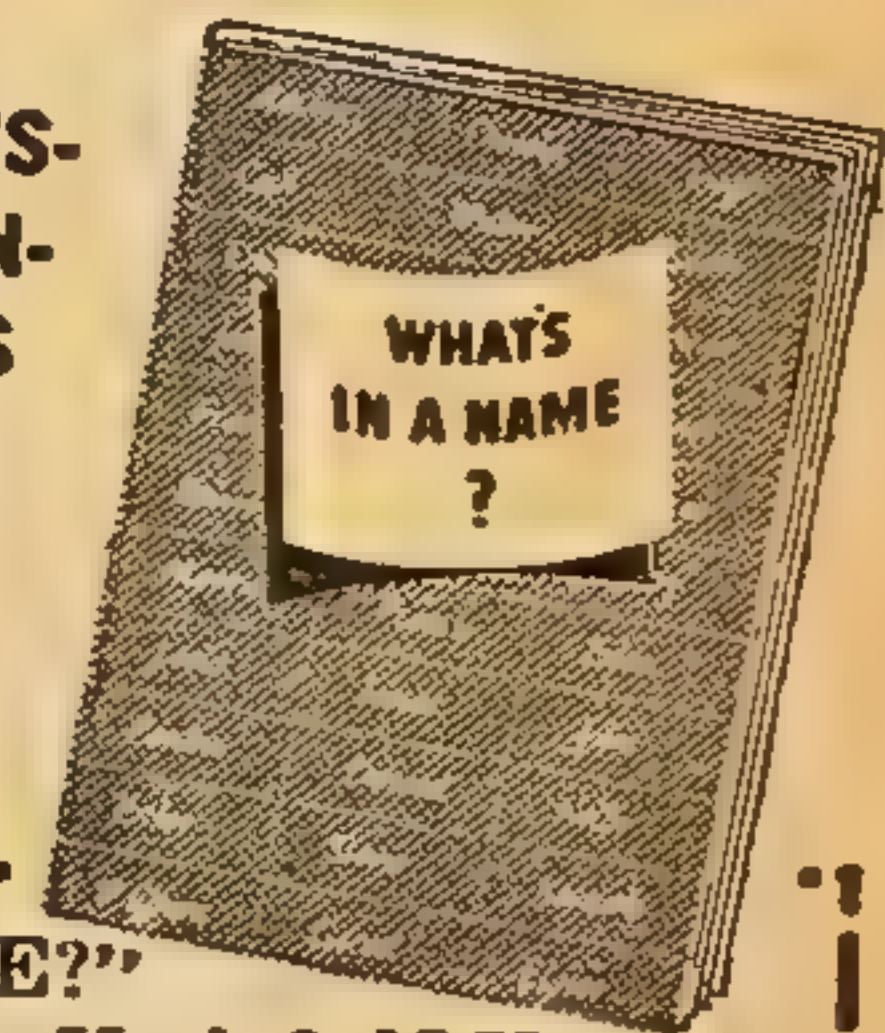
You'll be surprised at the meanings of some of your friends' names. Have fun looking them up in "WHAT'S IN A NAME?" — the new cartoon-illustrated book that everybody's talking about.

The Ethyl Corporation would like to send you this fascinating booklet free because we think it will help you to remember our name and what it means:

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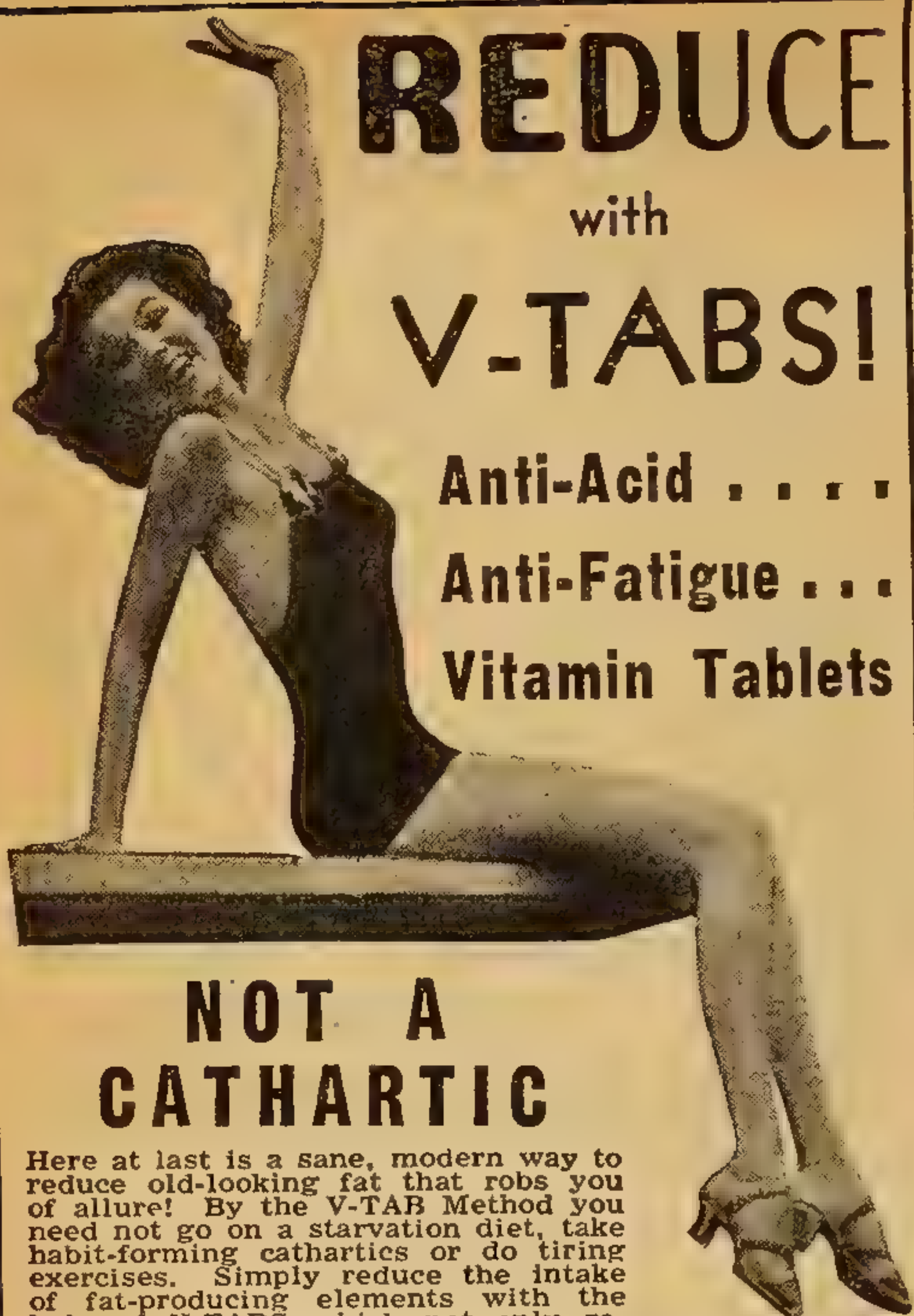
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☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown ☐ Medium Brown ☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn

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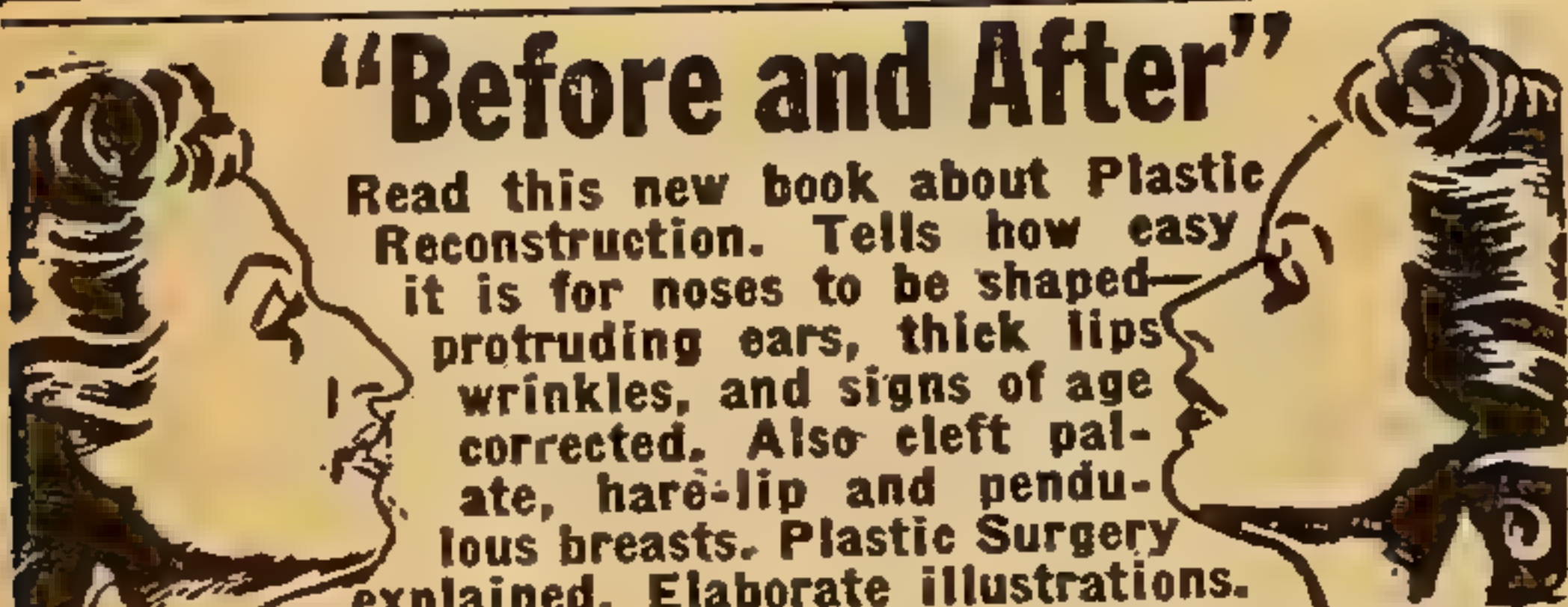
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Let us mail confidential color analysis of your hair, and recommendation of correct Rap-I-Dol tint to match! Send name and address, with a strand of your hair, today! (CAUTION: Use only as directed on label)

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151 West 46th Street, Dept. 235, New York 19, N. Y.

DOES HOLLYWOOD HATE FRANK SINATRA?

(Continued from page 32)

giving the kids instructions, chiefly about that squealing. You've heard all sorts of rumors on the subject—how it's artificially induced, how they turn a record on and off. It's no record, and they turn it off all right, but never on. That's spontaneous combustion.

Why do they have to squeal? Let one of them tell it. "When I used to hear it on the radio, I thought how can anyone act so silly? Then I came myself. Well, you know in 'Speak Low When You Speak Love'—how he makes it go funny at the end?—kind of drops it way down?—well, the scream came right out of me—his voice pulled it out—I just couldn't stop it—"

"Okay, if you have to squeal," the producer says, "but not till the end of the song. And if you're good, Frankie'll sing you some extras."

"We'll be good. We'll be very good. Bring him on—"

The curtains part, and Frank stands there grinning at them. They adore him, but they don't stand in awe of him. That's his doing. His manner's friendly, casual, matter-of-fact. They might all be his kid sisters. He likes and understands them. It's not so long since he was their age, pasting up a scrapbook on Bing Crosby that would have knocked your eye out. They feel he's their friend as they're his, that they have a part not only in him but in Nancy and the kids. They ask for the latest family news and get it. He talked to Nancy in New Jersey yesterday. No, the baby's not singing yet, but brother, does he squeal! That goes over big. Someone sent him a box of candy. Thanks, and he'll start on it after the show. "And, may I add, the boys in the band'll help me." Someone else wants to know what color socks he's wearing. He pulls up a trouser leg and makes like he's coy—

"Now that's enough foolishness." He calls on producer and assistant to take a bow. "And last but not least, Sibelius himself." That's Axel. "Here we go, and I hope you like the show."

for whom the belles fold . . .

If you want to get the measure of what these kids are like, watch them while he sings. The upturned young faces are rapt, but there's nothing hysterical about them. They're lit by a kind of soft wonder, fresh and sweet and moving in its starry innocence. Okay, they've got a crush on him, so what? Where's the healthy adolescent who doesn't go through some such phase of calf-love? Five years hence they'll be smiling over it with maybe a touch of rue. Meantime, praise the Lord that they're swooning with Sinatra, not heiling some Hitler.

After each song, a little bow of thanks. Between Hit Parade tunes, three or four extras. "Anything special you'd like to hear?" he asks and ducks under the bombardment. They don't pester him for more than he feels he can do. If he touches his throat, that means he's saving his voice, and they subside like angels. He goes over to talk to Axel or one of the boys. "Even from the back he looks cute," sighs a little blonde.

Sometimes a kid tries to pass up an autograph book. "You know that's against the rules. Catch me after the show."

"We can't get near you then."

"Sure you can. Everyone does," he grins.

He's never been known to turn down

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HELP WIN THE WAR by conserving rubber. Use a separate nipple for each feeding. Clean immediately after use. Avoid excessive boiling.

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Just rub it on the gums

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If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

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FOREST CITY PRODUCTS, INC. - CLEVELAND 13, OHIO

an autograph request. If he doesn't have time for them all, he takes the books along, and somebody sees that the kids get them back.

That he talks their language became eminently clear one Wednesday when history was made on his own CBS program. On the Hit Parade broadcast, the squealing doesn't matter so much. Coming at the song's end, most of it can be tuned out. On the Vimms broadcast, it throws the performers off, interferes with the lines. This particular Wednesday, Frankie came down to the footlights, and he wasn't smiling at all.

"I've talked to you kids about this before," he said. "I've asked you to confine your—sounds of appreciation to the end of the song. These broadcasts are being shortwaved overseas. It's tough enough to get them in a foxhole without interference by a lot of noise.

"I know you've got to applaud and, believe me, your applause is music to my ears. The screaming isn't. I've asked you many times to cut it out. Now they're getting mad at me, and I don't blame them. They tell me that unless the screaming stops, there'll be no studio audience for this program. I won't like that, and I don't suppose you will either. But it's up to you."

QUIZ ANSWERS

(Continued from page 74)

1. Tyrone Power
2. Charlie Chaplin
3. Miriam Hopkins
4. Bela Lugosi
5. Irene Dunne
6. Buddy Rogers
7. Harry James
8. Zasu Pitts
9. Pluto
10. James Craig
11. Norma Shearer
12. Lucille Ball
13. Xavier Cugat
14. June Havoc
15. Dooley Wilson
16. Martha Scott
17. Peter Lorre
18. Joan Davis
19. Marie Dressler
20. Fred Astaire

They sat like mice.

"Will you co-operate? Will you wait till the end of the song to applaud? Will you do this for me?"

Came a subdued chorus. "Yes, Frankie, we will."

The show went on. There wasn't a sound till the finish. Then penitence, enthusiasm, and all were released in a burst of wild clapping. Best of all, Frankie was smiling again. They were forgiven.

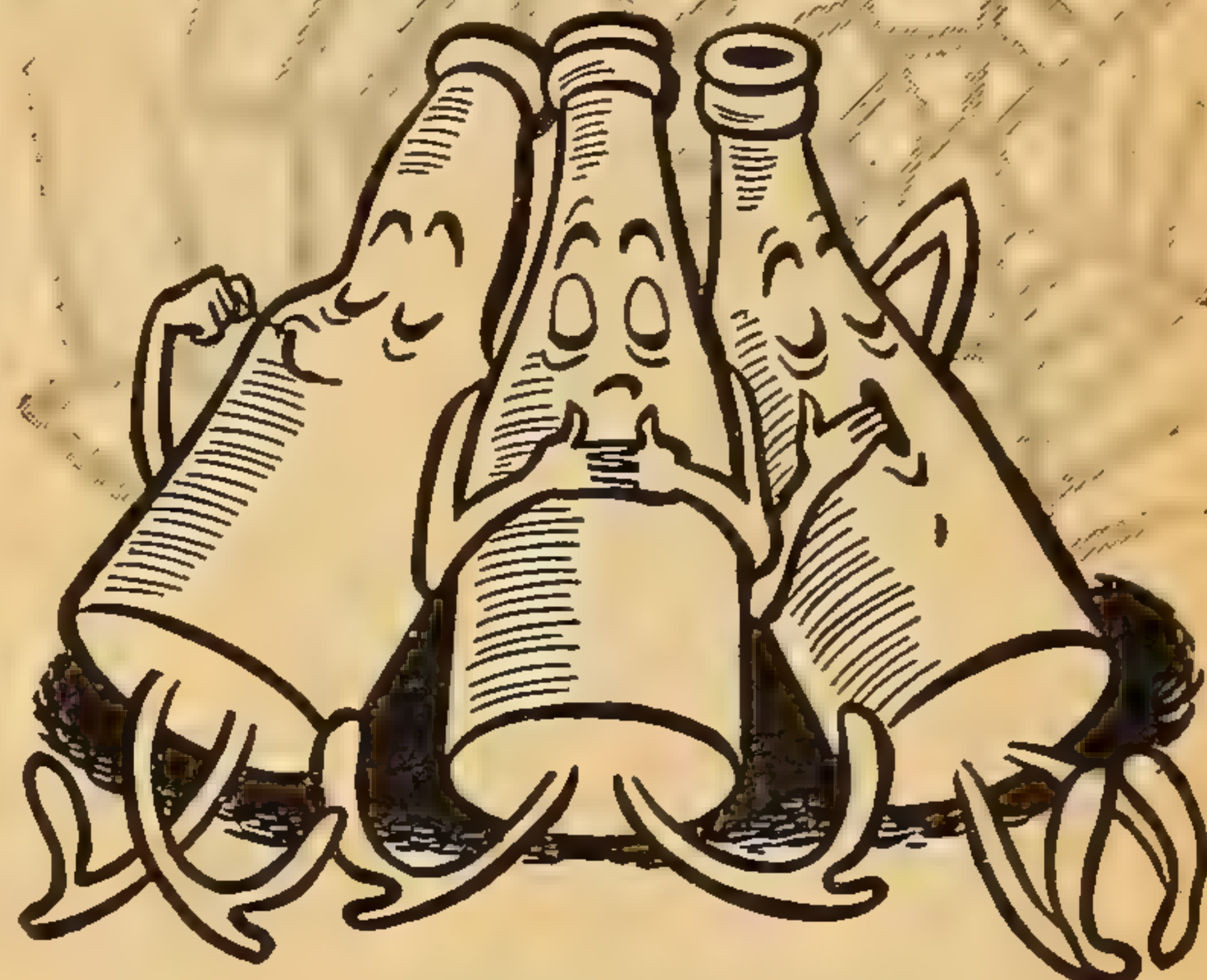
hollywood's from missouri . . .

We doubt if he ever read Dale Carnegie's book. He doesn't have to. He wins friends by being himself, even when the cards are stacked against him—as they're sometimes bound to be, with human nature the way it is. In the face of a Sinatra phenomenon, human nature tends to rear its bristles. Who is this guy? What's he got? Let him show me. I dare him.

That was Hollywood when Frank came out to do "Higher and Higher" for RKO. That ain't Hollywood no more. "The great man's coming," they sniffed before ever laying eyes on him. "Frankie's comin' back," they grinned, when he returned for "Manhattan Serenade."

He didn't set out to woo anyone. His philosophy's simple. He likes most people,

POOR IDLE BOTTLES sitting in the CELLAR



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most people like him. If you don't like him, well, what the heck, you can't like everyone, he'll live.

Big shot or small his manner's the same—simple, offhand, unselfconscious. First day on the set, he sat bug-eyed through other people's scenes. "Gee, this is marvelous. I can watch these guys and learn." He broke himself up over Leon Errol. He's God's gift to comics anyway—starts laughing first, and when everyone else is through, you can still hear Frank chortling.

The first day they reserved judgment, the second day they warmed up, before the third day ended he was one of the boys. Not till the fourth day did he find out he had a portable dressing room.

"Is your dressing room handy?" the assistant director asked. "Would you like to have it moved?"

"Can you move 'em? I thought they stayed put."

"I mean the portable—right here on the stage. Don't tell me you haven't used it yet."

"I thought that was a place for props. What would I use it for?"

"Resting between scenes—"

"Are you kidding? When would I hang around and gab with the guys—"

He and Marcy McGuire were talking one morning, when she broke off in the middle of a sentence, eyes widening in dismay.

"What's the matter?"

"It's my mother's birthday, and I forgot it this morning—"

"That's bad. What'll you do?"

"What can I do? Call her up now. But it won't be the same."

"Want me to sing her 'Happy Birthday'?"

"Oh, would you, Frank? That way I can fix it up fine." They both ran for the phone. "It's a special day, Mother," chirped Marcy, "so I've got something special whipped up for you. Introducing Frank Sinatra—"

"Happy birthday, dear Anona, happy birthday to you." Frank gave it the works, then handed the phone back to Marcy.

"That was awfully sweet, dear," said her mother. "Now tell me who was really singing."

The story was too good to keep. Frank told it around, and they've never let him live it down.

In the final analysis, the test of a star's popularity rests with the crew—those anonymous experts who do their jobs, think their thoughts and remain unimpressed by names, having seen too many flare and burn out.

One morning they were found huddled over a newspaper column that had taken a crack at Frank.

"Let's go pop the guy in the jaw!"

"Where would that get you? No, let's write a petition."

They drew it up themselves, refusing all aid lest it smell of publicity. They petitioned the guy to kindly refrain from taking any more cracks at Mr. Sinatra without checking up, because they the undersigned hereby informed him that what he put in the column about Mr. Sinatra today, Friday the 18th, was strictly eyewash, and seeing they worked with Frank every day, if they didn't know, who would?

anti-swoon brigade . . .

The petition was never sent. Frank got wind of it and, if he'd been a girl, he'd have bawled. "Look, fellas, if the guy wants to needle me, he'll needle me regardless. Why waste this on him? I'd like to have it. There's nothing I'd rather have. Some day I'll show it to my kids."

Some

ABC

stuff about

E



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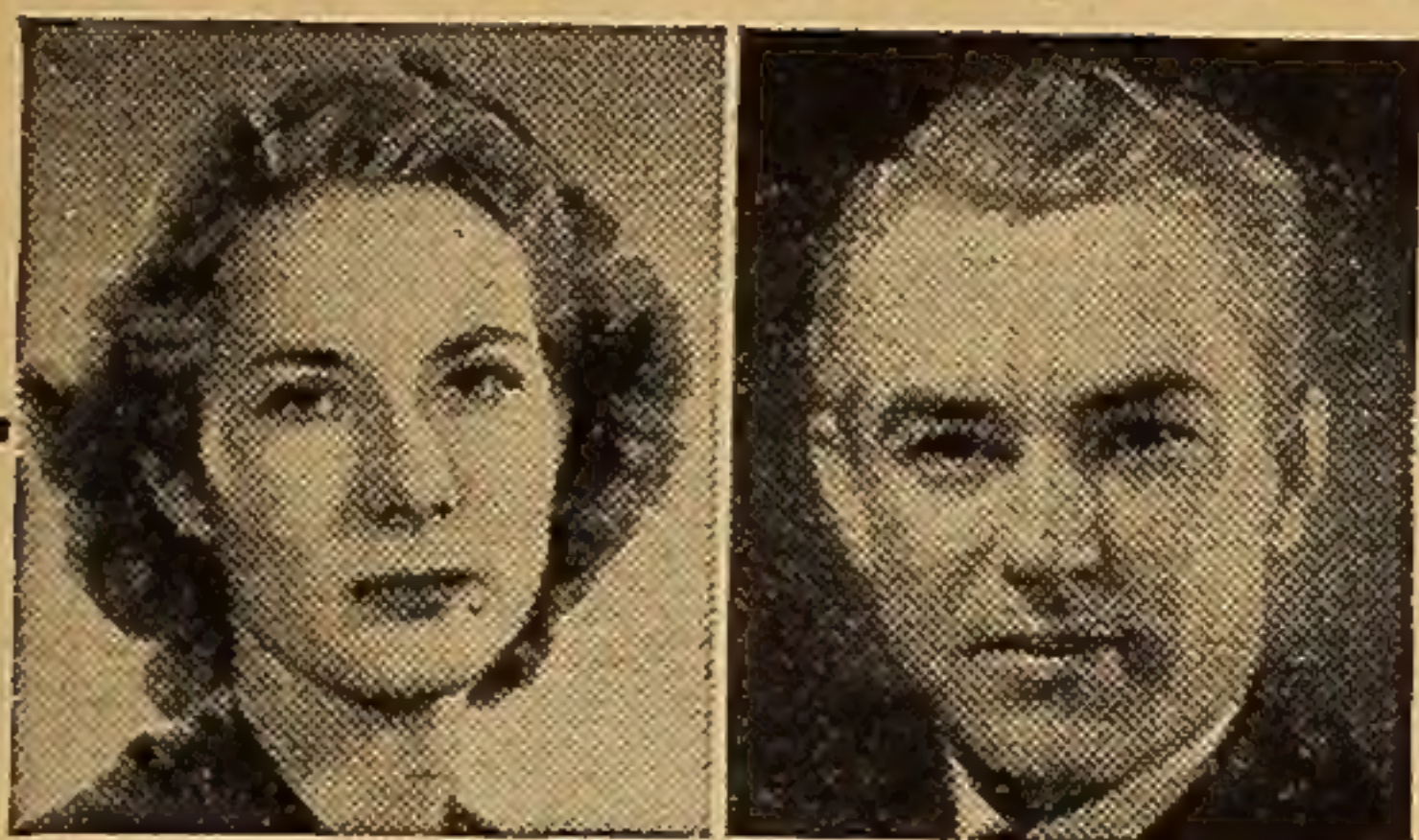
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He reached for a laugh to cover up. "You weren't such a bad guy, after all, were you, pop?" he bleated.

ready, aim, fire! . . .

Maybe the toughest nut he had to crack was his first appearance at the Hollywood Canteen. What bunch of American males would pass up a chance to heckle the idol of the bobbies? Their guns were primed and their ammunition ready. You could feel it in the air—

Frank was introduced. "Hiya, fellas." For a moment he stood there, looking them over. "There's one thing I can see about this audience," he drawled. "And that is, nobody's going to swoon." That gave him a bridgehead, which was strengthened by his first song. They didn't swoon, but they liked the way he sang. He asked what they wanted and gave it to them if he could. If he couldn't—"You want to get me run out of here on a rail?" or "Think I'm Caruso? All together—NOoooo!" He got them to sing along, and before the evening was over, a crowd was up front, close harmonizing all the old sentimental pushovers with him, while the rest sang from the floor.

How he feels about servicemen was made clear at Brittingham's one day. He'd run in for a bowl of soup between rehearsals. A sailor asked for his autograph and thanked him. Frank winced. "I'm the one that's honored," he said.

His appearance at the Shrine netted a million in bonds—most of them sold by the bobbies to parents and friends. At the Lakeside Country Club he and Crosby and Hope auctioned off miscellaneous treasures for bonds—a pound of meat, Marlene Dietrich's garters, Dotty Lamour's sarong. One man, who bid on a model airplane, gave it to Frank. "For your kid."

"Mind if his papa plays with it first?" The largest single bond—\$20,000—was bought for the pleasure of hearing Bing and Frank sing "People Will Say We're in Love," while they leered at each other.

Frankie's still nuts about Bing. According to him, "Crosby's in a class by himself, and the rest of us are fighting it out down below someplace." He knows nobody takes their make-believe feud seriously, still he's happier when a Crosby-Sinatra gag is turned against himself.

"I'm making a picture," says Hope, "with Frank Sinatra's father—Bing Crosby."

"Where is Frank?" Bing wants to know. "Oh, I beg your pardon. I thought that was the mike."

Frank doubles up. He's rehearsed the gag, he knows it's coming, but he doubles up just the same. It slays him.

long-distance lullaby . . .

The baby played him a rascally trick. He was expected about the middle of December, and Frank arranged his dates so that Nancy'd be well on the road to recovery before he had to leave. But young Sinatra dallied, and his pop had to go.

He did his pacing on the train. No news. He jumped out at Pasadena, rarin' to get to a phone, but reporters blocked him. "Try to get the hospital from that booth over there," he told his cousin Frank. "I'll stand where I can see you."

He answered questions with one eye on the booth. The other Frank gestured, and our Frank ran like hell. Only to be told, nothing doing.

Frank was at CBS on January 10th when the news came through. A boy! "How's Nancy?" Fine. That was when his knees gave and he had to sit down quick. The kid's a whopper. Eight pounds, 13 ounces. Born at six o'clock. "He couldn't have been. It's only four-thirty now." Not in New York it isn't. "What

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Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS OINTMENT

a dope!" he moaned.

He'd said all along it would be a boy. Half an hour after he got the news, the AP boys showed him wire-photos of his son. "Hey, look at his hand!" One of them was spread out like a starfish. "Knuckly, like mine. "Looks cuter than I thought. Little Nancy was more wrinkled up. This guy looks like he'd been around a couple of weeks." Then he came to, and his grin was shy. "Makin' noises like a poppa, huh?"

And why not? All the world knows how he feels about his wife and kids. Reading a letter from Nancy on the RKO set, he let out a whoop that brought people running. "Look! Little Nancy dictated it. 'Papa, come home soon—'"

When he's at home, he sings her to sleep every night. The new baby got his first lullaby over the air. It was strictly against the rules, but nobody seemed to mind when Frankie said: "I'd like to sing one of my favorite songs to my little son in New Jersey. So pull up a chair, Nancy, and bring the baby with you. I want him really to hear this—

"Sweetest little fella,
Everybody knows,
Doan' know what to call him,
But he's mighty lak a rose—"

It was his own father who gave Frank one of his biggest, if quietest thrills. Dad Sinatra's a fireman, proud of the big red truck he drives. But he'd had his heart set on sending his only son to college, hoping he'd decide to be an engineer. When Frank made his own decision, there was no heavy-father stuff pulled, but the old man did go around looking pretty glum. Even Frank's success on the radio didn't reconcile him to the loss of his dream.

In New York Frank took him to a showing of "Higher and Higher" in an RKO projection room. That must have been when the whole thing came real to Pop—seeing his kid up there on the screen, center of big-time Hollywood names, he must have realized for the first time what Frank had wrought. Because when his son turned to see whether Pop was enjoying it, there he sat with the tears in his eyes.

sniff, 1, 2, sniff, 1, 2 . . .

In Hollywood, he's living at the Sunset Towers this trip. The only personal touches around the living room are a lovely picture of the two Nancies, a lot of sheet music and a grand piano, on which he and Axel try out songs. Through the years he's increased his breath capacity by a series of self-invented sniffing exercises—

like sniffing a flower. Started with 12 sniffs, and built up to 40. Used to wear a 14 collar, now it's 15½.

He thinks it's funny when they call him the hepcat's boy. He's a singer of romantic ballads—the kind of animal no jivin' slick chick wants any part of. He can't read a note. All he's got is a good ear—sez he. That's why he gets a bang out of the classics—they're so full of pretty melodies to pick out and remember. He collects symphonic records and goes to symphony concerts every chance he gets.

Between radio and movies, bond rallies and command performances, he hasn't much time for social life. Get's to an occasional ice hockey game, but prefers to relax at home with the boys—Axel, Phil Silvers, Sammy Kahn and two or three others. Has them to dinner and fusses over the table himself. The food's always prepared Italian style, and there's always spaghetti. He can tuck away plenty when he's not working—otherwise, he's too nervous to eat much—orders eggs or soup or a custard—anything you can gobble down in a hurry.

He's got a yen for good clothes—prefers three-button, single-breasted jobs—still wears bow ties, but not as much as he used to—likes wide-mouthed collars that leave plenty of space for a Windsor knot. Picks quiet colors except for an occasional sweater. Owns one that's orange.

After the war he hopes to build in California. Not that he won't always be crazy about New York. But from all indications most of his work will be here, and besides it's a great place for kids. He wants a big backyard for them, and he'd like to rig up a little gym where he can teach little Frankie to box. If he's anything like his sister, he'll be a scrapper. Frank himself's a handy man. He's going to hack him off a slice of garage, turn it into a workshop and fix everything that breaks.

He's got a temper—oh, definitely—but keeps it under pretty steady control. Being ribbed doesn't bother him. He howls at imitations of himself and would sooner miss his breakfast than Al Capp's "Li'l Abner." The day Abner signed a song-by-song contract because he might not survive to sing the next, they found Frank hysterical. In Boston Al Kapp called and took away a month's material.

Frankie's good-natured. Some of the jabs aren't. He still refuses to let them get under his skin. "Better people than I'll ever be get fun poked at them. If they can take it, what have I got to yap about?"

One thing does burn him up. He can't stand having the bobbies panned. That's come to be quite a peeve with Frank. They're swell kids from nice families. They've got growing pains, that's all, and if growing pains make you a moron, then aren't we all?

The kids are less articulate about their feeling for him. All they know is, they're mad about him—because he's cute and darling—because his eyes are like two blue spotlights that go right through you—because his voice sounds like a marvelous clarinet, and he can hit a riff with it, same as Harry James does with his horn—because sometimes he's like a little boy and you want to take care of him, and sometimes he makes you swoon.

One of them hit the nail pretty straight on the head. Her father expressed a certain disappointment that a daughter of his should have come down with Sinatritis. "I thought you had more sense—"

"Daddy, how old are you?"

"Thirty-eight."

"Well, that explains it. You're just too old to understand. That's why you think I'm purely out of my mind. If you were younger, you'd be glad I adore Frankie. Because all it proves is I'm normal."

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